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35
LARK

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COLLECTION

OF

Above Four Hundred and Seventy
Celebrated

ENGLISH and SCOTCH
SONGS.

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other COLLECTIONS of the same
Size, call'd, *The SYREN*, and
The NIGHTINGALE.

With a curious and copious Alphabetical Gloss-
ary, for Explaining the Scotch Words.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN ORNORN, at the
Golden Ball, in Paten-Noster-Row.

MDCCLX.

T A B L E

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 234 Hark! how the Drums beat on
 243 Have you any Pats and Pans
 344 Honest Man *John O'Connell*
 415 How shall I be sad when a Husband
 6 Hid from himself, now by the Dawn
 15 Here's to thee, my *Damon*, let's drink
 24 How happy's the Man, that like you Sir
 32 Happy Insect! what can be
 69 I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate
 88 I'm Cupid's Warrior, my Fair
 116 I'm old Mad Tom, behold me
 130 I am a lusty, lively Lad
 132 In January last, on *Monday*
 223 In the pleasant Month of *May*
 291 In Tyburn Road, a Man there liv'd
 397 In a Humour I was of late
 2 If all that I love is her Face
 3 If the Glasses they are empty
 15 I love, I doat, I rave with Pain
 22 If you will be still
 25 In vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 26 If ever you mean to be kind
 Horn 21 If I hear *Orinda* I wear
 35 In Winter, when the Rain rain'd cold
 48 I toils and tumble thro' the Night
 66 I have a green Purse, and a wee pickle
 72 I am, in truth, a Country Youth
 109 I sing not old *John*, who travell'd
 121 I was anes a well-tocher'd Lads
 152 I sit on a Bank of Thyme
 154 I yield, dear Lasse, you have won
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 179 Iockey's fou, *Jenny* rain
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An Alphabetical Table

Let me dreadful Repression stand With
 Let Harmony sweetly resounding on
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 Love gives War on Peace as Pleasure
 Life's chequer'd Tale and Pleasure
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 Let Wine run a Spark; and Ale puff
 Let the Waiter bring clean Glasses
 Long from the Forest Beauty's Charm
 Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet Duty
 Leave me, Shepherd, leave me
 Love's a gentle, generous Passion; I will
 Live and found Dances lying
 Lovely Laurinda! blame not me
 Let's be merry, blithe and jolly
 Love never more shall give me Pains
 Love would, but dare not venture
 Lady sweet, now do not frown
 Late in the Evening forth I went
 Ladies, why doth Love torment you
 Lonely Groves young strokes chasing
 Lovers, who waste your Thoughts
 Making I late on Windsor Terrace
 My dear Cock adoodle
 My easy Heart, with single Darts
 My jolly Companion, abba-ha-ha good Eats
 Methinks the poor Town has been troubled
 Mian (Mian Mian) is for the Womans
 My fockie blyth for what thou has done
 My Mither's ay gladman as the
 My sweetest May, let Love define thee
 My dear and lovely Love, I pray
 March, march, why the Devil
 My Patie is a Lover gay
 My Feany and I have said
 My Sodger Laddie
 My Masters and Friends and good
 My Peggie is a young thing
 Maria, when my Sight you blessed away

An Alphabetical Headpiece.

Heart incline your Chaine, if I but see you
 more let Sorrows pain you, I will
 to the Town of *Windsor*, *Chamber*
 that Love's Holiday is mine, as *Windsor*
 listen a while, and I will tell you
 more shall Buds on Branches spring
Phillis the day of all the Charming
 wat ye wha *Windsor* *Chamber*
 on the *Sanctuary* out of Sight
Phaeton advanced on high
 from Rusticity and low
 more will I my Passion hide
 so tender to *Chloe* has shown
 more think me false
 Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to *Sorrow*
 blest Retreat, O blissful *Bow*
 cease, cease, ergo no more the *God*
Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil
Cupid, gentle Boy, I find you
 Mother, *Rage* with his Killers
 old Soldiers, the Song you would hear
 the Night, in my *Ramble*, I chased
 all the Recreations which
 dear *Zelinda*, Charms I gave
 lovely Maid, how long thy *Pow*
Calia, begot thy last Hour
 say, what is that thing call'd *Light*
Sandy, why leavest thou thy *Nelly*
 rose fair *Suzanna* painting
 greedy *Midas*, I've been told
 Sunday, for *Mary*, *Dorcas*, &c.
 show you protest, and solemnly
Mary! thy Grace and Glances
 her up, and had her gown
 Mother dear, I gin to fear
 all the Birds whose tuneful Throats
 Day I heard *Mary*
 come away, come away
 had away, had away

O wha's that at my Chamber-door
 Others false. Tongues they do believe
 O waly, waly up the Banks
 O what a Plague is Love
 O where's the Plague in Love
 O dear Peggy, Dohels beguiling
 O Saturn, that Drinker of God
 O Leinster fam'd for Maidens fair
 O why did e'er my Thoughts aspire
 O Adam, it is true
 O Shopkeeper, Wives are so polish'd
 Philander and Sylvis, gentlest Pair
 Pastora's Beauties, when unblown
 Pity Armidæ will be kind
 Poor Cleonice, thy Garland wear
 Pain'd with his lighting Jamies Love
 Poor Sawney had marry'd a Wife
 Pursuing Beauty, Mendelsorps
 Pan leave Pipiligh the Gods
 Peggy, now the King's some's
 Phillis has such charming Grace
 Phillis the young, the fair, the gay
 Return, Secular my lovely Nymph
 Ranging the Plumed Shumblers
 Room, room, room for a Rover
 Return homeward, my Heart again
 Rob's Jock came to mend his
 Remember, ye Whigs, what
 She comes, my Goddess
 Since thus you light my Pine
 Save Womankind, and find there is
 She met with a Country dancing
 Since Drinking has Power to give us
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295	Health breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear	134
296	Why so pale and wan, fond Lover	135
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300	What means this Niceness now of late	139
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Willy was a wanton Wag	350
When first my dear Laddie gaed, &c.	371
Were I assur'd you'd constant prove	373
Well, I agree, y'er sure of me	Ibid.
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Woman, Nature's greatest Beauty	403
While I, fair Delia, view thy Face	409
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Ye Gods, ye gave to me a Wife	91
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Ye gentle Gales, that fan the Air	112
Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, from, &c.	136
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Ye happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind	180
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Young Phaon strove the Bliss to taste	210
You I love by all that is true	220
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Ye sylvan Powers that rule the Plain	250
You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe	400
Your Friendship I court	410
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Swift

SONG I.

LORA, Goddess sweetly-bloom-
ing,

Ever airy, ever gay :

All her wonted Charms resuming,

To *Spring-Garden* calls away.

With this blissful Spot delighted,

Here the Queen of *May* retreats;

Belles and *Beaux* are all invited,

To partake of vary'd Sweets.

See a grand *Pavillon* yonder,

Rising near embowring Shades;

There a *Temple* strikes with Wonder,

In full view of *Colonnades*.

Art and Nature (kindly lavish)

Here their mingled Beauties yield:

Equal here, the Pleasures ravish,

Of the Court, and of the Field.

Lo! what Heavenly Notes descending,

Break upon the listening Ear;

Mustick all its Graces lending :

O 'tis Extasy to hear!

Nightingales the Concert joining,

Breathe their Plaints in melting Strains :

Vanquish'd now, their Groves resigning,

Soon they fly to distant Plains.

O! what Splendours round us darting,

Swift illumine the charming Scene;

A

Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
 Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green,
 Glittering Lamps, in order planted,
 Strike the Eye with sweet Surprise;
Adam scarce was more enchanted,
 When he saw the Sun first rise.

Now the various Bands are seated,
 All dispos'd in bright Array;
 Bus'ness o'er, and Cares retreated,
 With gay Mirth they close the Day.
 Thus, of Old, the Sons of Pleasure,
 Pass'd, in Shades their fav'rite Hours;
 (*Nectar* cheering their soft Leisure)
 Bless'd by Love, and crown'd with Flow'rs.

SONG II.

HOW calm, *Eliza*, are these Groves,
 How sweet to entertain our Loves?
 Free from Sorrow, free from Care,
 Jealousy and black Despair.
 In these sweet *Elysian* Groves
 Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

SONG III.

ENDYMION.

SHE comes, my Goddess comes,
 Oh! I dream, 'tis not for waking Eyes
 To see such wond'rous Joys;
 Joys like my mighty Love extream;
 All Heav'n is round me, oh! I dream!

CYNTHIA.

Awake, awake, *Endymion*,
 Awake, awake, *Endymion*, from above,
 Thy *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* comes!
 Thy *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* comes!
 To crown, to crown, to crown thy Love.

SONG IV. *In the Imposture.*

H Appy we, who free from Love,
Have no Cares to break our Sleep,
Who thro' pleasant Meadows rove,
Watching of our harmless Sheep.

When we feel the Ev'ning's Air,
And the Night invites us home,
To our Cottage we repair,
Where Content delights to come.

SONG V.

A *Urelia*, now, one Moment lost,
A Thousand Sighs may after cost:
Desires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant Sweets which do adorn
The glowing Blushes of the Morn,
By Moon are vanish'd all away,
Then let's, *Aurelia*, live to Day.

SONG VI. *In Love and a Bottle.*

W HEN *Cupid* from his Mother fled,
He changing his Shape,
Thus made his Escape,

His Mother thought him dead.

Some did him a Kindness,

And cur'd him of Blindness,

And thus disguis'd like me,

The little God could see.

He enters into Hearts of Men,

And there does spy,

(Just so do I)

That Falshood lurks within :

That Sighing and Dying,
Is Swearing and Lying;
All this disguis'd like me,
The little God could see.

SONG VII.

I Look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
Where many Days did low'r,
When lo! one happy Hour
Leap'd up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State.
A Day shall come, when in thy Pow'r
Thy cruel Foes shall be :
Then shall the Land be free,
And thou in Peace shalt reign ;
But take, oh! take that Opportunity!
Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG VIII. Island Princess.

LET the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning
kill,
My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid
Execution do.

Or let the frozen North its Rancour show,
Within my Breast far, far greater Tempests grow,
Despair's more cold, more cold than all the
Winds can blow :

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*;
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
there, there, there, there, there *Aetna*,
there, there, there, there, there *Vesuvio* lies,
To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting,
mounting reach the Skies.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*.

Ye Pow'rs, I did but use her Name,
 And see how all the Meteors flame;
 Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,
 And now the Globe more fiercely burns,
 Than once at *Phaeton's Fall*.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,
 Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
 Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
 Ah, where are now, where are now,
 Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
 Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
 Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
 The fair, the fair *Lucinda* sleeping lay,
 There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
 Around us all was sweet and gay,
 We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark,
 Nor nothing fear'd but short'ning Day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate,
 Why must I burn, why must I burn,
 Why must I burn for this Ingrate;
 Why, why must I burn for this Ingrate;
 Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
 Since nothing, nothing will prevail,
 When a Woman Love pretends,
 'Tis but till she gains her Ends,
 And for better and for worse,
 For Marrow of the Purse;
 There she jilts you o'er and o'er,
 Groves a Slattem or a Whore,
 This Hour will teaze, will teaze and vex,
 And will cuckold you the next;

They were all contriv'd in Spight,
 To torment us, not delight,
 But to scold, to scold, to scratch and bite,
 And not one of them proves right,
 But all, all are Witches by this Light,
 And so I fairly bid 'em and the World good night,
 Good night, good night, good night,
 Good night, good night.

S O N G IX. *Flying Fame.*

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all;
 A woful Hunting once there did
 In *Chevy-Chace* befall:

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl *Piercy* took his way;
 The Child may rue that is unborn,
 The Hunting of that Day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 A Vow to God did make,
 His Pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods
 Three Summer's Days to take;

The chieftest Harts in *Chevy-Chace*
 To kill and bear away.

The Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
 In *Scotland* where he lay:

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
 He would prevent his Sport.
 The *English* Earl not fearing this,
 Did to the Woods resort;

With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
 All chosen Men of Might,
 Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
 To aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To Chase the Fallow-Deer:
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When Day-light did appear;

And long before High-Noon they had
 An Hundred fat Bucks slain;
 Then having din'd, the Drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their Backsides all, with special Care,
 That Day were guarded sure.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods,
 The nimble Deer to take,
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
 An Echo shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the Quarry went,
 To view the tender Deer;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
 This Day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
 With that, a brave young Gentleman
 Thus to the Earl did say;

So yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 His Men in Armour bright;
 Full twenty Hundred Scottish Spears,
 All marching in our Sight;

All Men of pleasant Teviotdale,
 Fast by the River Tweed.
 Then cease your Sport, Earl Piercy said,
 And take your Bows with Speed:

And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance ;
For never was there Champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on Horseback come,
But, since my Hap it were,
I durst encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a Milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold :

Shew me (he said) whose Men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my Consent, do chase
And kill my Fallow Deer ?

The Man that first did Answer make,
Was Noble *Piercy* he ;
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose Men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
Thy chiefest Hart to slay.

Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did say ;

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye ;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me, *Piercy*, Pity it were,
And great Offence to kill
Any of these our harmless Men ;
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,
And set our Men aside ?

Accurs'd be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth ;
Witherington was his Name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To *Henry* our King for Shame,
 That e're my Captain fought on Foot,
 And I stood looking on.
 You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,
 And I a 'Squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have Pow'r to stand :
 While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bows,
 Their Hearts were good and true ;
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
 Full Threescore *Scots* they slew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl Douglas had the Bent ;
 Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
 The Spears to Shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,
 No Slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant Gentleman
 Lay gasping on the Ground.

Christ ! it was a Grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these Two stout Earls did meet,
 Like Captains of great Might ;
 Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,
 And made a cruel Fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With Swords of temper'd Steel,
 Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said;
 In Faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By *James* our *Scottish* King:

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous Knight,
 That ever I did see.

To *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
 Thy Proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any *Scot*,
 That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen
 Out of an *English* Bow,
 Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
 A deep and deadly Biow:

Who never spoke more Words than these,
 Fight on, my merry Men all;
 For why, my Life is at an End;
 Lord *Piercy* sees me fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
 The dead Man by the Hand;
 And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
 Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ! my very Heart doth bleed,
 With Sorrow for thy Sake;
 For sure, a more renowned Knight
 Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
 Which saw Earl *Douglas* dye,
 Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge
 Upon the Earl *Piercy*:

Sir Hugh Montgom'ry was he call'd,
 Who, with a *Spear* most bright,
 Well-mounted on a gallant Steed,
 Ran fiercely thro' the Fight;
 And pass'd the *English* Archers all,
 Without all Dread or Fear;
 And thro' *Earl Piercy's* Body then
 He thrust his hateful *Spear*:

With such a veh'ment Force and Might
 He did his Body gore,
 The *Spear* went through the other Side
 A large Cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these Nobles dye,
 Whose Courage none could strain.
 An *English* Archer then perceiv'd
 The Noble *Earl* was slain;

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
 Made of a trusty Tree;
 An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
 Up to the Head drew he:

Against *Sir Hugh Montgomery*
 So right his Shaft he set,
 The grey Goose-wing that was thereon
 In his Heart's Blood was wet.

His Fight did last from Break of Day,
 Till Setting of the Sun;
 Or when they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,
 The Battel scarce was done.

With the *Earl Piercy*, there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
 Or *Robert Ratcliff*, and *Sir John*,
Sir James that bold Baron:

And with *Sir George* and good *Sir James*,
 Both Knights of good Account,
 Good *Sir Raph Rabby* there was slain,
 Whose Prowess did surmount.

For *With'rington* needs must I wail,

As one in doleful Dumps ;

For when his Legs were smitten off,

He fought upon his Stumps.

And with *Earl Douglas* there was slain-

Sir Hugh Montgomery ;

Sir Charles Carrol, that from the Field

One Foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of *Ratcliff*, too,

His Sister's Son was he :

Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,

They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in like wise

Did with *Earl Douglas* dye :

Of twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,

Scarce Fifty five did fly.

Of Fifteen Hundred *English* Men,

Went home but Fifty three ;

The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chace*,

Under the green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,

Their Husbands to bewail ;

They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,

But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,

They bore with them away ;

They kiss'd them dead a Thousand times,

When they were alad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,

Where *Scotland's* King did reign,

That brave *Earl Douglas* suddenly

Was with an Arrow slain ;

O heavy News, King *James* did say,

Scotland can Witness be,

I have not any Captain more

Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
 Within as short a Space,
 That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
 Was slain in *Chevy-Chace* :

Now God be with him, said our King,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;

I trust I have, within my Realm,
 Five Hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say,
 But I will Vengeance take,
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl *Piercy's* Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd
 After, on *Humbledown* ;

In one Day, Fifty Knights were slain,
 With Lords of great Renown :

And of the rest, of small Account,
 Did many Thousands die :

Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chace*,
 Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and bless the Land

In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
 'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

SONG X. *In Proserpine.*

LET Harmony sweetly resounding
 Gay Pleasure and Transport invite,
 Till the Voice in loud Echo's rebounding
 Thro' the Vallies diffuse our Delight.

SONG XI. *In the same.*

O Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow,
 Come bind me in thy peaceful Chains,
 From thee alone the Wretch can borrow
 Short Release from lasting Pains.

SONG XII. *In the same.*

O Blest Retreat! O blissful Bow'rs
 Ye sunny Hills, and verdant Glades,
 Warbling Choirs, and murmur'ing Springs,
 Here, 'midst your Sweets, in full Content I reign,
 Nor envy Juno on her starry Throne.

SONG XIII. *In the Island Princess.*

O H cease, cease, urge no more the God to
 swell my Breast!
 The Mansion dreads the greater Guest;
 But lo! he comes! I shake! I feel, I feel his Sway,
 And now he hurries me along,
 Then, Crowds believe, and Kings, obey,
 'Tis Heaven inspires the Song.

Haste! to the God due Vengeance give,
 Hark! From their Seats they cry,
 Who lets Blasphemers live
 Shall by Blasphemers die.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

“ Let the Sound

“ Echo all around.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

Beware! Ten thousand thousand threat'ning
 Ills! I see!

Invasions! Wars! Plagues! Ruin! endless Woes!

Ah wretched Isle, I weep for Thee,

Save, save thy self, resign the Gods Blaspheming
 Foes.

Now, now the Thunder roars,
 The Earth now groans and quakes;
 The rising Main a Deluge pours,
 The World's Fountain shakes.

Hell gapes! the Fiends appear!

Oh hold! ye angry Pow'rs relent, or we despair.

See, we fulfil
 On your Foes your dreadful Will.
 See the Throng
 Hoot 'em, as they're dragg'd along.
 Now they tear 'em, now they die ;
 All applaud, and shout for Joy.
 Peace returns, all Nature smiles,
 Happy Days now bless our Isles,
 Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd,
 Merry Sports and Love go round.

S O N G XIV.

L Ovely Charmer, dearest Creature;
 Kind Invader of my Heart,
 Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature,
 Rais'd with ev'ry Grace of Art!
 Oh! cou'd I but make thee love me,
 As thy Charms my Heart have mov'd,
 None cou'd e'er be blest above me,
 None cou'd e'er be more belov'd.

S O N G XV.

G EN'rous Wine and a Friend in whom I
 can confide,
 And a cleanly bright Girl I wou'd have for my
 Bride:
 I'll keep a Brace of Geldings,
 An easy Pad to please my Spouse,
 Kind Fate, what more I ask,
 Ne'er to want my dear Flask,
 And in friendly Bumpers ever briskly carouse.

S O N G XVI.

H OW happy are we when the Wind is
 abaft,
 And the Boatswain he pipes, haul both our Sheets
 aft,

Steady, steady, says the Master, it blows a fresh
 Gale,
 We'll soon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind
 doth not fail.
 Then drink about *Tow*, altho' the Ship rowl,
 We'll save our rich Liquor, by flinging our Bowl.

SONG XVII.

OLD *Chiron* thus preach'd to his Pupil,
Achilles;
 I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates
 Will is,

You, my Boy, must go,
 The Gods will have it so,
 To the Siege of *Troy*.

Thence never to return to *Greece* again;
 But before those Walls to be slain.
 Let not your noble Courage be cast down,
 But all the while you lye before the Town,
 Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry:
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the *Stygian* Ferry.

SONG XVIII. *In Tamerlane.*

LOVE gives War or Peace at Pleasure,
 Fond Lovers still tormenting,
 But deaf to all lamenting,
 Laughs when he gives us Pain:
 Displays his shining Treasure,
 His Toils and Snares surround us;
 No sooner does he wound us,
 But leaves us to complain.

SONG XIX. *In the same.*

SINCE thus you slight my Pain,
 Return my Heart again,
 False, ungrateful Swain,
 Or meet my Passion.

But if my Heart you prize,
 O do not tyrannize!
 O do not tyrannize!
 But shew Compassion.

SONG XX.

CEASE, ye Rovers, cease to range
 Pleasure revels least in Change:
 Wand'ring still uneasy, still, still uneasy,
 Nought can fix ye,
 Nought can please ye,
 Whilst true Love, like heav'nly Joys,
 Never dies, and never cloyes.

SONG XXI. *In Arsinoe.*

DELBO, if thou wilt not woe me,
 Prithee spare one single Kiss.
 In good faith, 'tis a Wrong you do me,
 To deny so small a Bliss.
 Prithee knit no more thy Brows,
 Prithee knit no more thy Brows,
 Frowns disgrace a charming Face,
 And but make us Pastime lose.
 Put on a little dimpling Smile,
 Pleasing Looks the Heart beguile.

SONG XXII. *In the same.*

Conscious Dungeon, Walls of Stone,
 You that echo to my Grief,
 If not harder than my Fate,
 Oh! give me some Relief.
 Ere in your hollow Womb
 Breathless *Ormondo* you entomb,
 Shew me once the cruel Fair,
 Since her Eyes first gave me Doom,
 From her Lips 'twill easy come.

SONG XXIII. *In Thomyris.*

NO more let Sorrow pain you,
 Here Love alone shall chain you,
 And ev'ry Joy restore.
 New Pleasure shall detain you,
 No Liberty has more.

SONG XXIV. *In Bonduca.*

JACK thour't a Toper,
Jack thour't a Toper,
 Let's have t'other Quart;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 ring, ring, ring, ring,
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a Shame to part.
 None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
 a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
 Bully'd by his Wife for coming, coming,
 coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 coming, coming, coming late,
 Fears a domestick Strife.
 I'm free, I'm free, and so are you,
 so are you, so are you too,
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
 knock boldly, knock boldly,
 The Watch cry past Two a Clock.

SONG XXV. *The Cloak's Knavery.*

COME buy my new Ballad,
 I have't in my Wallet,
 But 'twill not I fear please every Pallat;
 Then mark what ensu'th,
 I swear by my Youth,
 That every Line in my Ballad is truth:

Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of Worth,
 'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.

*'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a
 Gown,
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the
 Crown.*

I'll tell you in brief,
 A Story of Grief,
 Which happen'd when *Cloak* was Commander in
 Chief;

It tore Common Prayers,
 Imprison'd Lord Mayors,
 In one Day it voted down Prelates and Players;
 It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
 And the *Covenant* did cut off the Oath of Alle-
 giance.

*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the
 Crown.*

It was a black *Cloak*,
 In good time be it spoke,
 That kill'd many Thousands, but never struck
 Stroke;

With Hatchet and Rope,
 The forlorn Hope,
 Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope;
 It set all the *Sects* in the City to work,
 And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the
Turk.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
 Those fierce Demi-Gorgons,
 It brought in the Bagpipes, and pull'd down the
 Organs;

The Pulpits did smoak,
 The Churches did choak,

And our Religion was turn'd to a *Cloak* :
 It brought in Lay-*Officers* could not write nor read,
 It set *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the *Creed*.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Impostor
 Such Fury did foster,
 It left us no Penny, nor no *Pater-Noster* ;
 It threw to the Ground
 Ten Commandments down,
 And set up twice Twenty times Ten of its own :
 It routed the King, and Villains elected,
 To plunder all those whom they thought Dis-
 affected.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind Peoples Eyes,
 This *Cloak* was so wise,
 It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise ;
 Men brought in their Plate,
 For Reasons of State,
 And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate :
 In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
 To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In Pulpits it moved,
 And was much approved,
 For crying out — *Fight the Lord's Battles be-*
loved ;

It bobtail'd the Gown,
 Put Prelacy down,
 It trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown :
 And into the Field it an Army did bring,
 To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
 Whose politick Pates,
 Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates ;

To Father and Mother,
 To Sister and Brother,
 gave a Commission to kill one another :
 took up Mens Horses at very low rates,
 and plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
 To a damnable Deed,
 it made the best Mirror of Majesty bleed ;
 Tho' Cloak did not do't,
 He set it on Foot,
 by rallying and calling his Journey-men to't :
 for never had come such a bloody Disaster,
 if Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his
 Master.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though some of them went hence,
 By sorrowful Sentence,
 This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repen-
 tance,
 But he and his Men,
 Twenty Thousand times ten,
 Are plotting to do their Tricks over again :
 But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,
 Or DUN will provide him a Button and Loop.
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.*

Let's pray that the King,
 And his Parliament,
 In Sacred and secular Things may consent ;
 So Righteously firm,
 And Religiously free,
 That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be :
 And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
 One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may
 contain us :

Then Peace, Truth and Plenty, our Kingdom
will crown,
And all Popish Plots, and their Plotters shall
down.

SONG XXVI.

HE that is a cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His Substance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

Fortune is a Lasse
Will embrace,
And soon destroy;
Free-born,
In Liberty,
We'll ever be
Singing *Vive le Roi*.
Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
And Fortune is a Whore;
There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
Or her Power implore.

He that is a trusty Roger,
And hath serv'd his King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier,
Yet he will skip and sing:
Whilst he that fights for Love,
May in the way of Honour prove,
And they that make sport of us,
May come short of us,
Fate will flatter them,
And will scatter them,
Whilst the Royalty
Looks upon Loyalty,

om
hall
We that live peaceably
May be successfully
Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real Honest Man,
May be utterly undone,
To show his Allegiance,
His Love and Obedience,
But that will raise him up,
Virtue weighs him up,
Honour stays him up,
And we'll praise him;
Whilst the fine Courtier Dine,
With his full bowls of Wine,
Honour will make him fast.

Freely let's be then,
Honest Men,
And kick at Fate,
We

May live to see
Our Loyalty
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a Word, or a Sword
'Gainst the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate,
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

C H O R U S.

What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the prosperous Men;
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
When we come to't agen:
Treachery may be fac'd with Light,
And Leachery lin'd with Furr;
A Cuckold may be made a Knight;
'Tis Fortune *de la Guerre* :

But what is that to us Boys,
 That now are honest Men;
 We'll conquer and come agen,
 Beat up the Drum agen,
 Hey for Cavaliers,
 Joy for Cavaliers,
 Pray for Cavaliers;
 Dub, a dub, dub,
 Have at old *Belzebub*,
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy must down, Bullies,
 And every Sect in Town:
 We'll rally, and to't agen;
 Give 'em the rout agen,
 Charge 'em home agen,
 Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,
 This is the Life of an honest Cavalier.

SONG XXVII. *In Calypso.*

O *Cupid*, gentle Boy,
 Restore me to the Fair,
 To Love's auspicious Joy,
 I'll fly from gloomy Care.

SONG XXVIII. *In Love's Triumph.*

GAY, kind, and airy, sweet is a Lover:
 Sweet is a Lover, gay, kind and airy.
 But when we marry,
 Too soon we vary,
 Courting and sporting are all over.

SONG XXIX.

LIFE is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
 Fill up all the various Measure.
 See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins
 Drinking, toping Flip by Ferkins;

And as they raise the Tip
 To their happy Lip,
 On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
 But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
 Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
 Let the Cann go round.

C H O R U S.

Then hark to the Boatwain's Whistle, Whistle,
 Then hark to the Boatwain's Whistle, Whistle,
 Bustle, bustle :

My Boy, let us sit, let us toil,
 But let's drink all the while,
 For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
 For Labour, &c.

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
 Fill up all the various Measure:

Hark the Crew in Sun-burnt Faces,
 Chanting Black-ey'd Susan's Graces;

S. And as they raise their Notes
 Thro' their rusty Throats

On the Deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
 Fill up all the various Measure:

Hark the Crew their Cares discarding,
 With Huffleap, or with Chuck-farthing :

S. Still in merry Pin,

Let 'em lose or win,

On the Deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

S O N G XXX.

HOW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a
 Beau,

They've Nothing to think of, they've Nothing
 to do;

Nor Nothing to talk of, for Nothing they know;
 Such, such is the Life of a Beau, &c.

For Nothing they will, but to draw the fresh Air,
Spend the Morning in Nothing, but Chasing
their Hair,
And do Nothing all Day, but Sing, fiddle, and
stare;
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, at the Playhouse, they
crowd,
To mind Nothing done there they always are
proud:
But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud.
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing they run to the Assembly and Ball,
And for Nothing at Cards a fair Partner they
call:
For they still must be boasted, who've No-
thing it all:
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, on Sundays, at Church they appear,
For they've Nothing to hope, nor they've No-
thing to fear:
They can be Nothing no where, who — No-
thing and here:
Such, such is, &c.

SONG XXXI. *Hail Burgundy!*

HAIL Burgundy! thy Juice divine,
Inspirer of my Song,
The Praises giv'n to other Wine,
To thee alone belong.
Of manly Wit and female Charms
Thou canst the Pow'r improve.
Care of its Suing thy Balm disarms,
And makes us blest as Love.
Bright Phœbus on the Parent Vines,
From whence thy Current streams,

Smiling amongst the Beams with his Fire,
 And lavish darts his Beams receive;
 The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire,
 And all his Pow'r retain;
 With the same Warmth our Beams inspire,
 And lead the spightly Strain.

From thee, fair Child's potent Eye
 New sparkling Beams receives;
 Her Checks imbibes a rosy Dye,
 New Heat her Bosom heaves.
 Summon'd to Love, by thy charms,
 Oh! with what nervous Heat
 Worthy the Maid we fill her Arms,
 How oft that Love repeat?

The Stoick prone to Thought intense,
 Thy Softness can unbend;
 A chearful Gayety dispense,
 And make him taste a Friend's
 His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,
 Forget his penfive Strife,
 And well concludes our Span well spent
 In honest, social Life.

Ev'n Fops — those doubtful-gender things,
 So fond of selves and Dress,
 Quite lost to the Delight that springs
 From Sense — thy Pow'r confesse
 Each foolish, puling, maudlin Face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his Cue, and stiff Grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

SONG XXXII. *Save Women, &c.*
 SAVE Women and Wine, there is nothing
 in Life
 That can bribe honest Souls to endure it:

When the Heart is perplex'd, and surrounded
with Care,

Dear Women and Wine, only cure it.

Dear Women, &c.

Come on then, my Boys, we'll have Women
and Wine,

And wisely to Purpose employ them;

He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,

Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them,

As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine,

Whilst Vigour, &c.

Our Wine shall be old, bright and sound, my
dear Jack,

To heighten our amorous Fires;

Our Girls young and sound, and shall kiss with
a smack,

And shall gratify all our Desires;

The Bottles we'll crack, and the Girls we will
smack,

And gratify, &c.

SONG XXXIII. To Cupid, &c.

I'M Cupid's Warrior, my Fair

Then quickly for the Fight prepare.

Ah! why, *Calinda*, would you fly,

When I at first am sure to yield;

If you sh' Engagement from, I die;

Oh! take me, and I've won the Field.

SONG XXXIV. To Sylvia, &c.

TO Sylvia's Charms a Captive made,

I sought the wanton Cupid's Aid;

Begging he'd my some powerful Dart,

To soften her relentless Heart.

But all in vain; for, in her Eyes

All their Artillery planted lies.

When the Heart is pierced and wounded
 Their Darts can only from her pass
 I'm fated to despair and die.
 And yet 'twas but this small Request,
 Which granted, you'd have made me blest.
 Oh! let my Flames melt her into Desire
 Or else her Coldness quite purg'd my Fire.

SONG XXXV. *My old Maid*

I 'M old Mad Tom, behold me
 My Wits are quite upstaid
 I'm mad, I'm sure, and past all Cure,
 And in Hopes of being proclaimed
 I'll mount the frosty Mountains,
 And there I'll skin the Weather,
 I'll pluck the Rainbow from the Sky,
 And I'll splice both Ends together,
 I'll mount the Pide of Marble,
 And there I'll fright the Gypsies,
 And I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon,
 And win them with Eclipses.

SONG XXXVI. *Ye Common, Occ.*

I Prentice was to Yulden,
 And serv'd my Master faithful,
 In making Tools for jovial Fools,
 But, ye Gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.
 The Stars pluck'd from their Orbs too,
 And put them in my Budget;
 And if I'm not a roaring Boy,
 Then let all the Nations judge it.

SONG XXXVII. *Ye Common, Occ.*

I For all things succeed,
 As already decreed,
 By immutable Powers, that rule us,
 To repine, and to pray,
 Is but Time thro' a way,
 And our Teachers, in words, do but fool us.

Then let's prove our Free-Will;
By our Drinking about,
And by quitting the Glass when it's Time to
give out:

But if Man has no Pow'r
To chuse, or to shun,
Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Vertue to run.

If we're driv'n by Fate
Either this Way or that,
As a Carrier whips on his Horses;

No Mortal can stray,
But must go the right Way,
Like the Stars that are bound to their Courses.

But if we've Free-Will
To go on, or stand still,
As may best serve each present Occasion;

Then pray fill the Glass,
And confirm him an As,
That depends upon Predetermination.

SONG XXXVII.

WITH early Horn
Salute the Morn,
That gilds this charming Place
With cheerful Cries
Bid Echo rise,
And join the jovial Chase.

The vocal Hills around
The waving Woods,
The chrystal Floods,
All, all return th' enliv'ning Sound.

SONG XXXVIII. In Pyrrhus.

TIS not your Wealth, my Dear,
Nor Wit, nor Shape, nor Air,
Nor Beauty past Compare,
Makes me a Lover;

Your sweet complying Mind,
 Your Pride in being blind,
 Without the reasoning Way
 Of fish, nay fie, nay pray;
 Has brought me on my way.

SONG XXXIX In Apollo and
 Daphne.

HARK, hark, the Huntsman sounds his
 Horn,

A Call so Musical chides the Drone,
 Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,
 The Woods re-echo the sprightly Ton,
 ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,
 ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

The loud-tong'd Cry the Concert fill,
 Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn,
 Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
 Then swift descending we sweep the Plain,
 Ton, ton, &c.

The distant Stagg our Accents hears,
 Our Accents fatal to him alone,
 Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts and wing'd with Fear,
 Forsakes the Thicket to seek the Down,
 Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the Field,
 The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,
 Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to Kennel let her yield,
 Where we may follow her sportive Son,
 Ton, ton, &c.

What Joy to trace the blossoming Path, alluring
Thro' darksome Groves with Moss & dew
And to our eyes the sun, the moon, the stars

What Harmony can ever surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Mourn
Ton, ton, &c.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with Pleasures when Night comes on,
Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs thus tir'd, our Hearts content,
With Wine regaling, till Dawn we descend
Ton, ton, &c.

SONG XL. Come, let us drink, &c.

C O M E let's drink, the time is ripe,
Winter, and cold Weather, now is
For to pass away long Nights, & cold
And to keep good Wives together,
Better far than Cards or Dice, or
Or Isaac's Ball, that quaint Device:
Made up with Fan and Feather

Of grand Actions on the Seas;
We will ne'er be jealous,
Give us Liquor that will please,
And will make us braver Fellows,
Than the bold Venetian Fleet,
When the Turks and they do meet,
Within the Dardanelles

Mahomet was no Divine,
But a senseless Widgeon,
To forbid the Use of Wine
Unto those of his Religion,
Falling-sickness was his shame,
And his Throne shall have the blame,
For all his whispering Bigons

Valentia, that famous Town,
 Stood the French Men's wonder,
 Water is employ'd to drown,
 And to cut their Troops asunder,
Turanne call a helpfull look,
 Whilst the crafty *Spaniards* took
La-Forta and his Plunder.

Therefore Water we disdain,
 Mankind's Adversary;
 Once it caus'd the World's whole Frame
 In a Deluge to miscarry,
 Nay, the Enemies of Joy
 Seek with Envy to destroy,
 And murder good Canary.

Sack's the Prince's surest Guard;
 If he would but try it;
 No Rebellion e'er was heard,
 Where the Subjects soundly ply it;
 And three Constables, at most;
 Are enough to quell an Host,
 That thus disturbs our Quiet.

Drink about your full-brim Bowls,
 See there be no shrinking,
 For to quench your thirsty Souls,
 We of Projects are not thinking;
 But a Way will devise
 How to make our Colours rise,
 And our Noses rich with drinking:

Cause the Rubies to appear
 In their Orient Lustre;
 Pottle Pots bring up the Rear,
 For our Forces we must muster;
Signor Gallon leads the Van,
 He hath taken many a Man,
 And drowns them on a Cluster,

Sack it doth inspire the Wit,
 Tho' the Brain be muddy :
 Some that ne'er knew nothing, yet
 By its Virtue fall to study.
 He that tipples up good Sack,
 Finds sound Marrow in the Back,
 That's wholesome for the Belly.

All the Faculties of Man
 Are enriched by this Treasure ;
 He that first this Bowl began,
 Let him give to all his Measure :
 Sack is like th' *Ethereal* Fire,
 Which doth kindle new Desire,
 To do a Woman Pleasure.

Sack doth make the Spirit bold,
 'Tis like the Muses *Nectar*.
 Some that silent Tongues did hold,
 Now can speak a learned Lecture ;
 By the flowing of the Tob,
 They can break *Alcide's* Club,
 And take the Crown from *Hector*.

We ne'er covet to be rich
 With Commerce, or with Trading ;
 Nor have we a zealous Itch,
 Tho' *quondam* Means are fading :
 But our Vessels and our Store,
 And Wits are how to get more
 Good Sack, and that's our Lading.

We that drink good Sack in Plate,
 To make us blithe and jolly,
 Never plot against the State,
 To be punish'd for such Folly ;
 But the merry Glass and Pipe,
 Makes our Senses quick and ripe,
 And expels Melancholly.

See the Squibs, and hear the Balls,
The Fifth Day of November,
The Preacher's sad Story tell,
And with Horror both remember,
How some dry-brain'd Traitors wrought
Plots, that would to Ruin brought
Both King, and every Member.

We that drink have no such Thoughts,
Blind and void of Reason,
We take care to fill our Vails,
With good Wine every Season,
And with many a cheerful Cup
We blow one another up,
And that's our only Reason.

SONG XLII. *Holla, holla, &c.*

HOLD, hold thy Nole to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
And hold thy Nole to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
And my Pot, and thy Pot,
Sing hold thy Nole to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
'Tis Malt will cure the Maw, *Tom,*
And heal thy Distempers in *Antony,*
Felix quem facient,
I prithee be patient,
Aliena pericula cavent.
Then hold thy Nole to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
Hold, hold thy Nole to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
There's neither Parson nor Vicar,
But will toils off his Liquor,
Sing hold thy Nole to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*

SONG XLIII. *Never be drunk again.*

WHEN this old Can was new,
'Tis since two Hundred Years ago,
No Malice then we knew,
But all Things plenty were:

All Friendship now decays,
 (Believe me, this is true)
 Which was not in those Days,
When this old Cap was new.

The Nobles of our Land
 Were much delighted then,
 To have at their Command
 A Crew of lusty Men,
 Which by their Coats were known
 Of Tawny, Red, or Blue,
 With Crests on their Sleeves shown,
When this old Cap was new.

Now Pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our Land's reproach,
 When he whose Means is small,
 Maintains both Horse and Coach:
 Instead of an Hundred Men,
 The Coach allows but two;
 This was not thought on then,
When this old Cap was new.

Good Hospitality
 Was cherish'd then of many:
 Now poor Men starve and die,
 And are not help'd by any;
 For Charity waxeth cold,
 And Love is found in few:
 This was not in time of old,
When this old Cap was new.

Where ever you travell'd then,
 You might meet on the way
 Brave Knights and Gentlemen,
 Glad in their Country Gray,
 That courteous would appear,
 And kindly welcome you:
 No Puritans then were,
When this old Cap was new.

Our Ladies in those Days
 In civil Habit went,
 Broad-Cloath was then worth Praise,
 And gave the best Content:
 French Fashions then were scorn'd,
 Fond Rangles then none knew,
 Then Modesty Woman adorn'd,
When this old Cap was new.

A Man might then behold,
 At Christmas, in each Hall,
 Good Fires to curb the Cold,
 And Meat for great and small:
 The Neighbours were friendly bidden,
 And all had welcome true,
 The Poor from the Gates were not chidden,
When this old Cap was new.

Black Jacks to every Man
 Were fill'd with Wine and Beer,
 No Pewter Pot nor Can
 In those Days did appear:
 Good Cheer in a Nobleman's House
 Was counted a seemly shew,
 We wanted no Brawn nor Souse,
When this old Cap was new.

We took not such delight
 In Cups of Silver fine,
 None under the degree of a Knight,
 In Plate drunk Beer or Wine:
 Now each mechanical Man
 Hath a Cup-board of Plate for a shew,
 Which was a rare thing then,
When this old Cap was new.

Then Bribery was unborn,
 No Simony Men did use,
 Christians did Usury scorn,
 Devis'd among the Jews.

The Lawyers to be see'd,
 At that time hardly knew,
 For Man with Man agreed,
When this old Cap was new.

No Captain then carous'd,
 Nor spent poor Soldiers Pay,
 They were not so abus'd,
 As they are at this Day :
 Of seven Days they make Eight,
 To keep from them their due;
 Poor Soldiers had their Right,
When this old Cap was new.

Which made them forward still
 To go, altho' not prest:
 And going with good Will,
 Their Fortunes were the best.
 Our English then in fight
 Did foreign Foes subdue,
 And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old Cap was new.

God save our gracious King,
 And send him long to live,
 Lord, Mischief on them bring,
 That will not their Alms give :
 But seek to rob the Poor
 Of that which is their due:
 This was not in time of yore,
When this old Cap was new.

SONG XLIII. Fair Cælia's, &c.

FAIR Cælia's Eyes give Love to all,
 The Nymph a Goddess reigns;
 All that durst look, her Victims fall,
 Yet she unmov'd remains.
 While happy Strephon, in her Arms
 Secure but env'y'd lyes:

To him she opens all her Charms,
 To him unlocks, unlocks,
 Unlocks to him, unlocks her Joys.

So the pleas'd Moon on *Larpos* lay
 With her *Endymion*;
 Her Light to all she gave away,
 Her Love to him, her Love to him alone.

SONG XLIV. *Bacchus assist, &c.*

BACCHUS assist us to sing thy great Glory,
 Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy Story:
 Wine's first Projector,
 Mankind's Protector,
 Patron to Topers,
 How do we adore thee.
 Wine's first Projector, &c.

Friend to the Muses, and Whetstone to *Venus*,
 Herald to Pleasures, when Wine wou'd convene us:
 Sorrow's Physician,
 When our Condition
 In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to shreen us.
 Nature she smil'd, when thy Birth it was blazed:
 Mankind rejoic'd when thy Altars were raised:
 Mirth will be flowing,
 Whilst the Vine's growing,
 And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

SONG XLV.

BOLD Impudent Fuller invited a Plot,
 And all to discover the Devil knows what;
 About a young Bantling strangely begot.
Which no Body can deny.

The better to cheat both the Fools and the Wise,
 He impos'd on the Nation a Hundred of Lies;
 That none but a Knight of the Post could devise.
Which no Body can deny.

He tells us he had the Honour to peep,
In the Warming-pan where the *Welch* Infant did
sleep;

And found out a Plot which was damnable deep,
Which no Body can believe.

Then to the wise Senate he suddenly went,
Where he told all the Lies that he then could
invent,

For which he was Voted a Rogue by consent,
Which no Body can deny.

And tho' he was punish'd for that his Offence,
He has almost forgot it, it was so long since,
Therefore the old Game he began to commence,
Which no Body can deny.

Then he to the Lords his bold Letters did send,
And told the high Peers, that the Plot he could
mend,

And make it as plain, as he first did pretend,
Which no Body can deny.

He told them his Witnesses were mighty Men,
That wou'd come to the Town, tho' the Devil
knows when,

And make *William Fuller* once famous agen,
Which no Body can deny.

The Lords they were Generous, Noble and Kind,
And allowed him Freedom his 'Squires to find,
The which he will do when the Devil is blind,
Which no Body can deny.

So the Peers they declar'd him a scandalous Sor,
And none thinks him fit to manage a Plot,
If *Newgate* and *Tyburn* does fall to his Lot,
There's no Body can deny.

They gave him no more time than himself did
require,

To find out his *Jones* and the wandering 'Squire,

But the time being come, they were never the
nigher,

Which no Body can deny.

The brave House of Commons next for him do
send,

To hear what the Block-heady Fool wou'd pre-
tend,

Who humbly requests, that they wou'd him be-
friend,

Which no Body can deny.

One Day he declar'd they were near London
Town,

But the very next Day into Wales they were
flown,

Such nimble-heel'd Witnesses never were
known,

Which no Body can deny.

When being examin'd about his sham Plor,
He answer'd as though he had minded them not,
Perhaps the young Rogue had his Lesson forgot,

Which no Body can deny.

But after some Study and impudent Talks,
Ask'd for a Commission to march into Wales,
And be chain'd to a Horse, as Rogues go to
Goals,

Which no Body can deny.

But seeing his Impudence still to abound,
To go search for the Men who were not to be
found,

They immediately sent him back to Fleet Pound,

Which no Body can deny.

From the Fleet to the Cart may he quickly ad-
vance,

To learn the true Steps of old Oates's New
Dance,

And something beside, or it is a great Chance,

Which no Body can deny.

He has made it a Trade to be doing of Wrong,
In Swearing, and Lying, and Cheating so long,
For all his Life-time he's been at it ding doong,
Which no Body can deny.

Welch Taffy he raves and cays Splutterdenails,
He's abused hur Highness with Lies and with
Tales,

Hur will hang hur if e'er hur can catch hur in
Wales,

Which no Body will deny.

SONG XLVI. *What Life, &c.*

WHAT Life can compare with the jolly
Town-Rake's,

When in his full Swing of all Pleasure he takes?

At Noon he gets up for a Whet and to Dine;

And Wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Muck,

and Wine;

Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the

Masques,

And thence to the Rose where he takes his three

Flasks.

There great as a *Cesar* he revels when drunk,

And scours all he meets as he reels, as he reel to

his Punk,

And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he

wakes,

What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rake's?

the jolly Town-Rake's.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,

But the Town's his *Sraglio*, and still he lives

free;

Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,

Black Betty, or Oyster Moll serve for a Change;

As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,

He thinks him that is soberest is most like a

Beast:

At Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and
Doors,

Kicks Bullies and Collies, then lies with their
Whores :

Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife, he
makes,

What Life can compare with the jolly Town-
Rake's.

Thus in *Covent-Garden* he makes his Campaigns,
And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his
Brains :

He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
Unless 'tis to get the best Wench and Drink :

He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,

And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a Year :

For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,

And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast :

Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes,

What Death can compare with the jolly Town-
Rake's.

S O N G XLVII. *There lives, &c.*

THERE lives an Ale-draper near New-
palace-yard,

Who used to Jerk the Bum of his Wife,

And she was forced to stand on her Guard,

To keep his Clutches from her Quibb :

She poor Soul the weaker Vessel,

To be reconcil'd was easily won,

He held her in scorn,

But she crown'd him with Horn.

Without Hood or Scarf, and rough as she

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,

And she was very willing to go,

And left the poor Cockold alone in the House,

That he by himself his Horn might blow :

[44]
A Hackney Coachman he did buy her,
And was not this a very good Fun,
With a dirty Pinner,
And I am a Sinner,
Without Hood or Scarf, but rough as she was.

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three Men was handed away;
He for her Husband did care not a Far,
He kept her one whole Night and Day;
Then honest Judge the Coachman bought her,
And was not this most cunningly done?
Gave for her five Shilling,
To take her was willing,
Without Hood or Scarf, &c.

The Cuckold to Judge a Letter did send,
Wherein he did most humbly crave;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouse again I fain would have;
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what she e'er has done;
I swear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood or Scarf, &c.

He sent an old Bawd to interceed,
And to perswade her to come back;
That he might have one of her delicate Breed,
And he would give her a halploth of Sack;
Therefore prithee now come to me,
Or else poor I shall be undone;
Then do not forgo me,
But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarf, tho' rough, &c.

The Coachman then with much ado
Did suffer the Bawd to take her out;
Upon the Condition that she would be true,
And let him have now and then a Boute:

But he took from her forty Shillings;
 And gave her a parting Glass at the Sun;
 And then with good buy't Ye,
 Discharged his Duty;

And turn'd her a grazing, rough as she runs
 The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,

And gave him a Treat at his own Expence;
 They drown'd all Cares in full brimmers of Wine,
 He made him as welcome as any Prince:

There was all the Hunsregation,
 Which from Cuckold's Point was come;

They kissed and fumbled;
 They touzled and tumbled;

He was glad to take her rough as the rae.

Judge does enjoy her where he list,

He values not the old Cuckold's Pouts;

And she is as good for the Game as e'er piff;

Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Cloaths;

She rants and revels when she pleases,

And to end as I begun,

The Horned Wife-acre,

Is forced to take her

Without Hood or Scarf, and rough as she runs

SONG XLVIII. Lilly Bullers.

FOUR lovely Lasses, gay and bright,

Sat snug within a Grove,

All thought themselves secure from Sight,

And freely talk'd of Love and Rig

Whilst I, in Cover of the Shade,

In silent Pleasure hid,

Con'd hear each Word the fair ones said,

And see what'er they did.

The partial Girls, with witty Pride,

A warm Dispute began,

Contesting, which was best supply'd

With that, that pleases Man

And let him have now and then a Flour

But in this great and nice Affair,
 Mere Words were not enough;
 And each, by ornamental Hair,
 Wou'd bring it to a Proof.

Maria, precious black-ey'd Maid,
 Poll'd up her Coats and Shift,
 And with exulting Pride display'd
 Dame Nature's bounteous Gift.

Her lovely, all-alluring Tuff
 Was black, and near as big
 As any Northern Monarch's Muff,
 Or Baron *Oakam's* Wig.

This, this, said she, shall be your Queen;
 For I can justly boast,
 'Tis this alone the Men do mean,
 When to the best they toast.

Fair *Chloe* smil'd, and thus she spoke,
 I'll not to *Polly* yield;
 Then up she drew her Lily Smock,
 And all her Charms reveal'd.

To tell the Beauties of the Place,
 How weak is human Tongue!
 The noble Fringe which did it grace,
 In golden Ringlets hung.

Eliza next disclos'd her Parts,
 And shew'd her circling Hair,
 The Vanquisher of mortal Hearts,
 God! what a Sight was there.

The luscious, curling, nut-brown Gear
 Which grew on Belly high,
 Did like a sumptuous Arch appear,
 And reach'd from Thigh to Thigh.

See here, my Girls, *Eliza* cry'd,
 And shall it e'er be spoke,

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That *Jess* has been as yet out-vy'd
By Black or Yellow Joke.

'Tis this can make the Hero droop,
And tame the bravest Fellow;
And therefore know, I come to Roop
To Sable, or to Sallow.

Now ev'ry charming, tempting she,
Who had already shewn
With curious Eye survey'd the Three,
And boasted of her own:

While pretty *Kitty* pensive sat,
'Twas Envy and Despair;
So young, Dame Nature had not yet
Been lib'ral to the Fair.

The little Nymph unveil'd the Place,
Her Secret for to shew;
But all was smooth as *Kitty's* Face,
And white as Mountain Snow.

Each mocking Dame the Girl did twit,
And each her own extoll'd,
And with insulting, ill-tim'd Wit,
Cry'd, *Kitty*, thou art bald.

Kate bow'd her Head as low as Thigh,
Regardless of their Jeers;
She gaz'd a while with earnest Eye,
And cry'd, indeed I've Hairs.

See *Polly*, *Chloe*, *Betty*, see,
They may be plainly spy'd;
If you'll but just be rul'd by me,
And cast a Glance aside.

Altho' no Furr as yet did spring,
On that which *Kitty* wore;
I thought the prettiest pouting Thing,
The sweetest of the Four.

I thro' the Hedge wou'd fain have been,
 My Case was here as bad,
 As *Tantalus* up to the Chin
 With Apples o'er his Head.

For had I thro' the Briars gone,
 I knew not what to say;
 So took my Fill of looking on,
 And flily sneak'd away.

SONG XLIX.

OH Mother, Roger with his Kisses
 Almost stops my Breath, I vow;
 Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
 And yet he says he loves me too?
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do!
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so?
For never stir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beside it,
 Something in my Mouth he put;
 I call'd him Beast, and try'd to bite it,
 But for my Life I cannot do't:
Tell me Mother, pray now do, &c.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,
 Where I feel I know not what;
 Something I never felt in yours,
 Pray tell me Mother, what is that?
Tell me Mother, what is that?
For never stir I long to know.

SONG L. *How blest, &c.*

HOW blest are Shepherds, how happy their
 Lasses,
 While Drums and Trumpets are sounding
 Alarms:

Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm passes,
 And when we die, 'tis in each other Arms :
 All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employ-
 ing
 All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,
 Let not your days without Pleasure expire ;
 Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
 All Men will praise you, but none will desire :
 Let not Youth fly away without Contenting,
 Age will come time enough for your Repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

S O N G L I. *Of old Soldiers, &c.*

OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,
 And we old Fiddlers have forgot who they
 were ;

But all we remember shall come to your Ears,
*That we are old Soldiers of the Queen's,
 And the Queen's old Soldiers.*

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man
 To *Old Francis*, who first it began
 To sail through the *Streights of Magellan*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud *Spanish Armada* to wreck,
 And travell'd all o'er the old World, and came
 back

In his old Ship laden with Gold and old Sack ;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Cav'ndish* that seconded him,
 And taught his old Sails the same Passage to
 swim ;

And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold trim ;
Like, &c.

Like an *Old Raleigh*, that twice and again
Sail'd over most Part of the Seas, and then
Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen;
Like, &c.

With an *Old John Norris*, the General,
That old *Gaunt*, made his Fame immortal,
In spite of his Foes, with no Loss at all;
Like, &c.

Like old *Brest Fort*, an invincible Thing,
When the old *Queen* sent him to help the *French*
King,
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the World's won-
d'ring;
Like, &c.

Where an old stout *Friar*, as goes the Story,
Came to Push of Pike with him in vain Glory,
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
By this old Soldier, &c.

With an old *Ned Norris* that kept *Ossend*,
A Terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,
And left it impregnable to his last End;
Like, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the
Wall
Of *Lisbon* the Mistress of *Portugal*;
Like, &c.

With an old *Tim Norris*, by the old Queen sent,
Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord President,
Where his Days and his Blood in her Service he
spent;
Like, &c.

With an old *Harry Norris* in Battle wounded
In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said,
You have spoil'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed;
Like, &c.

With an old *Will Norris*, the oldest of all,
 Who went voluntary, without any Call,
 To th'old *Irish Wars*, to's Fame immortal;
Like, &c.

With an old *Dick Wenman*, the first in his Prime,
 That over the Walls of old *Cales* did climb,
 And there was knighted, and liv'd all his Time;
Like, &c.

Like an old *Nando Wenman*, when Brest was
 o'erthrown,
 Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder
 blown,
 Yet bravely recov'ring, long after was known
For an old, &c.

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest Delight
 Was in a good Cause for his Country to fight,
 And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight,
And an old, &c.

With a young *Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold
 In the Wars of *Bohemia*, as with the Old,
 Deserves for his Valour to be enroll'd
An Old, &c.

And thus of old Soldiers ye hear the Fame,
 But ne'er so many of one House and Name,
 And all of old *John Lord Viscount of Thame*;
An old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

SONG LII. *Virgins so fair, &c.*

Virgins so fair, at length may it prove
 Your Destiny to be in Love,
 Pray grant me such a Fate;
 May Prudence always be my Guide,
 With a little, little Decency and Pride
 My Actions to regulate.

When first in Love I do commence,
 May it be with a Man of Sense,
 And learned Education ;
 May all his Courtship be to me,
 Neither too formal, nor too free,
 But wisely show his Passion.

May his Estate agree with mine,
 That it may look like no Design
 To bring us both to Sorrow :
 Grant me this that I have said,
 And willingly I'd live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree
 And neither of us angry be,
 But live free from all Sorrow ;
 If one be cross, may the other say,
 My Dear, we wont fall out to Day,
 Whate'er we do to Morrow.

SONG LIII. *Good your Worship, &c.*

GOOD your Worship cast an Eye
 Upon a Soldier's Misery :
 Let not these lean Cheeks, I pray,
 Your Worship's Bounty from me stay:
 But like a noble Friend,
 Some Silver lend,
 And Jove shall pay you in the end;
 And I will pray that Fate
 May make you fortunate
 In Heaven or in some Earthly State.

To beg I ne'er was bred, kind Sir,
 Which makes me blush to keep this fire;
 Nor do I rove from Place to Place,
 For to make known my woful Case :
 For I am none of those
 That a Roving goes,
 And in Rambling shew their drunken
 Blows ;

For all that they have got,
Is by banging of the Pot,
In wrangling who should pay their Shot.

Olympick Games I oft have seen,
And in brave Battles have I been ;
The Cannons there aloud did roar,
My Proffer high was ever more :

For, out of a Bravado,
When in a Barricade,
By tossing of a Hand-Grenado,
Death then was very near,
When it took away this Ear ;
But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here.

And at the Siege of *Buda*, there,
I was blown up into the Air,
From whence I tumbled down again,
And lay awhile among the slain ;

Yet rather than be beat,
I got upon my Feet,
And made the Enemy retreat ;

Myself and seven more
We fought Eleven Score,
The Rogues was ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least a dozen times
Been blown up by these roguish Mines :
Twice through the Scull have I been shot,
That my Brains do boil like any Pot :

Such Dangers have I past,
At first and at last,
As would make your Worship for aghast ;
And there I lay for dead,
Till the Enemy was fled,
And then they carried me home to Bed.

At Push of Pike I lost this Eye,
And at *Birgam* Siege I broke this Thigh ;

At *Ossend*, like a warlike Lad,
I laid about as I were Mad:

But little would you think,
That e'er I had been,

Such a good Old Soldier of the Queen;
But if *Sir Francis Vere*,
Were living now, and here,
He would tell you how I slash'd 'em there.

The *Hollanders* my Fury know,
For oft with them I've dealt a Blow:
Then did I take a warlike Dance

Quite through *Spain*, and into *France*;
And there I spent a Flood
Of very noble Blood,
Yet all would do but little good;

For now I home am come,
With my Rags upon my Bum,
And crave of your Worship one small Sum.

And now my Case you understand,
Pray lend to me your helping Hand;
A little thing would pleasure me,

It is not Bread and Cheese,
Nor *Basley-Lees*,

Or any such like Scraps as these;
But what I beg of you,
Is a Shilling one or two,
Kind Sir, your Purse-strings pray undo.

SONG LIV. Andrew, &c.

Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and
Mary;

Kate o'th' Kitchen, and Kit of the Mill,
Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their
Labour,

All met on a time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Andrew was Cloathed in Shepherd's Grey ;
 And *Will* had put on his Holiday Jacket ;
Beck had a Coat of *Popin-jay*,
 And *Madge* had a Ribbon hung down to her
 Placket ;

Meg and *Mell* in Frize, *Tom* and *Jockey* in
 Leather,

And so they began all to Foot it together.

Their Heads and their Arms about them they
 sung,

With all the Might and Force they had ;

Their Legs went like Flails, and as loosely
 hung,

They Cudgell'd their Arses as if they were
 Mad ;

Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle ;
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a
 Spindle.

Andrew chuck'd *Maudlin* under the Chin,

Simper she did like a Furnery Kettle ;

The twang of whose Blubber-lips made such a
 din,

As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-me-
 tal :

Kate laughed heartily at the same Smack,

And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no *Whitson - Ale* there e'er yet had been

Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and
 Lasses ;

From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,

But sure I am, much more from their Arses ;

For had you but seen't, you then would have
 sworn,

You never beheld the like since you were born.

Here they did sing, and there they did hoist,

Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour,

Here they did glance, and there they did gloist,
Here they did simper, and there they did
flaver;

Here was a Hand, and there was a Placket,
Whilst, hey! their Sleeves went Flicker-a-
flacket.

The Dance being ended, they sweat and they
stunk,

The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did
kiss 'em;

Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd hands
and drunk,

They laugh'd and they gigg'l'd until they be
bepist 'em;

They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green
Mantle,

While their Breasts and their Bellics went Pindle
a Pantle.

SONG LV. *When the Kine, &c.*

WHEN the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,
And the Sheep came bleating home;

Dolly who knew it would be healthful,

Went a walking with young Tom:

Hand in hand Sir,

O'er the Land, Sir,

As they walked to and fro;

Tom made jolly Love to Dolly,

But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, no, &c.

Faith, says Tom, the time is fitting,

We shall never get the like;

You can never get from Knitting,

Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:

Now we're gone too,

And alone too,

No one by to see or know;

Come, come, Dolly prithee shall I?

Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.

Fie upon you Men, quoth Dolly,
 In what Snares you'd make us fall;
 You'll get nothing but the Folly,
 But I shall get the Devil and all:

Tom with Sobs,
 And some dry Bobs,
 Cry'd, *you're a Fool to argue so;*
 Come, come, Dolly, shall I? shall I?
 Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to Love's a Friend confest;
 By the Hand he often shook her,
 And drank Brimmers to the best, &c.

Doll grew warm,
 And thought no harm;
 Till after a brisk Pint or two,
 To what he said the silly Maid
 Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
 In the Country or the Town,
 And began to grow so mellow,
 On the Couch he laid her down;

Tom came to her,
 For to woe her,
 Thinking this the time to try:
 Something past so kind at last,
 Her *No* was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,
 Lovers you know what I mean;
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
 Love was now too far got in;
 Both now lying,

Panting, dying,
 Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
 Tom would fain renew't again,
 And she consents with *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

SONG LVI. *We all to, &c.*

WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
 Its pleasing Pow'r admire;
 But I ne'er knew a Face 'till now,
 That like yours could inspire,
 Now I may say, I met with one
 Amazes all Mankind;
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much Light am blind.
 Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophets wise,
 And like blown Roses sweet:
 Modest, yet Gay; Reserv'd, yet Free;
 Each happy Night a Bride;
 A Mien like awful Majesty,
 And yet no spark of Pride.
 The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
 Chast, Beautiful, and Young:
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long couldst stay;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.

SONG LVII. *Belinda's pretty, &c.*

Belinda's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form
 Does my happy, happy, happy, happy
 Fancy charm:
 Her prittle-pattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging,
 most obliging;
 Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,
 Oh! oh! how she does my Soul alarm!
 There is such Magick in her Eyes,
 Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,

Does my wond'ring Heart surprize:
 Her prinking, nipping, twinkling, pinking,
 Whilst I'm courting, for transporting,
 How like an Angel she panting lies, she pant-
 ing lies!

SONG LVIII. *Let not Love, &c.*

LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me
 bestow,

Soft Distress, soft Distress and tender Woe;
 I know none, no, no, no, none but substantial
 Bliss,

Eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses:

I know not what the Lovers feign

Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain;

Then prithee, prithee give me, gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all, all the Joy;

But all, all, all, all, all the Joy.

Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all, all the Joy,

But all, all, all, all, all the Joy.

SONG LIX. *As Amoret, &c.*

AS Amoret and Thyrsis lay;

As Amoret and Thyrsis lay;

Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours
 in gentle play,

Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling
 Kisses,

Mingling Kisses, mingling Kisses, and exchange-
 ing harmless Bliss:

He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haste,

Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! let
 me, let me,

Let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! oh! let me,
 let me, let me feed as well as taste,

I dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, I dye,
I dye, if I'm not wholly blest.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear,
I cannot, dare not, must not hear;
Dearest *Thyrsis*, do not move me,
Do not, do not, if you love me:
O let me still, the Shepherd said,
But while the fond Resistance made,
The hasty Joy in struggling fled.

Vex'd at the Pleasure she had miss'd,
She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd,
And seem'd to moan, in sullen Cooing.
The sad Miscarriage of their Wooing:
But vain alas! were all her Charms,
For *Thyrsis* deaf to Love's Alarms,
Baffled and senseless, tir'd her Arms.

SONG LX. *She met with, &c.*

SHE met with a Country-man,
In the middle of all the Green;
And *Peggy* was his Delight,
And good Sport was to be seen.

But ever she cry'd, brave *Roger*,
I'll drink a whole Glass to thee;
But as for *John* of the Green,
I care not a Pin for him.

Bulls and Bears, and Lions, and Dragons,
And O brave *Roger* o' *Coverly*;
Piggins and *Wiggins*, Pints and Flaggons.
O brave, &c.

He took her by the middle,
And taught her by the Flute;
Well done brave *Roger*, quoth she,
Thou hast not left thy old Wont;
But ever she cry'd, &c.

He clapp'd her upon the Buttock,
 And forth she let a Fart;
 My Belly quoth she is eased by thee,
 And I thank thee Roger for't.

SONG LXI. *Near to the Town, &c.*

Near to the Town of *Windsor*, upon a pleasant Green,
 There liv'd a Miller's Daughter, her Age about Eighteen;

A Skin as white as Alabaster, and a killing Eye,

A round plump bonny Buttock joyn'd to a taper Thigh:

Then ab! be kind my Dear, be kinder, was the Dirty fill,

When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

To treat with her in private, first came a Booby Squire,

He offer'd ten broad Pieces, but she refus'd the Hire;

She said his Corn was musty, nor should her Toll-dish fill,

His Measure too so scanty, she fear'd 'twould burn her Mill.

Then ab! be kind, &c.

Soon after came a Lawyer, as he the Circuit went,

He swore he'd cheat her Landlord, and she should pay no Rent;

He question'd the Fee simple; but him she plainly told,

I'll keep in spite of Law Tricks, mine own dear Copy-hold.

Then ab! be kind, &c.

The next came on a Trooper, that did of Fighting prate,
 Till she pull'd out his Pistol, and knock'd him
 o'er the Pate,
 I hate, she cry'd, a Hector, a Drone without a
 String,
 For if you must be Fighting, Friend, go do it
 for the King,
Then ab! be kind, &c.

A late discarded Courtier, would next her
 favour win,
 He offer'd her a Thousand when e'er King James
 came in;
 She laugh'd at that extreamly, and said that it
 was too small,
 For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the
 Devil and all.
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of Mates
 Degree,
 He bragg'd much of his Valour in the late Fight
 at Sea;
 She told him his Bravado's but lamely did ap-
 pear,
 For if you had stood to't, you Rogues, the
 French had ne'er came here.
Then ab! be kind, &c.

A Shopkeeper of London then open'd his Love-
 Case,
 He told her he was famous for Penning an Ad-
 dress;
 She told City-wisdom was known by their Af-
 fairs,
 Guild-Hall was full of Wit too in choice of
 Sh'riffs and Mayors.
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came a smug Physician upon a pacing
Mare,

But she declar'd she lik'd him much worse than
any there;

He was so us'd to Glisters, she told him to his
Face,

He always would be bobbing his Pipe at the
wrong Place.

Then ah! be kind, &c.

The Parson of the Town then did next his Flame
reveal,

She made him second Mourning, and cover'd
him with Meal;

The Man of God stood fretting, she bid him not
be vex't,

'Twill serve you for a Surplice to Cant in *Sun-
day* next.

Then ah! be kind, &c.

Now if you'd know the Reason she was to them
unkind,

There was a brisk young Farmer that taught her
still to grind;

She knew him for a Workman that had the ready
Skill,

To open well her Water-gate, and best supply
her Mill.

*Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder was the
Ditty fill,*

When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

SONG LXII. *I am a lussy, &c.*

I Am a lussy lively Lad,
Now come to One and Twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty:

Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
 The Ladies shall adore me;
 I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this,
 My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
 Till Soul and Body sundred,
 Some say he was an Usurer,
 For thirty in the Hundred:
 He scrapt and scratcht, she pincht and patcht,
 That in her Body bore me;
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done,
 In getting so much Treasure,
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,
 For spending it in Pleasure;
 Five Pound a Quart shall cheer my Heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me,
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at *Washington*,
 My Grandfire delv'd in Ditches,
 The Son of old *John Thrashington*,
 Whose Lantern Leather Breeches,
 Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
 Tho' Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.

My Grandfire striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
 Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
 Oh, then he got my Father:
 Of happy Memory, cry I,
 That e'er his Mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been, worth one Penny,
 Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, Cambridge, and Grays-Inn,
 My gray-coat Grandfire put him,
 Till to forget he did begin

The Leathern Breech, that got him,
 One dealt in Straw, the other in Law,
 The one did ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Grandfire Beggars Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if
 My Grandfire were a Sawyer,
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 And subtle, learned Lawyer:
 By Cook's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
 He did with Treasure store me,
 That I may say, Heavens bless the Day,
 My Father was born before me.

Some say of late, a Merchant that
 Had gotten store of Riches,
 In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
 His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
 His Stockings gartred up with Straw,
 E're Providence did store him,
 His Son was Sheriff of London, cause
 His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
 And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
 At first did spring from Butter-milk,
 Their Ancestors worth nothing;
 Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
 By Digging and by Spinning,
 Did to all Kings and Princes give
 Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
 Tho' selfish, yet was slavish,
 I'll spend it at another rate,
 And be as lewdly lavish;

From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it;
If so he did, Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a nobler Fellow.
I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
Of O brave *Punchinello* :
I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and stab,
No Hector shall out-roar me ;
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counsellors would have
Us live by Rule and Reason,
'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
And Pleasure's out of Season :
I'll learn to dance the Mode of *France*,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had
'Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus* Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty,
I'll deal with all, both great and small,
From twelve to five and twenty ;
In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
For they're hung round with Plackets,
Ladies make room, behold I come,
Have at your knocking Jackets.

SONG LXIII. *Of a noble Race*
was Shinkin.

H E A R all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will raise your Wonder,
How Caitiff vile,
By basest Wile,
An hardy Knight did plunder.

How from this *British* Worthy
This Knave, a Pox light on hur!

Did once purloin
The only Sign
And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you seen our Hero!
No Knight could could e'er look bigger;

Unless his Size
My Song belyes,
Than *M——n* of *Tredegar*.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
A Star shone on his Breast, Sir,
With smart Toupee,
Fort bien poudré,
And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,
Which his kind Stars decreed him;
With which he'd play,
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to see him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It must not thus be slighted;
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bob gave to his Boys,
When first the Chits were Knighted.

Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,
You ne'er saw such a gay Thing;
But *English* Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Was rob hur of hur Play thing.

Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant,
Ne'er give this Caitif Quarrer,
Ye Nights of the Toast,
Or Knights of the Post,
Or *Tbistle*, *Bath*, or *Garter*.

Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story;
 On how slight Strings
 Depend those Things,
 Whereon ye hang your Glory.

SONG LXIV. *Farewel the, &c.*

Farewel the Town's ungrateful Noise,
 Hurry, Strife, that damps all Joys,
 Where Reason proud Ambition blinds,
 Frenzy of unquiet Minds,

Ease and Pleasure,
 Blest with Leisure,

In sweet Groves my Choice shall be,

Celia smiling,
 Time beguiling,

Dear Content's a World to me.

Late manag'd Peace does nought avail,
 Lawyers bawl, and Parsons rail,
 A Friend against a Friend must be,
 And darling Brothers disagree;

Yet their Stories,
Whiggs and *Tories*,

Both would change did Gain appear,

Both would change did Gain appear:

Charming Graces

In a Place is

Of a thousand Pounds a Year.

Great *Pan* has left his foreign Powers,
 Where Peace sat smiling crown'd with Flowers,
 To govern *Albion's* stubborn Flocks,
 Whose Hearts are harder than their Rocks;

He that's Royal
 Loves all Loyal

Hearts like mine, from Treason free,
 Peace when lasting,
 Love ne'er wasting,
 Is a World to him and me.

Oh! State and Glory unconfin'd,
 Thou burning Fever of the Mind,
 I, midst the Grandeur thou dost bear,
 In Content more blest appear;
 Flowers when springing,
 Birds when singing,
 In my Rural Shade I see,
 Plots ne'er making,
 Heart ne'er aking,
 Dear Content's a World to me.

SONG LXV. *Groves, &c.*

GROVES and Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,
 Springs and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains,
 Birds and Beasts that range with Pleasure,
 Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice,
 Make haste and appear to dance a gay Measure,
 And *Phœbus* please with Nature and Art's valu'd
 Treasure,

Haste and see that no Sluggard refuses:
Flora delightful as blushing *Aurora*,
 To banish the Pest of *Pandora*,
 I summon thy *Jessamine* and *Roses*,
 Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Posies,
 Come away when I sing and play,
 No Creature in Nature,
 Be late here, but wait here,
 From *Vulcan's* hot Bellows,
Air Neptune and *Tellus*,
 The Thrushes from Bushes,
 And Prickets from Thickets,

Come whisk it and frisk it,
And skip it and trip it,
In Honour of Love and the Muses,

SONG LVI. *The old Wife, &c.*

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her
Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back,
The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months
after

Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack ;
Young Robin so pleas'd her, that when she came
home,

She gap'd like a stuck Pigg, and starr'd like a
Mome,

She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd and
hoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song,

Was ever Maiden so lericompoop'd ?

Oh Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Cloths are all-mealy,
Both Backside and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
You moap now and flabber, why what a pox ails
ye ?

I'll go to the Miller, and know all, ye Whore :
She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
She came cutting Capers a foot and half high,
She waddled, she straddled, she hollow'd and
whoop'd,

And all the Day long

This, this was her Song,

Hoy, were ever two Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

Then Mary o'th' Daisy, a third of the Number,
Would fain know the Cause they so jigg'd it
about,

The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber,
But in the old manner the Secret found out.

Thus *Gelis* and *Nelly*, and *Mary* the mild,
 Were just about Harvest-Time all big with Child.
 They danc'd in the Hay, they hallow'd and
 whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
 This, this was her Song,

Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

And when they were big they did stare at each
 other,

And crying, Oh Sisters ! what shall we now do ?
 For all our young Bantlings we have but one Fa-
 ther,

And they in one Month will all come to Town
 too :

O why did we run in such hast to the Mill,
 To *Robin*, who always the Toll D. sh would fill,
 He bump'd up our Bellies, then hallow'd and
 whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
 This, this was their Song,

Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

SONG LXVII. *Musing I late.*

Musing I late
 On *Windsor* Tarras sat ;
 And hot, and weary,
 Heard a merry
 Am'rous Couple chat ;
 Words as they go,
 The Nymph soon made me know,
 And t'other was,
 Tho' gay in Dress,
 A blund'ring Country Beau.

He had shewn her all
 The Lodgings, great and small ;
 The Tower, the Bower,
 The Green, the Queen,

And fam'd St. George's Hall:
 Lastly brought her here,
 To court her for his Dear;
 To Wed and Bed,
 And swore he had
 A thousand Pound a Year.

Money, the Crew
 Of Sots, think all must do;
 And now this Fool,
 Unlearn'd at School,
 It seems believes so too:
 But the rare Girl,
 More worth than Gold or Pearl,
 Was nobly got,
 And brought, and taught,
 To flight the sordid World.

She then brisk and gay,
 That lov'd a tuneful Lay,
 In haste pull'd out
 Her little Flute,
 And bad him Sing or Play;
 He both Arts desy'd,
 And she as quickly cry'd;
 Who learnt no way
 To Sing nor Say,
 Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

S O N G LXVIII. *Hark the, &c.*

HARK the thund'ring Cannons roar,
 Echoing from the *German* Shore,
 And the joyful News comes o'er;
 The *Turks* are all confounded?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
 Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
 We'll Quarter give to none,
 Since *Staremburg* is wounded.

Close your Rank, and each brave Soul
 Take a lusty flowing Bowl,
 A grand Carouse to the *Royal-Pole*,
 The Empire's brave Defender,
 No Man leave his Post by stealth
 To plunder the *Grand Visier's* Wealth,
 But drink a Helmet full to th' Health
 Of the second *Alexander*.

Mahomet was a sober Dog,
 A *Small-beer*, drowzy, senseless *Rogue*,
 The *Juice of the Grape* so much in vogue,
 To forbid to those adore him;
 Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
 Given 'em leave to carouse in *Wine*,
 The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
 And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they fought in vain,
 Hopeless *Vi&ry* to obtain,
 Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein,
 Success must needs attend him;
 Our *Brains* (like our *Cannons*) warm,
 With often firing feel no harm,
 While the sober Sot flies the Alarm,
 No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with Conquest crown'd,
 Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
 Weak *Coffes* can't keep its Ground
 Against the Force of *Claret* :
 Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
 And the *Pagan Troops* recoil,
 The *Valiant Poles* divide the Spoil,
 And in brisk *No&ar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
 But the most *Christian Turk's* at home,
 Watching the Fate of *Christendom*,
 But all his Hopes are shallow :

Since the *Polles* have led the Dance,
 Let English *Caesar* now advance,
 And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
 He's a Whig that will not follow.

SONG LXIX. *In January last, &c.*

I *N January last, on Munnonday at Morn,*
 As I along the *Fields* did pass to view the
 Winter's Corn;

I leaked me behind, and I saw come over the
 Knough,
 Yan glenting in an Apron with a bonny brent
 Brow.

I bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and she right
 courteouslie,
 Bekt low and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud Day
 agan to ye;

I spear'd o' her, fair Maid quo' I, how far intend
 ye now?

Quo' she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny
 Brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have sike Com-
 pany,

For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend
 ta be;

When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize said to
 her, my Doe,

May I not dight your Apron fine, kifs your bon-
 ny Brow.

Nea, gud Sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean
 o' those,

I hope ya ha more Breeding then to dight a
 Womans Cloaths;

For I've a better chosen than any sike as you,
 Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kifs ma
 bonny Brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mair to say,
 Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the Play;
 And I will chose yen o' me own that shall not
 on me rew,

Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kifs her
 bonny Brow.

Sir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to
 be said nay,

You need not tall ha started, for aught that Ize
 ded say;

You know Women for Modestie, ne at the first
 time boo,

But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind
 as you.

SONG LXX. *My dear Cock, &c.*

MY dear Cock adoodle,
 My Jewel, my Joy;
 My Darling, my Honey,
 My pretty sweet Boy:
 Before I do Rock thee
 With soft Lul-la-by;
 Give me thy sweet Lips
 To kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs.

Thy Charming high Fore-head,
 Thy Eyes too like Sloes;
 Thy fine Dimple Chin,
 And thy right Roman Nose:
 With some pretty Marks
 That lie under thy Cloaths;
 Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
 To Kifs, kifs, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,
 I'll do what I can:
 I'll feed thee, I'll stroak thee,
 I'll make thee a Man:

Ah! then how the Lasses,
 Moll, Betty and Nan;
 By thee will run Mad,
 To Kifs, kifs, &c.

And when in due Season
 My Billy shall Wed;
 And lead a young Lady
 From Church to the Bed:

A welfare the losing
 Of her Maiden-Head,
 If Billy come near her,
 To Kifs, kifs, &c.

Then welfare high Fore-head,
 And Eyes black as Sloes;
 And welfare the Dimple,
 And welfare the Nose:

And all pretty Marks,
 That lie under the Cloaths;
 For none is more hopeful
 To Kifs, kifs, &c.

SONG LXXI. *Virgins, if e'er, &c.*

Virgins, if e'er at length it prove
 My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
 Pray wish me such a Fate:
 May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
 And may a little decent Pride
 My Actions regulate.

Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
 Pray wish me such a Fate.

Such Stateliness I mean, as may
 Keep nauseous Fools and Pops, and Fops away,
 But still oblige the Wise:

That may secure my Modesty,
 And Guardian to my Honour be,
 When Passion does arise.

Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When first a Lover I commence,
 May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,
 And learned Education:
 May all his Courtship easy be,
 Neither too formal nor too free,
 But wisely shew his Passion.
 Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,
 That nothing look like a Design,
 To bring us into Sorrow:
 Grant me all this that I have said,
 And willingly I'll live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow.
 Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
 Pray wish me such a Fate.

SONG LXXII. Packington's Pound.

LET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like
 a Hester,
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar*.
 Neither Cyder nor Sherry,
 Metheglin nor Perry,
 Shall more make me drunk, which the Vulgar
 call merry:
 These Drinks o'er my Fancy no more shall pre-
 vail,
 But I'll take a full Sup at the merry Milk-pail.
 In Praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing,
 But all things in order first, *God save the King*,
 That ev'ry *May-day*,
 And the Queen I may say,
 Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay:
 Assist me fair Damsels, to finish this Theme,
 And inspire my Fancy with Strawberries and
 Cream.

The first of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe,
Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-Grand-mo-
ther *Eve*;

She milk'd many a Cow,
As well she knew how,
Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now:
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
For the Butter and Cheese in those Days made it
self.

In that Age or Time there was no damn'd Mo-
ney,
Yet the Children of *Israel* fed upon Milk and
Honey;

No Queen you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the Brown Cow with the meanest
she:

Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows
gave them Meat,
In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
That Nurser of Subjects, bold *Britain's* chief
Meat;

When they first begin it,
To see how the Rennet
Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's
in it:

Then from the blue Whey, when they put the
Curd by,

They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

Your *Turkey* Sherbet and *Arabian* Tea,
Is Dish-water-stuff to a Dish of new Whey;

For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill Vapours it dreins,
And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your
Brains,

Court Ladies i'th' Morning will drink a whole
Pottle ;

And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bot-
tle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream, thy due Praises how shall I now
utter ?

For when at the best,

A rhing's well express'd,

We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest* :

Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul,

I had long since been Drowned in a Cream-bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the *Dutchman's Delight*,
By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light ;

But Oh! the soft Stream,

That remains of the Cream,

Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a Dream:

It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,

And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produces

A thousand more Dainties are daily in use ;

For a Pudding I'll tell ye,

Ere it goes in the Belly,

Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and
the Jelly :

For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,

Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be mus-
ter'd,

The charming Delights of Cheese-Cakes and
Custard ;

For the *Tottenham Court*,

You can have no sport,

Unless you give Custards and good Cheese-Cakes
for't :

And what's ~~Sack~~ *Pudding* that makes us to
laugh,

Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff,

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good
store,

But a *Devonshire* Wine-pot requires much more;
No State you can think,

Tho' you Study and Wink,

From the lusty Sack-poffet to poor Poffet-drink;

But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the
work,

For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes
the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,

A rich clotted Cream, or a Gooseberry-Fool;

A Lady I heard tell,

Not far off did dwell,

Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him
full well:

Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,

That from good natur'd Women such Fools may
be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows Teat in her
Hand,

How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand;

Then with a Pleasure I rub,

Yet impatient I scrub,

When I think of the Blessing of a Syllabub;

Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-Maids, such Bliss ne'er
oppose,

If e'er you'll be happy, I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your Profession,

Till the Rake and the Spade had taken Possessi-
on;

At length it was said,

That one Mr. Ed——mond,

Did both dig and sow in her Parsley-Bed:

But the Fool for his Labour deserves not a Rust,
For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose-Bush.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maiden's
Fall,

Keep what is your own, and then you keep all:

Mind well your Milk-pan,

And ne'er touch a Man,

And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he
can :

I am your well-wisher, then listen to my Word,

And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

SONG LXXIII. *There lately, &c.*

THERE lately was a Maiden fair,
With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown
hair,

Who up to Town did trudge, Sir;
This pretty Maid, whose Name was *Kate*,
Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little ere it did grow dark,
She needs must walk into the Park,
The Gentry for to see, Sir;
Where soon she met a Footman gay
That stopp'd her short, and made her stay,
To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country store,
And let him take his fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out *John*,
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone

To Trot before the Chair, Sir;
Which made this Damsel all alone
To sigh and sob, and make great Moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London Tricks*,
God send me down amongst my *Dicks*,
That live on *Dunsmore Heath*, Sir;
If ever I come here again,
Or e'er believe one Man in Ten,
May the De'll come stop my Breath, Sir.

SONG LXXIV. *In the pleasant, &c.*

I N the pleasant Month of *May*,
When the merry, merry Birds began to sing:
And the Blossoms fresh and gay

Usher'd in the welcome Springs,
When the long cold Winter's gone,
And the bright enticing Moon,
In the Evening sweetly shone:
When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the
Grass;

At a jolly Country Fair,
When the Nymphs in the best appear,
We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
E'ery Shepherd and his Lase.

In the middle of the Sport,
When the Fiddle went brisk, and the Glass
went round,

And the pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
With their merry Feet beat the Ground;
Little *Cupid* arm'd unseen,
With a Bow and Dart stole in,
With a conqu'ring Air and Mien,
And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the
Swains;

E'ery Shepherd and his Mate,
Soon felt their pleasing Fate,

And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
Love reign'd o'er all the Plains;

Now the sighing Swain gave o'er,
And the wearied Nymphs could dance no more,
There were other Thoughts that mov'd,
E'ery pretty kind Pair that lov'd:

In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
And mourn'd the time away,
And the Nymphs as well as they

Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloy;
Till at last by consent of Eyes,

E'ery Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
E'ery buxom She retires with her He,
To act Love's solid Joys.

SONG LXXV. *One Night, &c.*

ONE Night in my Ramble I chanc'd to
see,

A thing like a Spirit, it frightned me;
I cock'd up my Hat and resolv'd to look big,
And streight fell a Tuning the *Irish Figg*.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer in short,
I found it was one of the Petticoat sort;
My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,
But still I kept tuning the *Irish Figg*.

And then I went to her, resolving to try her;
I put her agog of a longing Desire;
I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the *Irish Figg*.

Then nothing but Dancing our Fancy could
please,

We lay on the Grass, and Danc'd at our ease;
I down'd with my B——s, and off with my
Wigg,

And we fell a Dancing the *Irish Figg*.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your Kindness said
she,

The Scholar's as Wise as the Master can be;
For if you should chance to get me with Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the *Irish Figg*.

The Dance being ended as you may see,
We rose by Consent, and we both went away;
I put on my Cloaths, and left her to grow big,
And so I went roaring the *Irish Figg*.

SONG LXXVI. *My dear Heart, &c.*

MY easy Heart,
With single Dart,
Has no small Anguish found;
But Love has now
Two strings to's Bow;
Both Wit and Beauty wound.

Such Guns or Spears
Who sees or hears,
Of Death may take his Choice,
For tho' he flies
Her piercing Eyes,
She'll reach him with her Voice.

When wit persuades,
And Beauty leads
Our senses all to Joy,
Not *Dido's* Guest
Cou'd guard his Breast
Against the *Cyprian* Boy.

But if his Bow,
And Arrows too,
Were broken all, and lost,
None cou'd withstand
Her naked Hand,
They'll feel it to their Cost.

SONG LXXVII. *To the Brook, &c*

TO the Brook, and the Willow, that heard
him complain,

Ab willow! willow!

[*These words to be Sung between each Line.*]

Poor Collin went weeping, and told them his
Pain;

Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to
flow,

And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my
Woe:

All restless and painful, my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies;
To the Nymph, my Heart's Love, ye soft Slum-
bers, repair,

Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her
your Care;

Let me be left restless, my Eyes never close,
So the Sleep that I lose, give my Dear one Re-
pose;

Dear Stream! if you chance by her Pillow to
creep,

Perhaps your soft Murmurs may lull her to Sleep;
But if I am doom'd to be Wretched indeed,
And the loss of my Charmer the Fates have de-
creed,

Believe me, thou Fair one, thou Dear one, be-
lieve;

Few sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I
give;

One Fate to thy Collin and thee shall betide;
And soon lay thy Shepherd down by thy cold
side:

Then glide, gentle Brook, and to lose thy self
haste,

Bear this to my Willow; this Verse is my last.

Ab willow! willow! ab willow! willow.

SONG LXXVIII. *When the Rose, &c.*

WHEN the Rose is in Bud, and the Vio-
'lets blow,

When the Birds sing us Love-songs on every
Bough ;

When Coughsips, and Daisies, and Daffadils spread,
And adorn, and perfume the green Flow'ry Meads,

When, without the Plow, fat Oxen do low,

The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-sheering go ;

The cleanly Milk-pail

Is fill'd with Brown Ale,

Our Table, our Table's the Grass ;

Where we Kiss and we Sing,

And we Dance in a Ring,

And ev'ry Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Lads.

The Shepherd sheers his jolly Fleece,

How much Richer than that which they say was
in Greece !

'Tis our Cloth and our Food,

And our politick Blood,

'Tis the Seat, 'tis the Seat, which our Nobles all
sit on ;

'Tis a Mine above Ground,

Where our Treasure is found,

'Tis the Gold, 'tis the Gold and Silver of Brit-
tain.

SONG LXXIX. *As, in a sun-shine, &c.*

AS, on a Sun-shine Summer's Day,

I to the green Wood bent my way ;

That lonely Path my Fancy took

Was guided by a Silver Brook :

And trust me, trust me, all I meant,

Was to be pleas'd, and innocent.

Upon its flow'ry Banks I sat,

Regardless of Love or Hate,

So took my Pipe and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherds Roundelay :

And trust me, trust me, &c.

All in the self-same shady Grove,
Youthful *Sylvia* chanc'd to rove,
And, by its Echo led, drew near,
My rural Oaten Reed to hear ;

But surely, surely, all she meant, &c.

I held her by the glowing Hand,
She something seem'd to understand ;
Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That something too, too plainly spoke ;

But trust me, but trust me, &c.

SONG LXXX. *Let the Waiter, &c.*

LET the Waiter bring clean Glasses
With a fresh Supply of Wine ;

For I see by all your Faces,

In my Wishes you will join.

It is not the Charms of Beauty

Which I purpose to proclaim ;

We a while will leave that Duty,

For a more prevailing Theme.

To the Health I'm now proposing,

Let's have one full Glass at least ;

No one here can think't imposing,

'Tis the Founder of our Feast.

SONG LXXXI. *The Jockey, &c.*

TH O' *Jockey* su'd me long, he met Disdain,
His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in
vain,

Give o'er, said I, give o'er

Your silly fond Amour,

I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply;
 At last he forc'd a Kiss,
 Which I took not amiss,
 And since I've known the Bliss,
 I'll ne'er deny.

My *Jockey* he had like a Man-like Face,
 And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
 Tho' I cry'd *Jockey* fie,
 Your Suit I must deny,
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield, not I.
 With that he was amaz'd,
 He kiss'd my Hand and gaz'd,
 Which so much Passion rais'd,
 I did comply.

When *Jockey* saw me yield, he me embrac'd,
 And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Wastle,
 My dear, said he, to you,
 I'll ever be true,
 And ne'er, ne'er ne'er ne'er you deceive,
 But will for ever love you,
 And prize none above you,
 From you I'll never remove,
 You may believe.

Then when you court a Lass that's coy,
 Who hears your Love, yet seems to shuns its Joy,
 If you press her to do so,
 Never mind her no, no, no,
 But trust her Eyes:
 For Coyness gives Denial,
 When she wishes for the Tryal,
 Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,
 I am sure she lies.

SONG LXXXII. Gilderoy, &c.

Gilderoy was a bonny Boy,
 Had Roses tull his Shoon,
 His Stockings made of the finest Silk,
 His Garters hanging down:

It were a comely sight to see,
 He were so trim a Boy,
 He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

Oh! like Charming Eyne he had,
 A Breath as sweet as Rose,
 He never wore a Highland Plad,
 But costly silken Cloaths,
 He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
 There's none to him was coy;
 Ay, wae is me, ife mourn this Day,
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.

My *Gilderoy* and I were born
 Both in one Town together,
 Not passing seven Years ago,
 Since one did love each other:
 Our Daddies and our Mammies both
 Were cloath'd with muckle Joy,
 To think upon the Bridal-Day
 'Twixt me and *Gilderoy*.

For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,
 Gued faith ife freely bought,
 A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,
 With silken Flowers wrought,
 And he gave me a Wedding King,
 Which I receiv'd with Joy,
 No Lad or Lassies e'er could sing,
 Like me and *Gilderoy*.

In muckle Joy we spent our Time,
 Till we were both sixteen,
 Then gently he did lay me down,
 Among the Leaves so green.
 When he had done what he could do,
 He rose and gang'd his way,
 But ever since I lov'd the Man,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

While we did both together play,
 He kiss'd me o'er and o'er;
 Gue'd Faith it was as blithe a Day
 As e'er I saw before;
 He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein-
 With Love and mickle Joy,
 But when shall I behold again
 Mine own sweet *Gilderoy*?

'Tis pity Men should e'er be hang'd
 That take up Women's Geer,
 Or for their pilfering Sheep or Calf,
 Or stealing Cow or Mare.
 Had not our Laws been made so strict,
 Is'd never had lost my Joy,
 Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amiss,
 Must he be punish'd then?
 What kind of Cruelty is this,
 To hang such handsome Men!
 The Flower of the *Scottish* Land,
 A sweet and lovely Boy:
 He likewise had a Lady's Hand,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
 And there God-wot they hang'd him,
 Carry'd him to fair *Edinburgh*,
 And there God-wot they hang'd him:
 They hang'd him up above the rest,
 He was so trim a Boy,
 My only Love and Heart's Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,
 In *Cyprus* he was laid,
 Then for my dearest, after Death,
 A Funeral I made:

O'er his Grave a Marble-Stone
 I fixed for my Joy,
 Now I am left to weep alone
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.

SONG LXXXIII. *Come sound, &c.*

COME sound up your Trumpets and beat
 up your Drums,
 And let's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer
 In search of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,
 The like has not been for this fifty long Year,
Raderer two, tandorav to
Raderer, tandorer, tan dore.

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships,
 With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see,
 Rich Top and Top-gallants, Captains and Lieu-
 tenants,
 Some forty, some fifty Brass Pieces and three,
Raderer two, &c.

They had not sail'd past a Week on the Seas,
 Not passing a Week and Days two or three,
 But they were aware of the proud Emperor,
 Both him and all his proud Company,
Raderer two, &c.

When he beheld our powerful Fleet,
 Saying, *Who's this that is sailing to me,*
If he be a King that weareth a Crown,
Yet am I a better Man than he,
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a King, nor Lord of a Crown,
 Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come.
 But the young Earl of *Essex*, the Queen's Lieu-
 tenant,
 Who fears no Foes in *Christendom*,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! Is that young Lord then come to the Seas,
 Then let's tack about, and be steering away,
 Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,
 And I will go fight with young Essex to Day,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the Emperor's Son,
 As they were tacking and steering away,
 Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,
 And I will go fight with young Essex to Day.
Raderer two, &c.

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son,
 Most of them are of a Capital Size,
 But should he do as his Father has done,
 Farewel thine Honour, and mine likewise.
Raderer two, &c.

With Canons hot, and thund'ring Shot,
 These two Gallants fought on the Main,
 And as it was young Essex's Lot,
 The Emperor's Son by him was ta'en.
Raderer two, &c.

Give me my Son, the Emperor cry'd,
 Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
 And I'll give thee three Keys of Gold,
 The one shall be of High Germany.
Raderer, two, &c.

I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,
 Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
 But thy Son he shall to England sail,
 And go before the Queen with me,
Raderer two, &c.

Then have I Fifty good Ships of the best,
 As good as ever were sent to the Sea,
 And ere my Son into England shall sail,
 They shall go all for good Company,
Raderer two, &c.

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They had not fought this famous Battle,
 They had not fought it Hours were three,
 Ere some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,
 And some lay tumbling in the Sea,
Raderer two, &c.

Essex he got this Battle likewise,
 Tho' 'twas the sharpest that ever was seen,
 Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,
 And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the 'Prentices all,
 Living in *London* both proper and tall,
 In a kind Letter sent strait to the Queen,
 For *Essex's* sake they would fight all,
Raderer two, tandorer ts;
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

SONG LXXXIV. *God prosper long
 our Noble King.*

IN *Tyburn Road*, a Man there liv'd
 A just and honest Life,
 And there he might have lived still,
 If so had pleas'd his Wife,

But she to vicious Ways inclin'd,
 A Life most wicked led.
 With *Tailors* and with *Tinkers* too,
 She oft defil'd his Bed.

Full twice-a-day to Church he went,
 And so devout would be,
 Sure never was a Saint on Earth,
 If that no Saint was he.

This vex'd his Wife unto the Heart,
 She was of Wrath so full,
 That finding no Hole in his Coat,
 She pick'd one in his Skull.

But then her Heart 'gan to relent,
 And griev'd she was full sore,
 That *Quarter* to him for to give,
 She cut him into *Four*.

All in the dark and dead of Night,
 These *Quarters* she convey'd,
 And in a Ditch at *Marybone*
 His Marrow-bones she laid.

His Head at *Westminster* she threw
 All in the *Thames* so wide;
 Says she, my Dear, the Wind sets fair,
 And you may have the Tide.

But Heav'n, whose Pow'r no Limit knows,
 On Earth, or on the Main,
 Soon caus'd this Head for to be thrown
 Upon the Land again.

This Head being found, the Justices
 Their *Heads* together laid,
 And all agreed there must have been
 Some Body to this Head.

But since no Body could be found,
 High mounted on a Shelf,
 They e'en set up this Head to be
 A Witness for itself.

Next, that it no Self-murder was,
 The Case itself explains,
 For no Man could cut off his Head,
 And throw it in the *Thames*.

Ere many Days had gone and past,
 The Deed at length was known,
 And *Kath'rine* she confess'd, at last,
 The Fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all,
 And grant that we may take Advice
 By *Kath'rine Hays's* Fall.

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SONG LXXXV. *Ye Gods, &c.*

YE Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
 Out of your wonted Favour,
 To be the Comfort of my Life,
 And I was glad to have her,
 But if your Providence divine,
 For greater Blifs design her,
 To obey her Will at any time,
 I am ready to resign her.

SONG LXXXVI. *Chevy-Chase.*

A Certain Presbyterian Pair
 Were wedded t'other Day,
 And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
 Their Pastor came to pray.
 But first, he bad each Guest depart,
 Nor sacred Rites profane;
 For carnal Eyes such Mysteries
 Can never entertain.
 Then with a puritanick Air
 Unto the Lord he pray'd;
 That he would please to grant Increase
 To that same Man and Maid:
 And that the Husband-Man might dress
 Full well the Vine his Wife;
 And like a Vine, she still might twine
 About him all her Life.
 Sack-poffet then he gave them both,
 And said, with lifted Eyes,
 Blest of the Lord! with one Accord,
 Begin your Enterprize.
 The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,
 T' apply prolifick Balm;
 And while they strove in mutual Love,
 The Parson sung a Psalm.

SONG LXXXVII. *From France, &c.*

FROM *France*, from *Spain*, from *Rome* I
come,

And from all Parts of *Christendom*;
For to cure all strange Diseases,
Come take Physick he that pleases:
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
And can never hold your Water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other things are very meet,
As groaning backward in your Sleep:

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
That is at least Threescore or more;
Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
As if you'd fear to pass by her by:
I can make her Plump and Young,
Lusty, lively, and also strong;
Honest, Active, fit to Wed,
And can recal her Maiden-head,
All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life,
With Scolding, Yolcing in the House,
As tho' the Devil was turned loose:
Let him but repair to me,
I can cure her presently.
With one Pill I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that Evil,
Or send her headlong to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Aches without;
There is no Disease but I
Can find a present Remedy:
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
Are the easiest Wounds I cure;

Nay, more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my Pain.

Or if any Man has not
The Heart to fight against the Scot;
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing:
Or any that has been dead,
Seven long Years and buried;
I can him to Life restore
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him never trust me more.

If any Man desire to live
A Thousand Ages, let him give
Me a Thousand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life, until he die;
Nay more, I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick;
But if I no Money see,
And he with Diseases troubled be,
Than he may thank himself, not me.

SONG LXXXVIII. *Undone! &c.*

U Ndone! undone! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town;
And cannot find the Way to *Westminster*,
Now *Charing-Cross* is down:
At the End of the *Strand* they make a Stand,
Swearing they are at a loss;
And chafing say, that's not the Way,
They must go by *Charing-Cross*.
The Parliament to Vote it down,
Conceived very fitting;
For fear't should fall and kill 'em all,
I'th' House as they were sitting:

They were inform'd had such a Plot,
Which made 'em so hard-hearted;
To give express Command, it should
Be taken down and carted.

Men talk of Plots, this might be worse,
For any thing I know;
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chaloner*,
Was hang'd for long ago;
But as our Parliament from that
Themselves strangely defended;
So still they do discover Plots,
Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman, nor Child,
Will say I am confident;
They ever heard it speak one Word,
Against the Parliament:
T' had Letters about it some say,
Or else it had been freed;
Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it
Could neither Write, nor Read.

The Committee said, verily
To Popery 'twas bent;
For aught I know it might be so,
For to the Church it never went:
What with Excise, and other Loss,
The Kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Cross
Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,
Of it have taken Pity;
'Cause, good old Cross, it always stood
So strongly to the City;
Since Crosses you so much disdain,
Faith if I was as you;
For fear the King should rule again,
I'd pull down *Tyburn* too.

SONG LXXXIX. *Now that, &c.*

NOW that Love's Holiday is come,
And Madge the Maid hath swept the
Room,

And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muse and sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,
Clarinda broke out of her Bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her Pride,
Where all the Maiden Lights that were
Comprisd within our *Hemisphere*,
Attended at her Side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dress'd the Bride from Top to Toe!
And brought her from the Chambers;
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long Day,
Or Stars inspirin'd in Amber,

The sparkling Bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
Beneath her Chrystal Brow;
To shew, like those strange Accidents,
Some sudden changeable Events;
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Presag'd the blust'ring Night;
With his encircling Arms and Shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And skreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, those Threads and Scarlet die,
 Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
 Legions of Sweets did crown,
 Which smilingly did seem to say,
 O crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
 Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breasts, those melting *Alps* of Snow;
 On whose fair Hills in open snow,
 The *God of Love* lay knappings;
 Like swelling Butts of lively Wine,
 Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,
 To wait the lucky tapping.

Her Waste, that tender Type of Man,
 Was but a small and single Span,
 Yet I dare safely swear,
 He that whole thousands has in Fee,
 Would forfeit all, so he might be
 Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I pass the Line,
 Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
 And pause here in the middle;
 The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
 With all the *Hymeneal* Flock,
 The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
 He star'd, as't had been half his Fees,
 To gaze upon her Face:
 And if the Spirit did not move,
 His Countenance was far above
 Each Sinner in the Place.

With mickle stir he joynd their Hands,
 And hamper'd them in Marriage Bands,
 As fast as fast may be:
 Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
 That secret Sigh in ev'ry Ear,
 Once Love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the Dishes in a Train

Came smoaking, two and two:
With that they wip'd their Mouths and sat,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,
And *Valentine*, eke with *Sybil* so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did
meet,

As round and as plump as a Codling.
When at the last they had fetched their Frees,
And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees,
In Claret and good Cheer;

Then, then began the merry Din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what Kissing and clipping was there.

But as *Luck* would have it, the *Parson* said Grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his *Lass* by the *Fist*,
And when he had squeeze'd her, and gam'd her,
until

The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the Grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last Act of the Play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the
Ground,
And in seeking the Garter much Pleasure was
found;

'Twould have made a Man's Arm have
stray'd.

This Clutter o'er, *Clarinda* lay,
Half bedded, like the peeping Day,

Behind *Olympus* Cap:

Whilst at her Head each twittering Girl
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
To know the lucky Hap,

The Bridegroom in at last did rattle,
All disappointed in the Bustle,

The Maidens had shav'd his Breeches:

But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a Storm, I can you tell,
He sav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bound'd into the Bed,
Even just as if a Man had said,

Fair Lady have at all;

Where twisted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the sprightly Boy,

O! who wou'd fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's sweet Taper fired,
And thousand balmy Kisses tired,

They could not wait the rest;

But out the Folk and Candles fled,

And to't they went, and what they did,

There lies the Cream o'th' Jest.

SONG XC. *My Father was born before me.*

OF all the Recreations which
Attend on Human Nature;

There's none that is of so high a Pitch,

Or is of such a Stature:

As is the subtle Angler's Life,

In all Mens Approbation:

For Anglers Tricks do daily mix

In every Corporation.

Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in Love,
 And had no cause of Jangling;
 The Devil did the Waters move,
 The Serpent went to Angling;
 He baits his Hook, with Godlike Look,
 Thought he this will entangle her;
 By this all ye may plainly see,
 That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
 Are all most neat Entanglers;
 And he that looks fine, will in fine,
 That most of them are Anglers:
 Whilst grave Divines do Fish for Souls,
 Physicians like Curmudgeons;
 They bait with Health, we Fish for Wealth,
 And Lawyers Fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
 Meets many a neat Entangler;
 'Mongst Merchant-Men, there's not one in ten,
 But what is a cunning Angler:
 For like the Fishes in the Brook,
 Brother doth swallow Brother;
 There's a Golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
 And they Fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,
 He's a formal Man in Black, Sir,
 He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
 And cries, what is't you lack, Sir:
 Fine Silk, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
 But if a Courtier prove th' Entangler,
 My Citizen he must look to't then,
 Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such Angling as a Wench,
 Stark naked in the Water;
 She'll make you leave both Trout, and Tench,
 And throw your self in after:

Your Hook and Line she will confine,
Thus tangled is the Entangler;
And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear
Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
Cast in a Rich young Gallant;
To take a Courtier by the Pole,
Throw in a Golden Talent:
But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er
Compound for half the Charge on't;
But if you'll catch the Devil at stretch,
You must bait him with a Sergeant.

Thus I have made my Anglers Trade
To stand above Defiance;
For like the Mathematick Art,
It runs through every Science:
If with my Angling Song I can
To Mirth and Pleasure seize you;
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
And Angle still to please you.

S O N G XCI. *In a Humour, &c.*

IN a Humour I was late,
As many good Fellows be;
To think of no Matters of State,
But seek for good Company:
That best contented me.
I travell'd up and down;
No Company I could find;
Till I came to the Sight of the Crown:
My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at ease,
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
They were all of one Disease,
Says Old Simon the King.

Considering in my Mind,
 And thus I began to think;
 If a Man be full to the Throat,
 And cannot take off his Drink,
 And if his Drink will not down,
 He may hang himself for Shame;
 So may the Tapster at the *Crown*,
 Whereupon this Reason I frame;
 Drink will make a Man Drunk,
 And Drunk will make a Man Dry;
 Dry will make a Man Sick
 And Sick will make a Man Die,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Man should be drunk to Night,
 And laid in his Grave to Morrow:
 Will you or any Man say,
 That he dy'd of Care or Sorrow?
 Then hang up Sorrow and Care,
 'Tis able to kill a Cat,
 And he that will drink all Night,
 Is never afraid of that!
 For drinking will make a Man quaff,
 Quaffing will make a Man sing;
 Singing will make a Man laugh,
 And laughing long Life doth bring,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,
 Dear Brother it is a Sin,
 To drink unless you be dry,
 Then straight this Tale I begin.
 A Puritan left his Cann,
 And took him to his *Jugg*,
 And there he play'd the Man,
 As long as he could tugg:
 But when that he was spy'd,
 What did he swear or rail;

No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
 Indeed all Flesh is frail,
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
 Of Frailty it is a Sin,
 Or for to keep a Punk,
 Or play at In an In:
 For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
 Are all of one Condition,
 And will breed Want and Scabs,
 In spite of the Physician:
 Who so fears every Grass,
 Must never piss in a Meadow,
 And he that loves a Pot and a Laff,
 Must never cry oh! my Head oh!
 Says Old *Simon* the King.

SONG XCII. *Now listen a while, &c.*

NOW listen a while, and I will tell,
 Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
 And Dick the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
 To *Manchester* Market he was bound,
 And under a Grove of Willows clear,
 This Baker rid on with a merry Cheer:
 Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
 And there he met the Devil of Hell,
 Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
 How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
 In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my say,
 Because his Stones were cut away:
 For he that will have a Gelding free,
 Both fair and lusty he must be:
 Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
 Thou shalt geld me before thou do'st go.
 Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree,
 And with thy Knife come and geld me;

The *Baker* had a Knife of Iron and Steel,
 With which he gelded the Devil of Hell,
 It was sharp pointed for the Notice,
 Fit for to cut any manner of Stones:
 The *Baker* being lighted from his Horse,
 Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil, bestrew thy Heart,
 Thou dost not feel how I do smart,
 For Gelding of me thou art not quit,
 For I mean to geld thee this same Day seven-
 night.

The *Baker* hearing the Words he said,
 Within his Heart was sore afraid,
 He hied him to the next Market Town,
 To sell his Bread both white and brown.

And when the Market was done that Day,
 The *Baker* went home another way,
 Unto his Wife he then did tell,
 How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
 Nay, a wond'rous Word I heard him say,
 He would geld me the next Market Day;
 Therefore, Wife, I stand in doubt,
 I'd rather, quoth she, thy *Knaves's* Eyes were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
 Than for to lose any Manner of Stone,
 For why, 'twill be a loathsome thing,
 When ev'ry Woman shall call thee Gelding.

Thus they continu'd both in Fear,
 Until the next Market Day drew near;
 Well, quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
 Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat:

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,
 And I like a Man to the Market will go;
 Then up she got her all in haste,
 With all her Bread upon her Beast:
 And when she came to the Hill-side,
 There she saw two Devils abide,

A little Devil, and another,
 Lay playing under the Hill-side together.
 Oh! quoth the Devil, without any feign,
 Yonder comes the *Baker* again;
 Beeft thou well, *Baker*, or beeft thou woe,
 I mean to geld thee before thou dost go:
 These were the Words the Woman did say,
 Good Sir, I was gelded but Yesterday;
 Oh! quoth the Devil, that I will see,
 And he pluckt her Cloaths above her Kne.
 And looking upwards from the Ground,
 There he spy'd a grievous Wound:
 Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
 For he was not cunning that gelded thee.
 For when he had cut away the Stones clean,
 He should have sowed up the Hole again;
 He called the little Devil to him anon,
 And bid him look to that same Man.
 Whilst he went into some private Place,
 To fetch some Salve in a little space;
 The great Devil was gone but a little way,
 But upon her Belly there crept a Flea:
 The little Devil he soon espy'd that,
 He up with his Paw and gave her a Pat:
 With that the Woman began to start,
 And out she thrust a most horrible Fart.
 Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come
 again I pray,
 For here's another Hole broke, by my fay;
 The great Devil he came running in haste,
 Wherein his Heart was sore aghast:
 Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not sound,
 Thou stinkest so fore above the Ground,
 Thy Life Days sure cannot be long,
 Thy Breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.
 The Hole is cut so near the Bone,
 There is no Salve can stick thereon,

And therefore, *Baker*, I stand in do but
 That all thy Bowels will fall out;
 Therefore *Baker*, hie thee away,
 And in this place no longer stay.

S O N G X C I I I. *Chloris, now, &c.*

C *Hloris*, now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's Sheep are gone astray;
 And all the Joy he took to see
 His pretty Lambs run after thee,
 Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
 Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay)

His Oaten Pipe that in thy praise,
 Was wont to play such Roundelays,
 Is thrown away, and not a Swain
 Dares pipe, or sing, within his Plain;
 'Tis Death for any one to say
 One Word to him, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little Feet,
 So roundly did in Measures meet,
 Is broken down, and no Content
 Comes near *Amyntor* since you went.
 All that I ever heard him say,
 Was *Chloris, Chloris*, welladay.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread,
 He ever since hath laid his Head:
 And whisper'd there such pining Woe,
 As not a blade of Grass will grow:
 O *Chloris! Chloris!* come away,
 And hear *Amyntor's* Welladay.

S O N G X C I V. *Have you e'er, &c.*

H A V E you e'er seen the Morning Sun
 From fair *Amyntor's* bosom run?
 Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed,
 The Essences of white and red?

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Then you may boast, for you have seen
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauty's Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er hear'd the *Syrens* sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hell's black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris*' Voice.

Have you e'er smelt what Chymick Skill
From Rose, or Amber doth distill?

Have you been near that Sacrifice
The *Phoenix* makes before she dies?

Then you can tell (I do presume)
My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree?

Or did you ever taste that Meat,
Which Poets say the Gods did eat?

O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

S O N G XCV. *Thus all our, &c.*

THUS all our Lives long we're frolick and
gay,

And instead of Court Revels we merrily play
At Trap, and Kettles, and Barley-break run,
At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have
done

These innocent Sports, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lase we give a green Gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Patridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry,
The nimble Squirrels, with Cudgel we chase,
And the little pretty Lark, betray with a Glass:
And when we have done, we laugh and lie
down,

And to each pretty Lase we give a green Gown.

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About the May-pole we dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are
crown'd;

Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
To the gay Lad, and bright Lady o th' May:
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we Kiss and we Toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so, long till we
find,

Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown
kind:

*And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.*

SONG XCVI. *Come fill, &c.*

COMB fill up the Bowl with the Liqueur
that fine is,

And much more Divine is,

Than now a-days Wine is, with all their Arts,
None here can controul:

The Vintner despising, tho' Brandy be rising,
'Tis Punch that must cheer the Heart:

The Lovers complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
And Calia disdaining, shall cease to be nice,

Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover the Cheat of each
Lover,

When free from all Care you'll quickly find,
As Nature intended 'em, willing and kind:

Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

SONG XCVII. *Philander, &c.*

Philander and Sylvia, a gentle soft Pair,
Whole Bus'ness was Loving, and Kissing
their Care;

In a sweet-smelling Grove went smiling along,
 'Till the Youth gave a vent to his Heart with
 his Tongue:

Ah *Sylvia* said he, (and sigh'd when he spoke)
 Your-cruel Resolves will you never revoke?
 No never, she said, how never! he cry'd,
 'Tis the Damn'd that shall only that Sentence
 abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
 Then blush'd, and her pretty Eyes cast on the
 Ground;
 She kiss'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with
 his Neck,
 And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would
 check:

Ah *Philander*! she said, 'tis a dangerous Bliss,
 Ah! never ask more, and I'll give thee a Kiss;
 How never? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er,
 No never, she said, then tripp'd to a Bower:

She stopp'd at the Wicket, he cry'd let me in,
 She answer'd, I wou'd if it were not a Sin;
 Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the poor
 Head

Of *Philander* for this; straight trembling he
 said,

Heav'n sees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are
 there,

She kiss'd him and cry'd, you're an Atheist, my
 Dear;

And shou'd you prove false, I should never en-
 dure:

How never? he cry'd, and straight down he
 threw her.

Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his Arms,
 He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd Charms upon
 Charms;

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He cry'd shall I now ? no never, she said,
 Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead :
 Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
 Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a Smile :
 Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to ap-
 ply,
 Which he bore still about him to cure those that
 die.

SONG XCVIII. *Your Hay it is, &c.*

YOUR Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn
 is reap'd,
 Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd,
 Come, my Boys come,
 Come, my Boys come,
 And merrily roar our Harvest home:
 Harvest home,
 Harvest home,
 And merrily roar our Harvest home,
 Come, my Boys come, &c.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him a-
 gen,
 For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten ;
 One in Ten,
 One in Ten;
 For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten.
 One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Book-learnt Sot,
 'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot:
 Burnt to Pot,
 Burnt to Pot,
 Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot.
 Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll toss off our Ale till we cannot stand,
 And hey for the Honour of old *England*,

Old England,
 Old England,
 And hey for the Honour of old England,
 Old England, &c.

SONG XCIX. *Would you be, &c.*

Would you be a Man in Fashion?
 Would you lead a Life Divine?
 Take a little Dram of Passion, (a little Dram
 of Passion)

In a lussy Dose of Wine.
 If the Nymph has no Compassion,
 Vain it is to sigh and groan:
 Love was but put in for Fashion,
 Wine will do the Work alone.

SONG C. *Tho' the Pride, &c.*

Though the Pride of my Passion fair Sylvia
 betrays,
 And frowns at the Love I impart;
 Though kindly her Eyes twist amorous Rays,
 To tye a more fortunate Heart:
 Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my
 Pain,

His Heart is too tender,
 Too tender, that's struck with Disdain.
 Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with Delight while I gaze:
 And he that loves on, though Sylvia denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys:
 I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
 Than the Force, the Force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

SONG CI. *Why am I, &c.*

WHY am I the only Creature,
 Must a ruin'd Love pursue;
 Other Passions yield to Nature,
 Mine there's nothing can subdue:

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Not the Glory of possessing
 Monarch Wishes gave me Ease,
 More and more the mighty Blessings
 Did my raging Pains encrease.
 Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
 Tho' it ever waited near;
 Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
 Still the Monster would appear:
 That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
 Nor Despair removes my Pain;
 I endure them all together,
 Yet my Torments still remain.
 Had alone her matchless Beauty
 Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
 Age at last would do its Duty,
 Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
 But her Mind's immortal Graces;
 Makes my Love immortal too;
 Nature ne'er created Faces
 Can the Charms of Souls undo.
 And to make my Loss the greater,
 She laments it as her own;
 Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
 But alas! she shows me none:
 Then since Fortune is my Ruin,
 In Retirement I'll complain;
 And in rage for my undoing,
 Ne'er come in its Pow'r again.

SONG CII. *A Wife I do, &c.*

A Wife I do hate,
 For either she's False, or she's Jealous;
 But give me a Mate,
 Who nothing will ask us, or tell us:
 She stands at no Terms,
 Nor chaffers by way of Indenture:
 Or loves for the Farms,
 But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
 Without an Act, Process or Warning,
 From Wife for a Night,
 You may be divorc'd the next Morning.
 Where Parents are Slaves,
 Their Brats can't be any other;
 Great Wits and great Braves
 Have always a Punk to their Mother.

SONG CIII. *Glide swiftly on, &c.*

Glide swiftly on, thou Silver Stream,
 Pursue the Lad I love:
 In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame,
 And try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always green,
 Thy Channel never dry:
 If e'er thy Spring be failing seen,
 My Tears shall that supply.

May gilded Carps thy Surface skim,
 In place of useless Weeds;
 May painted Flow'rs adorn thy Brim,
 And Knots of bended Reeds.

SONG CIV. *When Love, &c.*

WHEN Love and Youth cannot make
 Way,

Nor with the Fair avail,
 To bend to Cupid's gentle Sway,
 What Art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, *Strepson*, a Receipt
 Of a most sov'reign Pow'r:
 If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,
 Let drop a Golden Show'r.

This Method try'd enamour'd *Jove*,
 Before he could obtain
 The cold, regardless *Danae's* Love,
 Or conquer her Disdain.

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By *Cupid's* self I have been told,
 He never wounds a Heart,
 So deep, as when he tips with Gold
 The fatal piercing Dart.

SONG CV. *Who, to win, &c.*

W H O, to win a Woman's Favour,
 Wou'd solicit long in vain ?
 Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,
 Wou'd endure an Age of Pain ?
 Idle Toying,
 Ne'er enjoying;
 Pleas'd with suing,
 Fond of Ruin,
 Made a Martyr of Disdain.

Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover,
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;
 Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms :
 Never flying,
 Still complying
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her Snowy Arms.

SONG CVI. *Domestick Bird, &c.*

D Omeſtick Bird, whom win'try Blasts
 To seek for human Aid compel ;
 To me for Warmth and Shelter fly,
 Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell.
 Supplies thy Hunger to relieve
 I'll daily at my Window lay,
 Assur'd that daily those Supplies
 With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new returning Spring
 Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves,
 Freely revisit then the Scene
 Which Notes so sweet as thine approves.

But if another Winter's Frost
 Shall bring me back my Guest again,
 Again with Musick come prepar'd,
 Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,
 In this its best Effect appears;
 That Friendship in its strictest Bond
 It both engages and endears.
 In Musicks's ravishing Delight,
 You feather'd Flocks with Men agree;
 Of all the animated World
 The only Harmonists are we.

Why do you fix your Eyes on me?
 Why do your spreading Blushes rise?
 Oh! tell me what is your Design,
 Say, do you love me, or despise?
 If you despise me, wherefore turn
 You not your Eyes from me away;
 And if you do with Passion burn,
 To speak it, why shou'd you delay?
 Do not my Looks declare my Heart
 To pity thee too much inclin'd?
 But shou'd you scorn me, use no Art,
 To bear my Fate I stand resign'd.
 My Love, as yet a lambent Fire,
 By Kindness fann'd, may soon increase;
 Or damp'd with Coldness will expire,
 And leave both you and me at Ease.

SONG CVII. *On dear, &c.*

ON dear *Zelinda's* Charms I gaze,
 And drink Destruction from her Bye.
 In those bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
 And laughing bids his Arrows fly:
 He wounds without ceasing,
 The Pain is yet pleasing;

So sweet is the Anguish,
 I love and I languish;
 And when from my Charmer, methinks I could
 die.
 And when, &c.

With *Venus*, when on *Ida's* Grove,
 For Charms *Zelinda* may compare:
 She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
 As fair her Face, divine her Air.

Bright Youth and good Nature
 Light up ev'ry Feature.
 With Wit all inviting
 She's gay and delighting,
 Inviting, delighting;
 O *Cupid*! assist me my Charmer to move,
 O *Cupid*! &c.

SONG CVIII. *Will you credit, &c.*

WILL you credit a Miser, 'tis Gold makes
 us Wise,
 The Bliss of his Life, the Joy of his Eyes:
 And ask a fond Lover, where Wisdom he places,
 To be sure in his Mistress, her Charms and her
 Graces.
 But let the free Lad speak the Joy of his Soul,
 'Tis a sparkling Glass, and a smiling full Bowl.
 The Miser is wretched, unhappy and poor;
 He suffers great Want in the midst of full Store:
 The Lover's disconsolate, mopish and sad
 For that which when gain'd will soon make him
 mad.
 The Miser's a Fool, and the Lover's an Ass,
 And he only's Wife, who adores the full Glass.
 Let the Miser then hug up his ill-gotten Pelf,
 And to feed empty Bags, may he starve his own
 self:

Let the Lover still languish 'twixt Hope and
Despair,

And doat on a Face as inconstant as fair.
But still may his Bliss be as great as his Soul,
Who pays no Devoir but to Wine and the Bowl.

SONG CIX. *The wounded Deer, &c.*

THE wounded Deer flies swift away,
The bearded Arrow in his Side,
Still vainly hoping that he may
Escape unspy'd mix'd with the Herd.
But oh! the Moment that they see
The streaming Blood flow from his Wound,
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on the Ground.
Thus the poor Nymph, who, sore distressed,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away,
To all the World becomes a Jest,
And falls of land'sous Tongues the Prey.

SONG CX. *Dear Colin, &c.*

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm Blushes,
Since how can I speak without Pain;
My Eyes have oft told my Wishes,
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain!
My Passion wou'd lose by Expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a Confession
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of speaking,
Why shou'd you expect it from me?
Our Wishes shou'd be in our Keeping,
Till you tell us what they shou'd be:
Then quickly why don't you discover,
Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my Bosom confine.

SONG CXI. *As I walk'd, &c.*

AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
 A Lads was deploring her hapless Estate;
 In a languishing Posture, poor Maid she appears,
 All swell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with
 her Tears:

She cry'd and she sobb'd, and I found it was
 all,

For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

At last she broke out, O Wretched, she said,
 Will no Youth come succour a languishing
 Maid?

With what he with Ease and Pleasure may give,
 Without which alas, poor I cannot live!

Shall I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and
 call

For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

At first when I saw a young Man in the place,
 My Colour would fade, and then flush in my
 Face;

My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
 My Breast never popp'd up and down so before:

I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was
 all,

For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

SONG CXII. *How sweetly smells, &c.*

HOW sweetly smells the Summer green,
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;
 Painting and Order please our Ee,

And Claret make us merry:

But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,

And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,

Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,

Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the bow'ry Park,

No nat'ral Beauty wanting,

How lightsome it to hear the Lark,

And Birds in Comfort chanting;

But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,

I'm rapt in Admiration;

My Thoughts with Raptures rejoice,

And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly Glance,

I take the happy Omen,

And often mint to make Advance,

Hoping she'll prove a Woman;

But, dubious of my ain Desert,

My Sentiments I smother;

With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,

For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a Burn,

His *Christy* did o'er-hear him;

She daughtna let her Lover mourn,

But ere he wist drew near him.

She spake her Favour with a Look,

Which left nae room to doubt her;

He wisely this white Minnits took,

And sang his *Airna* about her.

My *Christy*! — Witness, bonny Stream,

Sic Joys frae Tears arising,

I wish this may na be a Dream;

O Love the maist surprising!

Time was too precious now for Tank;

This point of a' his Wishes

He wadna with set Speeches bank,

But war'd it a' on Kisses.

SONG CXIII. *I wish my Love, &c.*

O Lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r?

At once I love, at once adore:

With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,

While softest Love inspires my Breast.

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This tender Look, these Eyes of Mine,
 Confess their am'rous Master's choice;
 These Eyes with *Strephon's* Passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming *Violes*, I am thine;
 Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
 Was never in another's Power,
 Was never pierc'd by Love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou canst give Bliss, or Bliss destroy;
 And thus I've bound myself to Love,
 While Bliss or Misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms;
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But like some discontented Shade
 That wanders where its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glass,
 For ever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG CXIV. *The Ky2 wad luv, &c.*

'TIS I have seven brown new Gowns,
 And it's that seven better to make;
 And yet for a' my new Gowns,
 My Wooer has turn'd his Back;
 Besides I have seven Milk-Ly,
 And *Sandy* he has but three;
 And yet for a' my good Ky,
 The Laddie wianna ha'e me;
 My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
 My Mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine fodge! Lass,
 And the Silles comes hakin in.

The Siller comes linkin in,
 And it is fou' fair to see,
 And fifty times wow! O wow!
 What ails the Lads at me?

Whenever our *Bary* does bark,
 Then fast to the Door I rin,
 To see gin ony young Spark
 Will light and venture but in;
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the House I rin;
 And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my first Prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i' the Year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
 And a Lad with muckle Gear.
 When I was at my neist Prayers,
 I pray but now and than,
 I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
 If I got a handsome young Man.

Now when I'm at my last Prayers,
 I pray on baith Night and Day,
 And O! if a Beggar wad come,
 With that same Beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me?
 And O! what'll I do?
 That sic a braw Lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a Woer I trow.

SONG CXV. *Lucky Nanfy, &c.*

WHILE Fops in soft *Italian* Verse,
 Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast rehearse,
 While Sangs abound and Scene is scarce,
 These Lines I have indited:

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But neither Darts nor Arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine Sounds I swear,
The Maidens are delighted.

*I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Auld Springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never tru me.*

Nor Snaw with Crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my Lassie's Cheeks;
And syne the unmeaning Name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.

I'll fetch nae Simile frae Foe,
My Height of Extasy to prove,
Nor sighing, — thus — present my Love
With Roseeek and Lillie.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, — I had almost forgot
My Mistress, and my Sang to boot,
And that's an unco' Fault I wat:

But Nanfy, 'tis nae matter,
Ye see I chink my Verse wi' Rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the Crime;
Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime,
And slide away like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy Fair,
Thy runkled Cheeks and lyart Hair,
Thy half-shut Een and hodling Air,
Are a' my Passion's Fuel.

Nae skyring Gowk, my Dear, can see,
Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee;
Yet thou has Charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leeze me on thy snawy Pow,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,*

*Darrest Wood will either low,
And Nanby Jaa will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the Sang to you,
Which ne'er anither Bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable Vow,

Dear venerable Nanby,

But if the World my Passion wrangs,
And say, ye only live in Sang,
Ken I despise a slandering Tongue,
And sing to please my Fancy,

Learn me on thy, &c.

SONG CXVI. *The Meal, &c.*

THE Meal was dear short syne,
We buck'd us a' the gither;
And Maggie was in her Prime,
When Willie made Courtship till her:
Twa Pistols charg'd bequeets,
To gie the courting Shot;
And syne came ben the Laff,
Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.
He first speer'd at the Goldman,
And syne at Giles the Mither,
And ye wad gi's a bit Land,
Wee'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My Daughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
But I'll part wi' my Wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my Land
Your Tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The Laff bound in her Snood,
And Crummie who kens her Stakes
With an auld Bedden o' claithe
Was left me by my Mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' Flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,
 But ye maun mend your Hand,
 And think o' Modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither.
 A House is butt and benn,
 And *Crummie* will want her Forther.
 The Bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their Mither!
 We have nouthor Pot nor Pan,
 But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good Stilts to the Plough,
 And ye your sell maun steer:
 Ye shall hae twa good Pocks
 That anes were o' the Tweel,
 The t'ane to had the Groat,
 The ither to had the Meal;
 With ane auld Kist made of Wands,
 And rhat sall be your Coffer,
 Wi' aiken Woody-bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

Consider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd Gear,
 The Horse that I ride on
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* Mare:
 The Saddle's name of my ain,
 An thae's but borrowed Boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my Coots:
 The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*;
 That gars me look sae crouse;
 Come fill us a Cogne of Swats,
 We'll make nae mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young Lall,
 For telling me sae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain
 But sin that things are sae,
 The Bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A Bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the *Hissie* come hither.
 The Bride she gade till her Bed,
 The Bridegroom he came till her;
 The Fidler crap in at the fit,
 An they cud'd it a' the gither.

SONG CXVII. *Vain*, Belinda, &c.

VAIN, *Belinda*, are your Wiles,
 Vain are all your artful Smiles,
 While, like a Bully, you invite,
 And decline th' approaching Fight.

Various are the little Arts
 Which you use to conquer Hearts:
 By empty Threats he wou'd affright,
 And you by empty Hopes invite.

Cowards may by him be brav'd,
 Fops may be by you enslav'd:
 Then, wou'd he vanquish, or you bind,
 He must be brave, and you be kind.

SONG CXVIII. *Blest with my*, &c.

BLEST with my *Sylvia* Life proves a
 Pleasure,
 But from my *Treasure* 'tis nought but Pains:
 Fondly loving
 Constant moving,

Sweetly flowing,
Smiles bestowing,
With Joy then, *Sylvia*, fly to your Lover,
You'll there discover
How much you reign.

If then you find my Soul sincere,
Why shou'd you fly me, what can you fear?

SONG CXIX. *Ob! Cælia, &c.*

O H! *Cælia*, recal thy lost Hours,
And Duty and Reason obey;
Despise Love, and all those false Pow'rs,
That first gave young *Strephon* the Sway.

Believe me, the Swain is a Rover,
Nor constant to any can be;
Then prithee discard such a Lover,
And once more resolve to be free.

SONG CXX. *What can, &c.*

W H A T can assuage the Pain Man feels,
When busy Cares disturb his Breast;
And modest Sense his Want conceals,
With thousand Thoughts that bar his Rest.

Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove?
Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give Ease?
Can Womens Charms, or Thoughts of Love
Recal his Soul, or Mind to Peace?

No, no, they're trifling Pleasures all,
The Rich enjoy them but a Day;
Within their Breast they deign to call,
Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,
When wanton Fortune is unkind;
That sets a Wretch above a King,
And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

SONG CXXI. *Chaste Lucretia, &c.*

Chaste Lucretia, when you left me,
 You of all things dear bereft me;
 Tho' I shew'd no Discontent,
 Grief is strongest,
 And the longest,
 When too great to find a Vent.
 How much fiercer is the Anguish,
 When we must in secret languish!
 Silent Streams are deepest found:
 Noisy Grieving
 Is Deceiving,
 Empty Vessels make most Sound.
 Had I Words that could reveal it,
 Yet I wisely wou'd conceal it;
 Tho' the Question be but fair:
 Grief and Merits
 Love and Spirits,
 Always lose by taking Air.
 Guardian Angels still defend you,
 And surprizing Joys attend you;
 Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun:
 Faintly shining,
 And declining,
 Till thy charming Spring return.

SONG CXXII. *Gentle God, &c.*

Gentle God of pleasing Pains,
 God of Love and soothing Joys,
 Fly where *Flora* matchless reigns:
 Tell her *Strepson* loving dyes;
 On her cold and snowy Breast
 Let thy silken Pinions rest.
 In melting Whispers, moving Sounds,
 Softest Wishes, gentle Sighs,

Tell her, the resistless wounds
 With the Lightning of her Eyes;
 Sweetly pleading, Pity move,
 Pleasing painful God of Love!

Whilst for me you're fondly suing,

Gentle God of Love beware,
 Lest you meet your own Undoing.

Flora's so divinely fair.

What, if she thyself disarms,
 She has more than *Psyche's* Charms!

SONG CXXIII. Cupid God, &c.

Cupid, God of gay Desires,
 Hymen, with thy sacred Fires
 Smiling Zephyrs haste away,
 Grace this happy, happy Day.

Loes and Graces all attend
 All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,
 Make them your peculiar Care,
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

SONG CXXIV. In Alcina, &c.

BIRD of May,
 Leave the Spray,
 Fly to the Grove,
 Wake my Love,
 O there the Dove
 Slumbering lies.
 Warble an Air
 Till the Fair
 Speaks a Passion with her Eyes.
 But if my Grief
 Finds no Relief,
 Whisper her, that *Thyris* dies,
 Bird of May,
 Keep the Spray,

Keep the Spray;

Bird of *May*,

Chloe smiles, my Soul's all gay,

Chloe smiles, my Soul's all gay.

SONG CXXV. *Too long, &c.*

TOO long, thou Tyrant, Love,
I've borne *Belinda's* unrelenting Scorn,

Who boasts her guarded Breast.

Oh! level now thy keenest Dart,

That, in her cold obdurate Heart.

Thy Pow'r may be confest.

The Pray'r's too just to be deny'd

Behold, 'tis done, the God reply'd:

The Shaft has pierc'd her home,

Thy Pain now feeling in her own,

She sighing cries in piteous Moan,

Come, *Philander*, come.

SONG CXXVI. *When Chloe, &c.*

WHEN *Chloe* fair begins her Song,
In Raptures motionless I gaze;

Thus cou'd I stand, thus all Day long

Lost in a giddy, sweet Amaze.

So when th' enchanting *Siren* sings,

Th' allured Mariner is wreck'd:

Thus whirling Gulphs Attention bring,

And overwhelm what they attract.

Those very Sounds, that sweetly flow,

That soft, that lovely, tender Breath,

Do Pity, Joy, Compassion show;

And who cou'd e'er believe it Death!

SONG CXXVII. *Guardian Angels, &c.*

Guardian Angels, now protect me,

Send to me the Swain I love:

Cupid, with thy Bow direct me,

Help me, all ye Pow'rs above.

Bear him my Sighs, ye gentle Breezes,

Tell him I love and I despair.

Tell him, for him I grieve,

Say, 'tis for him I live,

O may the Shepherd be sincere!

Thro' the shady Grove I'll wander,

Silent as the Bird of Night:

Near the Brink of yonder Fountain,

First *Leander* blest'd my Sight;

Witness, ye Groves, and Falls of Water,

Echo's repeat the Vows he swore.

Can he forget me,

Will he neglect me,

Shall I never see him more!

Does he love, and yet forsake me,

To admire a Nymph more fair?

If 'tis so, I'll wear the Willow,

And esteem the happy Pair.

Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling,

Ne'er more the Cares of Life pursue:

The Lark and *Philomel*

Only shall hear me tell

What bids me bid the World adieu.

SONG CXXVIII. To gentle, &c.

YE gentle Gales, that fan the Air,

And wanton in the shady Grove;

Oh! whisper to my absent Fair,

My secret Pain, and endless Love:

And, in the sultry Heat of Day,

When she does seek some cool Retreat,

Throw spicy Odours in her Way,

And scatter Roses at her Feet:

That when she sees their Colours fade,

And all their Pride neglected lye;

Let that instruct the charming Maid,

That Sweets not timely gather'd die.

And when she lays her down to Rest,
 Let some auspicious Vision show,
 Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* best,
 And what for her I'd undergo.

SONG CXXIX. *The Masonry, &c.*

THIS Masonry unites Mankind
 To gen'rous Actions forms the Soul;
 In friendly Converse all conjoin'd,
 One Spirit animates the Whole.

Where'er aspiring Domes arise,
 Wherever sacred Altars stand,
 Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,
 Those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

As Passions rough the Soul disguise,
 Till Science cultivates the Mind:
 So the rude Stone unshapen lyes,
 Till by the Mason's Art refin'd.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care
 Be to deserve a Brother's Name:
 Yet ever mindful of the Fair,
 Their kindest Influence we claim.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail;
 But they who once our Order prove,
 Will own, that we who build so well,
 With equal Energy can love.

Sing, Brethren then, the Craft divine
 (Best Band of Social Joy and Mirth)
 With Choral Sound, and cheerful Wine,
 Proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth!

SONG CXXX. *Colin's Complaint.*

FOND Echo, forbear thy light Strain,
 And heedfully hear a lost Maid!
 Go tell the false Bar of the Swain,
 How deeply his Yows have betray'd:

Go tell him what Sorrows I bear;
 See yet it his Heart feel my Woes;
 'Tis now he must heal my Despair,
 Or Death will make Pity too slow.

SONG CXXXI. *No more, &c.*

NO more shall Buds on Branches spring,
 Nor Violets paint the Grove;
 Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
 If I forsake my Love;
 The Sun shall cease to spread his Light,
 And Stars their Orbits leave,
 And fair Creation sink in Night,
 When I my Dear deceive.

SONG CXXXII. *My jolly, &c.*

MY jolly Companion, thou hast a good
 Face,
 Thy Pimples are glorious, and add to thy Grace;
 Proclaim thee a merry brave Rattle in Drink;
 Not one of those Fools who've Leisure to think.
 To Bacchus our Master lets fill up the Bowl,
 He is the Director of each quaffing Soul;
 Commands the brave Tiplers, and governs the
 Vine,
 His Influence only can make our Fronts shine,
 Then booze away, Toppers, your Glasses turn
 down,
 He that tipples the most, our Prince we will
 crown.
 Then booze away, &c.

SONG CXXXIII. *Cupid and, &c.*

Cupid and Venus one Day strove
 To warm Amyntor's Heart,
 And give him all the Joys of Love,
 The Joys without the Smart.

Say *Venus* then, let ev'ry Maid:
Bestow a fav'rite Grace:
No, *Mamma*, *Cupid* smiling said,
Let's shew him *Calia's* Face.

SONG CXXXIV. *Long from, &c.*

LONG from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms,
Reserv'd to fall by thee.

Thou fair one, thou alone canst move
This Passion in my Breast;
Thou, thou alone canst teach me Love,
O teach me to be blest.

In Safety thus from all Alarms
The roving Turtle flies,
Till some unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

SONG CXXXV. *The Nymph that, &c.*

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves
and the Plains,
Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my
Strains:

No Lover in Story, or ancient or new,
E'er suffer'd so much from a Passion so true.

The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind,
To Love seems averse, to my Friendship in-
clin'd:

She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks
grave,

She admits me her Friend, but disowns me her
Slave.

Tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail?
I fall at her Feet, but alas! 'twon't avail:

She wonders why trembling I sigh and com-
plain,
And pity's my Case, while she laughs at my
Pain.

A Bosom so frozen what Lover can bear!
Then say, O ye Pow'rs! shall I hope or despair?
Or fly to a warmer, and kinder than she,
Who'll soon ease my Pains, and as soon set me
free.

SONG CXXXVI. *Foolish Woman, &c.*

Foolish Woman, fly Mens Charms,
Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms,
For, shou'd you, by chance, comply,
'Tis not they, but you must die.

Men with Pleasure soon are cloy'd,
And forsake you when enjoy'd,
Strive their winning Arts to shun,
If you slight them, they're undone:
When that you them over pow'r,
Reserve yourself until the Hour
Of the Matrimonial Noose,
Then false Men you may abuse.

SONG CXXXVII. *Wanton Cupid, &c.*

WAnton Cupid, cease to hover
Thus around the smiling Fair;
You exclude a faithful Lover

With your too officious Care,
Whisp'ring Breezes, haste, begone
To some remoter silent Grove,
And leave Alexis here alone
To tell a thousand Tales of Love.

How I'm charm'd with e'ery Feature,
That adorns her lovely Face!
How she's ev'ry thing that Nature
Can e'er give with ev'ry Grace.

If she listens to my Story,
And for me have equal Loves,
I'll not envy him my Glory,
But be blest as those above.

SONG CXXXVIII. *Come, Take, &c.*

COME Take your Glass, the Northern
Lass,
So prettily adshield,
I drank her Health and really was
Agreeably surpris'd,
Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet,
Her Air and Mien so free,
The Syren charm'd me from my Meat,
But take your Drink, said she.

If from the North such Beauty comes,
How is it that I feel
Within my Breast that glowing Flame,
No Tongue can e'er reveal,
Tho' cold and raw the North-wind blow,
All Summer's on her Breath,
Her Skin was like the driz'le Snow,
But Sun-shine all the rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it seems;
That Joy with Pain be equal'd then,
And balanc'd in Extremes,
Then like our genital Wine she'll chink
With Love my panting Breast;
Me, like our Sun, her Pleasure shall warm
Be Ice no all the rest.

SONG CXXXIX. *Blink over, &c.*

LEAVE Kindred and Friends, sweet Dams,
Leave kindred and Friends for me,
Assur'd thy Servant is steady
To Love, to Honour, and thee.

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
 May fly by Chance, as they came;
 They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,
 But Vertue is even the same.
 Altho' my Fancy were roving,
 Thy Charms so heavenly appear,
 That other Beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my Dear,
 And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
 The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves;
 To share them together is sifter,
 Than moan assunder, like Doves.
 Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kiss'd!
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' Death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG CXL. *Women are wanton, &c.*

Women are wanton, yet cunningly coy;
 Lascivious, yet crafty, to make us obey:
 When once they have Noos'd us, triumphant they
 ride,
 And trample down Man, that was made for their
 Guide.

Cho. *But let them remember their Grannie Eve's
 Fate,*

Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This Creature was made a Helm-meet for the Man,
 And so he approv'd her, deny it who can;
 But surely poor Adam was soundly asleep,
 Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.

Cho. *But let them remember, &c.*

Old Painters did form them resembling the Snail,
 Their House on their Backs was, and in it their
 Tail,

Implying that Modesty keeps something in,
Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to
Cho. But let them remember, &c. [Chorus]

SONG CXL. Mary Scot.

T WAS Summer, and the Day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,
Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the Banks of Tarrow;
Till then despising Beauty's Power,
I kept my Heart, my own secure:
But Cupid's Art did there deceive me,
And Mary's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive?
No Ransom take for Mary's Slave?
Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me:
Her lovely Smiles like Light revive me.
No Bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming Fair:
This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Tarrow,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one Request,
I'd ask to ly in Mary's Breast;
There would I live or die with Pleasure,
Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure;
Despising Kings and all that's Great,
I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate:
My Joy complete in such a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Tarrow.

But tho' such Bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contracted still I'll wear my Chain,
In hopes my faithful Heart may move hers
For leaving Life I'll always love her.
What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind?
That Breast, all Softness, must prove kind,
And she shall yet become my Marrow,
The lovely beauteous Rose of Tarrow.

SONG CXLII. *Wills Nanny*

W Hile some for Pleasure pawn their Health,
 Twixt Lais and the Bagpiss,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth
 Kifs and Caress my Nanny--O.
 She bids more fast engage a Fool
 Than Leda did for Danae--O.
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but Nanny--O.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely--O,
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely--O,
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Bliss*,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny--O.

CHORUS.

My bony, bony Nanny--O,
 My lovely charming Nanny--O,
 I care not tho' the World know
 How dearly I love Nanny--O.

SONG CXLIII. *Leave me, Sir*

L EAVE me, Shepherd, leave me,
 Give o'er your artful Wiles;
 Ev'ry Look deceives me,
 And ev'ry Word beguiles.
 If I yield, you will fly,
 I must repent and mourn:
 Shepherd 'tis too soon to try,
 What 'tis to be forlorn.
 Why are you pursuing
 To urge me to my Fate,
 To contrive my Ruin,
 And prove yourself ingrate.

If I yield, you will fly,
 I must repent and mourn.
 Still I can't forbear to try,
 What 'tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,
 Some few sweet Moments make;
 Years of Grief and Sorrow
 They in Exchange must take.
 It is a Madness to be wise,
 When *Cupid* bends his Bow;
 Ev'ry Sense then open lyes
 To entertain the Foe.

SONG CXLIV. *With Arts, &c.*

WITH Arts oft practis'd and admired,
 A youthful Swain by Love inspired,
 Long time pursu'd a Fair.
 Her Coldness equal to his Love,
 Repuls'd his Hope, his Fears improve,
 And added to his Care.

With Sighs and Tears, in vain he tries,
 But deaf to all his Pray'rs, she flies
 As fast as he pursues.
 To which he answers in Disdain,
 By trying to augment her Pain,
 Yourself the Conquest lose.

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
 But Love with Love shou'd be repaid,
 To make our Bliss compleat,
 Since I've requested, you've deny'd,
 My Love as well as yours, is try'd,
 And I with Ease retreat.

SONG CXLV. *If all that, &c.*

IF all that I love is her Face,
 From looking I sure can refrain;
 In others her Likeness may trace;
 Or Absence may cure all my Pain.

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This said, from her Charms I retir'd,
 Nor know I till then how I lov'd;
 Whom present my Passion admitt'd,
 In Absence my Reason approv'd.

Ah why shou'd I hope for Relief,
 Where all that I see is Disdain;
 No Pity in her for my Grief,
 No Merit in me to complain.

Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
 Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Ease,
 Still proud of the Choice I have made,
 Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

SONG CXLVI. *Since Drinking, &c.*

SINCE Drinking has Pow'r for to give us
 Relief,
 Come fill up the Bowl, and a Pox on all Grief.
 If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
 And so we'll proceed from one Bowl to the other:
 Till, like Sons of Apollo, we'll make our Wit
 soar,
 Or, in Homage to Bacchus, fall down on the
 Floor.

*Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
 They each of them lov'd for to lose off their
 Bowls.*

Then let's try to shew our selves Men of Merit,
 By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of good Claret.
 And then we shall all be deserving of Praise:
 But the Man that drinks most shall go off with
 the Bays.

SONG CXLVII. *The Blind Boy, &c.*

O Say, what is that thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy?
 What are the Blessings of the Sight?
 Tell your poor-blind Boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the Sun shines bright:
 I feel him warm; but how can he
 Then make it Day or Night?

My Day or Night myself I make,
 Whene'er I wake, or play;
 And cou'd I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always Day.

With heavy Sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hopeles Woe;
 But sure with Patience I may bear
 A Loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My Cheer of Mind destroy;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
 Altho' a poor blind Boy!

SONG CXLVIII. *Know, &c.*

KNOW, I shan't envy him whoe'er he be,
 That stands upon the Battlements of
 State:

Stand there who will for me,
 I'd rather be Secure than Great.
 In being so high, the Pleasures are but small,
 But long's the Ruine, if I chance to fall.

Let me in some sweet Shade secured lye,
 Happy in Leisure and Obscurity.
 Whilst others place their Joys
 In Popularity and Noise,
 Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on
 Like subterranean Sreams, unheard, and un-
 known.

Then when my Days are all in Silence past,
 A good plain Countryman I die at last.

Death cannot chuse but be
 To him a mighty Misery,
 Who to the World was popularly known,
 And dies a Stranger to himself alone.

SONG CXLIX.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to
 mourn?

Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
 When neathing can please me :
 Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the Burn,
 Or throw the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are
 clear,

While Lav'rocks are singing,
 And Primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my Eye or my Ear,
 When throw the Wood, Laddie, ye dipna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell :

I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
 Baith Ev'ning and Morning ;
 Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander my
 sell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,

But, quick as an Arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in Langour, till that happy Day,
 When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance,
 sing and play.

SONG CL.

Sould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with Scars ?

These are the Noble Hero's Lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious Wars:

Welcome, my *Vero*, to my Breast,
 Thy Arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each Bough,
 A thousand *Cupids* play,
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
 Each Object makes me gay:
 Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
 With brighter Beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;
 Let that to their Share fall,
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a Ball:
 But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head incline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
 You may pursue the Chace,
 And, after a blyth Bottle, end
 All Cares in my Embrace:
 And in a vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,
 And Songs of generous Love,
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair:
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above:
 Next Day, with Consent and glad Haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine,
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
 And put them out of Pine.

SONG CLI. *Wherever I am, &c.*

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in my Mind:
 When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My Feet of themselves the Way find.
 Unknown to myself I am just at her Door,
 And when I wou'd rail, I can bring out no more
 Than *Phillis* the fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart bounds in my
 Breast,

And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown;
 At asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone,
 Sometimes a sad Dream deludes my sad Mind;
 Alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
 How I sigh to myself all alone!

You'd a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He shou'd offer his Treasure in vain:
 Let me alone to be happy and poor!
 And give me my *Phillis* again.

Phillis be mine, and for ever be kind,
 You'd to a Desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

As! I discover too much of my Love,
 And she too well knows her own Pow'r;
 She makes me each Day a Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each Hour.
 Let me each Minute torment my poor Mind,
 And rather love *Phillis* both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

SONG CLII. *Alexis, how, &c.*

Alexis, how artless a Lover,
 How bashful and silly you grow!
 How my Eyes can you never discover,
 I mean Yes, when I often say No.

When you pine and you whine out your Passion,
 And only intreat for a Kiss;
 To be coy and deny, is the Fashion,
Alexis shou'd ravish the Bliss.

In Love, as in War, 'tis but Reason
 To make some Defence for the Town;
 To surrender without it, were Treason,
 Before that the Out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my Blushes to cover,
 'Tis for Honour and Modesty sake;
 He is but a pitiful Lover
 Who is foil'd by a single Attack.

But when we by Force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a Coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the Field.

SONG CLIII. *Whilst* Strephon, &c.

WHILST *Strephon* on fair *Chloe* hung,
 And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung;
 The Nymph, in a disdainful Air
 Thus smiling, mock'd the Shepherd's Care;

Swain, I know, that you discover
 In my Form a thousand Charms;
 Can you point me out a Lover
 Worthy my encircling Arms?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
 Till you equal Merit boast;
 To adore me is a Duty,
 Thousands witness to their Cost.
 Stung to the Heart, the red'ning Swain
 On the vain Maid retorts again.

Foolish Creature,
 Did each Feature
 Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature;

Artful feigning,
 Coy disdainings,
 Vain Coquet, destroys them all :
 Go over-bearing,
 Proud, ensnaring ;
 Lay a thousand Fops despairing :
 Then complying,
 Sighing, dying,
 To some Fool a Victim fall,
 Nymphs, like you, whilst they're deceiving,
 Angels all in Front appear ;
 But the Sot their Arts believing,
 Finds the Devil in the Rear.

SONG CLIV. *Address to a Bottle.*

Couldst thou give me a Pleasure,
 Like the Mistress of my Heart,
 I'd drink beyond all Measure,
 And from thee never part.

A Pleasure so alluring
 I never cou'd refrain,
 Till Life not worth enduring,
 In a Tun I'd drown my Pain.

But since there's no comparing
 With Raptures she can give,
 Whose Extasy (past bearing)
 I scarce can taste, and live.

To brighter Joys resigning,
 I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,
 And die without repining,
 To be bury'd in her Arms.

SONG CLV. *Ab! stay ye, &c.*

AH! stay ye wanton Gales, and lend
 A friendly Moment to my Tale ;
 To the dear Nymph my Sorrows send,
 In tend'rest Sighs that can prevail.

In secret Murmurs, Oh! convey
 What Love suggests in sad Distress,
 And let her know, that ev'ry way
 She slights the Swain she ought to bless.

Or, if the Winds refuse to bear
 The Voice of Love to the dear Maid;
 Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
 And guard my Heart from be'ng betray'd.
 Propitious Heav'n! direct my Steps
 To the blest Mansion where my Dear
 Each Days she wakes, each Night she sleeps,
 With Pity may my Passion hear,

Within her downy Arms embrac'd
 I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare;
 My Lips seal'd to her fragrant Breast,
 O'erflowing Blessings let me share:
 Or shou'd the Deities refuse
 Immediate Aid to my Request,
 Her let me not for ever lose,
 But soon or late let me be blest.

In pleasing Dreams, let tender Love
 Invade her Sleep, and let her know,
 O *Cupid*, and Almighty *Jove*!
 How much for her I undergo.
 On her lov'd Bosom, Night and Day,
 Where Interruption knows no Rest;
 There let me breathe my Soul away,
 And bid Adieu to human Race.

SONG CLVI. *Why do my Looks, &c.*

WH Y do my Looks my Thoughts betray,
 And sudden Blushes in me fly!
 Why do I sigh, and faint away,
 Since what I love wou'd have me die.

Cou'd I but once on him prevail
 To mingle with his Joy my Smart,

That he might feel what now I ail,
 But I'm too young to shew such Art.
 Attractive *Cupid*, be my Care,
 And look with Pity on my Flame:
 O break the Chains that now I wear,
 Or bind *Amintor* in the same!
 Hasten to thy Mother, tell my Grief,
 To help a harmless injur'd Maid,
 That she may quickly send Relief,
 And save a Heart that is betray'd.

SONG CLVII. *Once fair, &c.*

ONCE fair *Serena* panting lay,
 With Thoughts of Love oppress'd;
 Hoping that Slumber might allay
 The Fever in her Breast.
 Her sleeping Sense at last was caught,
 And Slumber soon made known,
 The Transports she enjoy'd in Thought,
 She waking durst not own.
 Smiling she lay with longing Arms,
 Grasping the fleeting Air;
 Melting with thousand am'rous Charms
 Fancy cou'd e'er declare:
 Her Swain surpriz'd to hear her Tongue,
 And all her Love repeat,
 Straight to her Arms like Light'ning flew,
 Her Wishes to compleat.
 The Maid asham'd to be thus caught,
 Sigh'd, blush'd, and strove to rise;
 Accusing that her Swain was nought,
 Her Vertue to surprize:
 She vow'd by all the Gods above,
 Her Scorn she won'd not hide;
 But melting with rapturous Love,
 The Nymph forgot to chide.

SONG CLVIII. *How wretched, &c.*

HOW wretched is a Maiden's Fate,
 When Love invades her Heart;
 In secret she deplores her State,
 Nor dares reveal the Smart.
 If Love a Shepherd's Breast engage,
 No nicer Forms restrain:
 He wooes, he sighs, and Sighs assuage
 The agonizing Pain.

We born to love, and be belov'd,
 A Fate like *Echo's* try:

Ah! worse; for when we're strongest mov'd,
 We hesitate and die.

Then point out, Love, the happy way
 To make our Wishes known;
 Our Hearts uncensur'd to display,
 And all thy Rigour own.

SONG CLIX. *Love's a gentle, &c.*

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights;
 Which with mutual Inclinations
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true Content;
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless Passions bring Vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love
 Is a glorious Emulation
 Of the blissful State above.

SONG CLX. *Whilst Calia's, &c.*

WHilst *Calia's* Eyes my Heart subdue,
 I list'ning blest her tonesful Tongue;
 But, doom'd my Ruine to pursue,
 I sigh'd, and begg'd the fatal Song,
 I sigh'd, &c.

The heav'nly Sounds my Sense oppress'd,
 My fluttering Heart forgot to beat :
 The Sighs forlook my heaving Breast,
 I sunk, and fainted at her Feet.
 I sunk, &c.

She smil'd to see her Conquest sure,
 Whilst I insensibly revive:
 Ye Swains, ne'er wonder at the Cure,
 'Tis in her Arms alone I live.

SONG CLXI. *'Twas when the, &c.*

A Swain of Love despairing
 Thus wail'd his cruel Fate ;
 His Grief the Shepherds sharing,
 In Circles round him sat.
 The Nymphs, in kind Compassion,
 The luckless Lover mourn'd ;
 All who had felt the Passion,
 A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends, your Complaints give over,
 Your kind Concern forbear ;
 Shou'd *Chloe* but discover
 For me you'd shed a Tear:
 Her Eyes she'd arm with Vengeance,
 Your Friendship soon subdue ;
 Too late you'd ask Forgiveness,
 And for her Mercy sue.

Her Chains such Force discover,
 Resistance is in vain ;
 'Spite of your self, you'll love her,
 And hug the galling Chain :
 Her Wit the Flame increases,
 And rivets fast the Dart ;
 She has ten thousand Graces,
 And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deserving
 Has thaw'd her frozen Breast,
 Her Heart to him devoting,
 She's cold to all the rest;
 Their Love with Joy abounding,
 (The Thought distracts my Brain)
 O cruel Maid! then swooning
 He fell upon the Plain.

SONG CLXII. *Happy the, &c.*

Happy the youthful Swain,
 That feels no Love-sick Smart,
 But without Grief or Pain
 Can win a Virgin's Heart.
 Happy beyond expressing
 Is he who can obtain
 That most transporting Blessing,
 Which others seek in vain.
 Love, and the Graces smiling
 In all his Actions meet;
 Cupid the Fair beguiling,
 Still makes his Conquest sweet;
 Love is his only Treasure,
 Beauty's his only Gain;
 Ever he finds the Pleasure,
 But never feels the Pain.

SONG CLXIII. *Whilft endless, &c.*

Whilft endless Tears and Sighs declare
 Thy slighted Love, and broken Heart;
 The little Warblers of the Air
 In thy soft Sorrow seem to share,
 And plaintive Notes like Sighs impart.
 The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow,
 And near thee glow'd with brighter Grace;
 And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now,
 Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow,
 Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.

The God of Love, ev'n he thy Foe,
 Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart;
 And soften'd with *Louisa's* Woe,
 Does all his cruel Wiles forego,
 And silent, weeps his fatal Art.

SONG CLXIV. *Beneath a shady, &c.*

Beneath a shady Willow,
 Hard by a purling Stream;
 A mossy Bank my Pillow,
 I fancy'd in a Dream,
 That I the charming *Phillis*
 Did eagerly embrace:
 Her Breast as white as Lilies,
 And *Rosamonda's* Face.

What Raptasies of Pleasure
 She gave, to tell's in vain,
 When with the hidden Treasure
 She blest'd her am'rous Swain:
 Cou'd nought our Joys discover,
 And I my Dream believe;
 I so cou'd sleep for ever,
 And still be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded,
 And found all but a Dream;
 I fain wou'd have eluded
 The melancholy Theme.
 Ye Gods! there's no enduring
 So exquisite a Pain:
 The Wound is past all curing,
 That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

SONG CLXV. *Charming Chloe, &c.*

Charming *Chloe*, look with Pity
 On your faithful Love-sick Swain.
 Hear, oh! hear his doleful Ditty,
 And relieve his mighty Pain,

Find you Musick in his Sighing ?
 Can you see him in Distress ?
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
 Yet afford no kind Redress!

Strepson mov'd by lawless Passion
 For no Favours rudely sues;
 All his Flame is out of Fashion,
 Ancient Honour for him woos,
 Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,
 But if that is deem'd too great;
 Pity, pity his Condition,
 Say, at least, you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
 Practis'd in the Art of Guile,
 Slight so true and kind a Lover,
Cloe, might not *Strepson* smile?
 Yes, well pleas'd at thy undoing,
 Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
Strepson, conscious of thy Ruine,
 Soon would be a silent Shade.

SONG CLXVI. Damon, &c.

Damon ask'd me but once, and I faintly
 deny'd,
 Intending to snap him the next time he try'd.
 But alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
 And now makes his Suit to the fair'd *Leanore*.
 Yet why shou'd I grieve? for I am well assur'd,
 Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en the
 first Word;
 Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll venture to say
 That Man is a Fool that will take the first Nay.
 Had his Love been sincere, and he really in Pain,
 He then wou'd have ask'd me again and again;
 But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex:
 A Swain that's in earnest allows for our Sex.

SONG CLXVII. *Beauty and, &c.*

Beauty and Wit, illustrious Maid,
Bright as to you belong,
Charm all Mankind without the Aid
Of soft melodious Song.

Why will you add, enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;
By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In vain to tempt *Laertes'* Heir
Their Songs the *Sirens* try'd;
But cou'd their Notes with thine compare,
He must have heard, and dy'd.

Sing on, bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in each Strain's a Dart;
We die by Pleasure, not by Pain,
While thus you pierce the Heart.

SONG CLXVIII. *Why is your, &c.*

WH Y is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd,
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possess
Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will suffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,

Fanning my raging Flame ;
 That Shape so made to be imbrac'd,
 What would I give I might but taste
 Of what I dare not name !

In Courts I never wish to rise,
 Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
 And that vain Breath call'd Fame ;
 By Love I hope no Crowns to gain,
 'Tis something more I would obtain,
 'Tis that I dare not name.

S O N G CLXIX. Sabina, &c.

Sabina in the dead of Night,
 In restless Slumbers wishing lay,
 Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light
 To loose Desires did lead the way :
 I stepp'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 I'm sure she saw, but would not see.
 I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
 Which did her whiter Body keep ;
 But still the nearer I was drawn,
 Methought the faster she did sleep ;
 I call'd Sabina softly in her Ear,
 And sure Sabina heard, but would not hear.
 Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all
 Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy)
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
 To search for hidden Treasury :
 So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel,
 And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel .
 Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
 And she without a Blush receives ;
 As by Dissembling most are coy,
 She by Dissembling freely gives :

For you may safely say, nay swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel,
 She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.

SONG CLXX. *Young Thyrsis, &c.*

Young *Thyrsis*, once the jolliest Swain
 That ever charm'd the list'ning Plain,
 Attentive to his Glee;
 While Nymphs around the Rover throng,
 He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song
 Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

Bright *Chloe*, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
 And *Flavia*, fairest of the Fair,
 Are now no longer free:
 Coy *Delia* felt unusual Pain,
 All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain
 Was *J'aime la Liberté.*

The Youth, by Inclination sway'd,
 A softer Tune had often play'd
 To ev'ry charming She:
 None fear Delusion from his Tongue,
 For all he said, and all he sung
 Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

The treach'rous Boy thus play'd his Part
 In Triumph o'er each female Heart;
 Oh! who so blest as he?
 Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
 While all he sung, and all he said,
 Was, *J'aime la Liberté.*

SONG CLXXI. *Linco found, &c.*

Linco found *Damon* lying
 In Tears upon the Plains;
 And laughing at his Crying,
 Encreas'd poor *Damon's* Pain.

Cries *Damon*, Mortal, fly me,
 Or by the Pow'r divine,
 Cries *Linco*, don't defy me,
 And shews a Flask of Wine.

This—foolish pining Lover
 Will teach thee how to Storm,
 Thy Gaiety recover,
 And make the Maid grow warm:
 Come prithee, *Damon*, try it,
 'Tis sov'reign, prithee do;
Damon cou'd not deny it,
 He drank full Bumpers too.

Soon *Damon* felt the Liquor,
 His Cheeks grew rosy red:
 Then *Linco* fill'd out quicker,
 'Twas out, they went to Bed—
 Next Morning, *Damon* straying,
 To breathe the fragrant Air,
 He heard poor *Delia* praying
 A last and fervent Pray'r.

Yes, yes, I must implore him,
Damon the kind, the true,
 Ye Gods, she cry'd, restore him,
 Else Love and Life adieu.
 On *Linco*'s Humour thinking,
 He sprung into her Arms;
 And fir'd with last Night's Drinking,
 Wou'd revel in her Charms.

The Maid deep Crimson blushing,
 Reclin'd her Head, and sigh'd;
 Whilst eager *Damon* flushing,
 Love's strongest Efforts try'd:
 Ah! whither am I flying!
 Her fault'ring Tongue express;
 Then clasping, panting, sighing,
 They murmur'd all the rest.

SONG CLXXII. *A Lark that, &c.*

A Lark that was loaden with Care,
 Sat heavily under a Thorn ;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 And thus she began for to mourn.
 So merry as we twa have been :
 So happy as we twa have been !
 O my Heart is like to despair,
 When I think of the Days we have seen !
 When you, my dear Shepherd, was there,
 The Birds did melodiously sing ;
 And the cold nipping Winter did wear
 A Face that resembled the Spring.
 Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,
 As he gently pressed my Hand,
 I had the wide World in my Pride,
 And cou'd all its Glory withstand.

My Dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ?
 Or why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee ?
 But now he is far from my Sight,
 Perhaps new Advice may approve ;
 Which makes me lament Day and Night,
 That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve, when the rest of the Folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I sat myself under his Oak,
 And I heavily sigh'd for him.

SONG CLXXIII. *The smiling, &c.*

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
 Invite the tuneful Birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each Spray,
 Love melts the universal Lay.

Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
Like them improve the Hour that flies,
And in soft Raptures waste the Day
Among the Birks of *Endermay*.

For soon the Winter will appear;
At this thy lively Bloom will fade,
As that must blast each verdant Shade.
Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd Songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of *Endermay*.

SONG CLXXIV. *Come, fair, &c.*

C O M E, fair Nymphs, to this sweet Grove,
Constant Swain make haste away,
And behold my charming Love
Rejoice with me this happy Day.
Sylvia, at length, has chang'd her Mind,
She Pity shews, no more Disdain:
Never flying,
Nor denying,
Her Heart to me she has resign'd.
I no more shall sigh in vain,
My faithful Vows she now will hear;
Joys delighting,
Charms inviting
In fair *Sylvia* do appear.

SONG CLXXV. *False tho' &c.*

F A L S E tho' she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.
In Hours of Bliss we oft have met,
They cou'd not always last;
And tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG CLXXVI. *Sigh no more, &c.*

SIGH no more, my lovely *Calia* :
 Why ah ! why those mournful Sighs ?
 Where ah ! where's the beautiful Lustre
 Once adorn'd those brilliant Eyes ?

See how briny Floods o'erwhelm them,
 Breaking on the blushing Shore ;
 And like Summer's Dew on Lilies,
 Decks the Bosom I adore.

The Flow'r's that form'd by Nature drooping,
 Yet their fragrant Odours rise ;
 And my *Calia*, tho' she's weeping,
 Hath those Charms she can't disguise.

SONG CLXXVII. *When charming, &c.*

WHEN charming *Chloe* gently walks,
 Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks ;
 No Goddess can with her compare,
 So sweet her Look, so soft her Air.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
 Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd :
 With sparkling Wit and solid Sense,
 And soft persuasive Eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
 Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
 That we in *Chloe*'s Form shou'd find
 A *Venus* with *Minerva*'s Mind.

SONG CLXXVIII. *How can I, &c.*

HOW can I well describe the Joy,
 When first I set my Eyes
 On her who only cou'd employ
 My Thought in great Surprise !

Charming Face,
 Love exciting;
 Comely Grace,
 All delighting;

Who can look on one so fair,
 And not the Force of Love declare?

But when I labour'd to address

The Tenour of my Suit;

Fear did my fault'ring Speech oppress,

And I continu'd mute:

But my Smart more abounded;

Cupid's Dart has me wounded,

And I longer can't conceal

The Anguish for your sake I feel.

Yet, if you disregard my Pain,

I bid this World adieu;

For all my Hopes of Life are vain,

If not sustain'd by you.

With Disdain do not grieve me,

See my Pain, and relieve me,

Sure you can't severely treat

A Lover dying at your Feet.

Pity and Love shou'd, in the Fair,

Inseparably join,

To extricate from Despair

Such am'rous Hearts as mine.

Sweet Replies,

Kind Behaviour,

Pleasing Eyes,

Gentle Favour,

Are what Lovers must implore,

Or else they can exist no more.

SONG CLXXIX. *To thee, &c.*

TO thee, O gentle Sleep alone
 Is owing all our Peace;

By thee our Joys are heighten'd shown,

By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand, by Fraud or Force,
 Some Tyrant has possess'd;
 By thee obtaining a Divorce,
 In her own Choice is blest.

Oh! stay; *Aspasia* bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping Fair
 Conjures thee not to lose in Day
 The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought,
 That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
 Thus by ourselves are ofteneft wrought
 The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG CLXXX. *As Celadon, &c.*

As *Celadon* once from his Cottage did stray,
 To court his dear *Jugg* on a Hillock of
 Hay;

What awkward Confusion oppress'd the poor
 Swain,

When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain.

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
 Sweet *Jugg*, 'tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies;
 My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
 And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me
 lugg,

Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a *Jugg*;
 And sure you can't chide at repeating your
 Name,

When the Nightingale every Night does the
 same.

Sweet *Jugg* he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
 Which makes People say, that his Voice is so
 sweet.

Ab! why do'st thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale,
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't pre-
vail:

For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
As he at our last Harvest Supper confest.
I own it, says *Jagg*, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair looks so pretty and smart.
His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,
They prevail more with me than all you have
said;

Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what
you can,

'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

SONG CLXXXI. See Phillis, &c.

SEE, *Phillis*, yonder Bower
With e'ry beauteous Flower,
And twining Green array'd:
Sweet Jonquils, Daffadillies,
Carnations, Roses, Lilies,
Invite us to the Shade.

There clasping thee, my Treasure,
In Extasy 'bove Measure,
I'll on your Bosom lye,
While you're with Looks expiring,
My blissful Death desiring,
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses
I'll crown my dying Blisses,
Whilst you in Pity cry;
My Love, I'll not be cruel,
But in this am'rous Duel
We'll both together die.

SONG CLXXXII. O greedy, &c.

O greedy *Midas*, I've been told,
That what you touch'd, you turn'd to
Gold:

O had I but a Pow'r like thine,
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to Wine.
 I'd turn, &c.

Each purling Stream shou'd feel my Force ;
 Each Fish my fatal Power mourn ;
 Each Fish, &c.

And wond'ring at the mighty Change,
 And wond'ring, &c.
 Shou'd in their native Regions burn,
 Shou'd in, &c.

Nor shou'd there any dare t' approach
 Unto my mantling, sparkling Shrine,
 Unto my, &c.

But first shou'd pay their Votes to me,
 But first, &c.

And stile me only God of Wine,
 And stile, &c.

SONG CLXXXIII. *As Chloë, &c.*

AS *Chloë* o'er the Meadow past,
 I view'd the lovely Maid;
 She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste,
 And fear'd by me to be embrac'd :
 My Eyes my Wish betray'd.

I trembling felt the rising Flame,
 The charming Nymph pursu'd ;
Daphne was not so bright a Game,
 Tho' Great *Apollo's* darling Dame,
 Nor with such Charms endu'd.

I follow'd close, the Fair still flew
 Along the grassy Plain ;
 The Grass, at length, my Rival grew,
 And catch'd my *Chloë* by the Shoe,
 Her Speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,
 What did the Fall reveal!
 Such Limbs Description cannot tell,
 Such Charms were never in the Mall,
 Nor Smock did e'er conceal.

She shriek'd; I turn'd my ravish'd Eyes,
 And burning with Desire,
 I help'd the Queen of Love to rise,
 She check'd her Anger and Surprise,
 And said, Rash Youth, retire.

Be gone, and boast what you have seen,
 It shan't avail you much;
 I know you like my Form and Mien;
 Yet since so insolent they've been,
 Those Parts you ne'er shall touch.

Too lovely fair one, I confess
 The Swain whom you will deign to bless,
 Might sigh an Age away,
 In Expectation of the Joy,
 When you no longer cold or coy
 Shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heav'n has made thy Form
 So soft, so perfect, and so warm,
 Who gazes must adore:

But I so long in vain have try'd,
 To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,
 That here I give it o'er.

But now, proud Fair, a Cure I've found,
 I'll be no longer tamely bound
 In hopeless Flames to burn.
 Vain Maid, I've shaken off my Chain,
 By Wine a Conquest I obtain,
 And triumph in my Turn.

SONG CLXXXIV. *The Coquet.*

C Rowds of Coxcombs that deluding,
 Cringing, chatt'ring,
 Ogling, flatt'ring,

By Coquetting, and by Pruding,
All are Victims to my Art.

While at Will the Fools I'm leading,
They for Favours interceding,
With vain Hopes and Fancies feeding,
Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me,
Thinks I prize him,
Who despise him;
All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me,
Born to baffle all Mankind.

Like the Winds and Waves still changing,
Never constant, ever ranging,
Cupid from my Heart estranging,
That's as cold as he is blind.
That's, &c.

SONG CLXXXV. *Beneath, &c.*

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phyllis the Object of my waking Thought:
Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.

From the bright Vision's Head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples, fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace, my Heart did fire,
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.

Ah! charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny?

H

By Nature and by Love, this lovely Shade,
Was for Revenge of suffering Lovers made:
Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me,
You cannot blush, because I cannot see

No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid;
Faintly she spoke me-thought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:
Then dye, said L, she still deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.

I wak'd, and straight I knew,
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phyllis* would not do:
Ah! cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain,
While I can dream, you scorn in vain,
Asleep, or waking you must ease my Pain.

SONG CLXXXVI. *Metbinks, &c.*

Methinks the poor Town has been troubled
too long,
With *Phyllis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By Fools who at once can both Love and De-
spair,
And will never leave calling them Cruel and
Fair:
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
The Truth that I know of my Bonny black *Bess*:
This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a
Coal;
She's plump, yet with Ease you may span round
her Waste,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be em-
brac'd:

Her Belly is soft, not a Word of the rest,
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the
Best.

The Plow-man, and Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown,
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to
submit :

All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord ———'s
Drums;

But to those who have had my dear *Bess* in their
Arms,

She's gentle and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and trip in her Pace :
And with Head on one side, and a languishing
Eye,

To Kill us with looking, as if she would Dye.

SONG CLXXXVII. *Adieu to, &c.*

Adieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love,
For a Passion more noble my Fancy does
move;

My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In sorrowful Notes my *Amintas* his Name :
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me
complain,

Thou never shalt see thy *Amintas* again;
For Death has befriended him,
Fate has defended him,

None, none alive is so happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have dane'd
to his Lays,

Come help me to sing forth *Amintas* his Praise;

No Swain' for the Garland, durst with him dispute;
So sweet were his Notes, while he sang to his
Lute:

Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,
To Weave him a Garland, with Cypress and
Yew;

For Life hath forsaken him,

Death hath overtaken him,

No Swain again will be ever so true:

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate;
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;
You Echo's, and Fountains, my Witnessles prove,
How deeply I sigh for the Loss of my Love:
And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
This Favour I never will cease to implore;

That now I may go above,

And there enjoy my Love,

Then, then I never will part with him more.

SONG CLXXXVIII. *Pastora's, &c.*

P *Astora's* Beauties when unblown,
Ere yet the tender Bud did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Power I did perceive:
How often in the Dead of Night,
When all the World lay hush'd in Sleep;
Have I thought this my chief Delight,
To sigh for you, for you to weep.

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of White
No Letter yet did ever stain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair *Pastora* here must reign:
Her Eyes those darling Suns shall prove
Thy Love to be of noblest Race;
Which took its Flight so far above
All Human things, on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise,
 A Love that was infus'd by you?
 You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
 And all its Griefs that did ensue:
 The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain?
 Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,
 And take away the rott'ring Pain.

SONG CLXXXIX. *Hail to the, &c.*

Hail to the Myrtle Shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
 Kings will not here invade,
 Tho' Vertue all Freedom yield,
 Beauty here opens her Arms,
 To soften the languishing Mind;
 And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms:
 Ah *Phillis*! ah! why so kind?

Phillis, the Soul of Love,
 The Joy of Neighbouring Swains:
Phillis that crowns the Grove,
 And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the Skill
 To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
 Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill,
 Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis, whose charming Tongue
 Makes Labour and Pain a Delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
 And shortens the live-long Night;
Phillis, whose Lips like *May*,
 Still laugh at the Sweets they bring,
 Where Love never knew Decay,
 But sets with eternal Spring.

SONG CXC. *Chloris, in native, &c.*

CHLORIS, in native Purple bright,
 The Violet of Beauty springs;
 She spreads her op'ning Sweets to Sight,
 And ravishes with warbling Strings.
 Fair Charmer of our Eyes and Ears,
Cecilia sure has Heav'n's forlook;
 She brings soft Musick from the Spheres,
 And bears an Angel in her Look.

SONG CXCI. *Ye Purple-blooming, &c.*

YE Purple-blooming Roses,
 Whom Love in Wreaths disposes;
 Why guard ye so your Treasures,
 And grudge the Boy his Pleasures?
 So mix'd with Sweet and Soure,
 Life's not unlike the Flow'r:
 Its Sweets unpluckt will languish,
 And gather'd 'tis with Anguish.
 Then, lovely Boy, bring hither
 The Chaplet, ere it wither;
 Steep'd in the various Juices
 The cluster'd Vine produces.
 This, round my moisten'd Tresses,
 The Use of Life expresses:
 Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow, S.
 Our Rose may fade to morrow. S.

SONG CXCII. *Fair Sally, &c.*

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman,
 With Tears she sent him out to roam;
 Young *Thomas* lov'd no other Woman,
 But left his Heart with her at Home.
 She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,
 And while she turn'd the Spinning Wheel,
 Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds grew loud, and she grew paler,
 To see the Weathercock turn round;
 When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
 Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:
 With nimble Haste he leap'd the Style,
 And Sally met him with a Smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the Waste he took his Sally,
 But first around his Mouth wip'd he;
 Like home-bred Spark, he could not dally,
 But kiss'd and press'd her with a Glee;
 Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Rain,
 Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,
 And brings a Heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
 Tho' out of Sight, ne'er out of Mind;
 Our Hearts tho' Seas have parted from us,
 Yet they my Thoughts did leave behind.
 So much my Thoughts took Tommy's Part,
 That Time, nor Absence from my Heart
 Could drive my constant Thomas.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely Sally,
 I still have kept for dear sake:
 A thousand times, in am'rous Folly,
 Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck.
 Again this happy Pledge returns,
 To tell how truly Thomas burns;
 How truly burns for Sally.

This Thimble didst thou give to Sally,
 Whilst this I see, I think of you;
 Then why does Tom stand, shall I, shall I?
 While yonder Steeple's in our View:
 Tom never to Occasion blind,
 Now took her in the coming Mind,
 And went to Church with Sally.

SONG CXCIH. *Little Flea, &c.*

Little Flea, why so bloody-thirsty?
 Thou'st drunk, till it has almost burst thee,
 Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant
 To stir a Step on *Strepbon's* Errand.

Yet, prithee, sweet sincere Backbiter,
 To *Chloe* go, that false Delighter; S.
 Go hide thy self within her Bodice,
 And make her own she is no Goddess. S.

Tell her the Shafts of *Cupid's* Quiver
 So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver; S.
 And when she holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,
 Say thus your Love-sick *Strepbon* lingers. S.

SONG CXCV. 'Tis thee I love.

TI S thee I love,
 I'll constant prove;
 You are the Charmer of my Heart;
 Dearest believe me,
 I'll ne'er deceive thee,
 From *Chloe's* bright I ne'er can part.

Be kind as fair.
 Oh! be not severe,
 But shew Compassion on your Swain;
 You'll ne'er repent it,
 No ne'er relent it,
 Dear Creature, dear Creature, now ease my Pain.

SONG CXCV. *Clarinda, &c.*

Clarinda, hear my Moan,
 My Boon do not deny;
 If you'll not be my own,
 Your Martyr I must die.

Remember, that my Love
 To you is ever true:
 I can't my Passion move,
 It's fix'd till Death on you.
 If you my Life will save,
 Receive me in your Arms;
 Or sink me in my Grave
 A Victim to your Charms.
 But when I'm dead and gone,
 Let this then be your Guide;
 Engrave it on my Tomb,
 For you I liv'd and dy'd.

SONG CXCVI. *Dear charming, &c.*

DEAR charming Beauty, you're my Plea-
 sure,

'Tis you alone that I adore;
 Grant me your Love, my only Treasure,
 And all my Care will now be o'er.
 Ah! do not fly me, my dear Jewel,
 Lest you kill your faithful Slave:
 You ne'er was known yet to be cruel,
 To destroy what you can save.

Had I ne'er seen you, charming *Phyllis*,
 Such Torture I ne'er shou'd have known;
 But thank my Stars, if that your Will is,
 To smile, and ever be my own;
 No greater Blessing I'll desire
 Than your matchless Charms, my Fair:
 For you are all that I admire,
 And all I love, and all I fear.

SONG CXCVII. *Glide gently on, &c.*

GLIDE gently on, thou murm'ring Brook,
 And sooth my tender Grief;
 'Twas here the fatal Wound I took,
 'Tis here I seek Relief.

With *Sylvio* on this verdant Shore
 I fondly sat reclin'd;
 Believ'd the charming things he swore,
 Too credulously kind.
 Too credulously, &c.

While thus he said. This purling Stream
 Back to its Spring shall flow,
 O *Pastorella*, ere my Flame
 The least Decays shall know.
 Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
 Back to your chrystal Head;
 The false, ungrateful, perjur'd Swain
 Has broke the Vows he made.
 Has broke, &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
 His faithless Breast has warm'd,
 And those kind Vows, and soft Address;
 Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.
 But tell the Nymph, thou gentle Stream,
 If e'er she visits thee;
 The treach'rous Youth has vow'd the same,
 Yet broke his Faith with me,
 Yet broke, &c.

SONG CXCVIII. *To the God, &c.*

TO the God of Wine,
 My Song and my Design
 With a grateful Spirit will I raise.
 'Tis my Heart's Delight,
 To give him ev'ry Night,
 And to Carrol merrily his Praise.
 Monarch *Bacchus*, gay and young,
 Free to save us,
 And relieve us,
 When the World goes wrong,

Sound his Name,
 Raise it high,
 Sing his Fame
 To the Sky,

Till the wise World join in our Song.

Shou'd a Mortal dare
 His merry Subjects Incer,
 Let him dread the Fate decreed.
 A new Law well weigh'd
 The drinking Court has made,
 And to Justice thus they'll proceed.
 Set the Rebel to the Bar,
 That the Traitor,
 Bound in Fetter,
 May his Sentence hear.
 Let the Rogue,
 In a String,
 Like a Dog,
 Take a Swing,
 Or be drown'd in Rot-get Small-beer.

SONG CXCIX. *He's a, &c.*

HE's a Man, ev'ry Inch, I assure you,
 Stout, vig'rous, active, and tall;
 There's none can from Danger secure you,
 Like brave, gallant *Moor* of *Moor-hall*.
 No Giant or Knight ever quell'd him,
 He fills all their Hearts with Alarms.
 No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
 But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms.
 But wish'd, &c.

SONG CC. *How can you, &c.*

HOW can you lovely *Nancy*, thus cruelly
 slight
 A Swain who is wretched, when banish'd your
 Sight;

Who for your sake alone thinks Life worth his
Care,
But which soon, if you frown on, must end in
Despair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your
Eyes

Once express so much Softness, and sweetly sur-
prise ;

By their Lustre inflam'd, I con'd not believe,
As they had such mild Influence, they e'er wou'd
deceive.

But alas! like the Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night,
Who perceives a false Splendor at Distance invite:
Overjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it, and dies ;
A like Ruine attends me, if away *Nancy* flies.

O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel, and unveil'd all
your Charms:

When you vow'd lasting Love, and swore with
a Kiss,

That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that Woe
Will, like Sickness neglected, more desperate
grow :

That your Heart may relent, I implore the kind
Pow'rs,

Since I'm constant as your Sex, be not fickle as
ours.

SONG CCI. *If the Glasses, &c.*

IF the Glasses they are empty,
Fill again, my Soul's adry:
Sure such Wine as this will tempt ye
To carouse in Sympathy.
Thirsty Souls, like Plants aspiring,
Moisture ever are desiring.

Thus careſſing
Nature's Bleſſing,
We'll the ſober World deſy.

See the Bottle, how its Beauty
Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face,
We to *Bacchus* owe a Duty,
Drink, brave Heroes, drink apace.
Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine wou'd never ſpare it:
Ever drinking,
Void of thinking,
We'd the happy Hours embrace.

S O N G CCII. *What dire, &c.*

W H A T dire Miſfortune hath beſel
Each quiv'ring Beau and tuneful Belle,
Soft *Farinelli's* killing Note,
For *Spain* has caught him by the Throat.
Far, far away he's forc'd to ſtay

Killing, thrilling,
Thrilling, killing:
Ruin'd, loſt, and quite undone,
Charming *Farinelli's* gone.

Our Tears had ſcarcely ceas'd to flow,
That *Senefino* needs wou'd go,
When ſtrait a heavier Loſs we know,
Dear *Farinelli's* kidnapt too.

Farinelli, Senefino,
Senefino, Farinelli,
Ruin'd, loſt, and quite undone,
Both the Warblers, both are flown.

O cruel *Spain!* will nought ſuffice,
Will nought redeem the lovely Prize:
Take all our Ships, take all our Men,
So we enjoy but him again:
O ſend him ſtraight, our Nobles wait!
O ſend him quick, we all are ſick,

Ruin'd! Lords and Commons all,
From St. James's to Guildhall.

SONG CCIII. *Sooner than I'll, &c.*

Sooner than I'll my Love forego,
And lose the Man I prize;
I'll bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
Or fall a Sacrifice.

Nor Bolts nor Bays shall me controul,
I Death and Danger dare: *S.*
Restraint but fires the active Soul, *S.*
And urges fierce Despair, *S.*

The Window now shall be my Gate,
I'll either fall or flye;
Before I'll live with him I hate, *S.*
For him I love, I'll die. *S.*

SONG CCIV. *Return, return, &c.*

Return, return, my lovely Nymph,
For Summer's Pleasures now will fade:
The trembling Leaves begin to drop,
All Nature seems as if decay'd.

Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,
Th' Approach of wint'ry Nights to mourn;
The Lark forgets to mount the Sky;
Ah! lovely *Calia*, quick return.

The blushing Rose's Charms decay,
The Lily droops its lovely Head:
Sweet winding *Thames* begins to swell,
And visit th' unfrequented Mead.

The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lyes,
The Vallies now no more delight:
Soft pleasing Scenes of Country Life
Have taken too their annual Flight.

SONG CCV. *Ranging the Plain, &c.*

Ranging the Plain one Summer's Night,
 To pass a vacant Hour,
 I fortunately chanc'd to light
 On lovely *Phyllis* Bow'r;
 The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,
 In expectation sat,
 To meet those Joys in *Strephon's* Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
 Her Breast did gently rise;
 That e'ry Lover might have read
 Her Wishes in her Eyes:
 At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
 She suddenly would start;
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
 A Trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his Hour had stay'd;
 And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
 The melancholy Maid:
 Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,
 He would be here by One;
 But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
 And yet he is not come.

SONG CCVI. *He that is, &c.*

HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
 And be by the Nose by Woman led,
 Let him consider't well ere he be sped;
 For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
 If that she be inclin'd to Strife,
 Will find a Man shrill Musick all his Life;
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's next,
 Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
 He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Virtue's try'd:
 And this Convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry Mood begins,
 The Husband never wants a Sight of a Sine,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Penance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feast;
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to do but say *Amen.*
He has nothing, &c.

SONG CCVII. *Believe me Jenny, &c.*

Believe me *Jenny*, for I tell you true,
 These Sighs, these Sobs, these Tears, are
 all for you;

Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
 When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?

Is't not enough, you cruel Fair,
 To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?

At least, that rigid Sentence spare;
 Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
 Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
 Let not Dissimulation, baser Art,
 Stifle the busie Passion of your Heart:

Yet, let the Candor of your Mind
 Now with your Beauty equal prove;
 Which I believe ne'er yet design'd
 The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

SONG CCVIII. *Ye happy Swains, &c.*

YE happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,
 Teach me the Art of Love:
 That I the like Success may find,
 My Shepherdess to move:
 Long have I strove to win her Heart,
 But yet alas! in vain;
 For she still acts one cruel Part
 Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure
 Consumes my Life away;
 Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
 Languishing Night and Day:
 Yet she regardless of my Grief,
 Looks on her dying Slave;
 And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
 To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
 I'm punish'd so severe;
 Tell me, that I may expiate
 With a repenting Tear:
 But if you have resolv'd, that I
 No Mercy shall obtain;
 Let her persist in Tyranny,
 And cure by Death my Pain.

SONG CCIX. *As May in, &c.*

AS May in all her Youthful Dress,
 My Love so gay did once appear;
 A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
 And Roses did inhabit there:

Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
 Each Night new Pleasures did create;
 Harmonious Words dropp'd from her Tongue,
 And *Cupid* on her Forehead sat.

But as the Sun to West declines,
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow;
 And all its blushing Looks resigns,
 To th' pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
 While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
 My *Chloe* then was kind and gay;
 But when by time I lost the Charm,
 Her Smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

SONG CCX. *Weep all ye, &c.*

WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods un-
 bind,
 For *Strepson's* now no more;
 Your Tresses I spread before the Wind,
 And leave the hated Shore:
 See, see upon the craggy Rocks,
 Each Goddess stript appears;
 They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
 And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love, that fatal Hour,
 When this poor Youth was born,
 Had sworn by *Styx* to shew his Power,
 He'd kill a Man e'er Morn:
 For *Strepson's* Breast he aim'd his Dart,
 And watch'd him as he came;
 He cry'd, and shot him thro' the Heart,
 Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella's* Lap he laid his Head,
 And looking in her Eyes;
 He cry'd, Remember when I'm Dead,
 That I deserv'd the Prize:

Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
 He sigh'd, you love, 'tis true ;
 You love perhaps a better Man,
 But ah ! he loves not you.

SONG CCXI. *Your Gamester, &c.*

YOUR Gamester, provok'd by his Loss
 may forswear,

And rail against Play, yet can never forbear ;
 Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,
 In Passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain
 Of those fatal Wounds, which Love gets by Dis-
 dain ;

Seduc'd by the Charms of your Looks, am drawn
 in,

To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers again.

Clarissa, I live on the Hopes of my Love,
 Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove ;
 In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
 And rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this Cast,
 To make me a Saver for all my Life past ?
 Be lucky this once, Dice ! 'tis all I implore,
 I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

SONG CCXII. *Fairest Work, &c.*

FAIREST Work of happy Nature,
 Sweet without dissembling Art ;

Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,

Cruel only in a Heart :

View the Beauties of the Morning,

Where no sullen Clouds appear ;

Graces there are less adorning,

Than below, when *Calia's* there.

Ev'ry Tuneful Breast confesses,
 Sounds by you improve their Power;
 Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses
 Humbly tells us his Amour:
 Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
 Faithful *Strepson* ne'er denies;
 Such a Treasure in possessing,
 All the Bills of Love supplica.

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
 Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue;
 Ever finding a Denial,
 Where my softest Love was true:
 But my Heart knows no retreating,
 No Decay can ease my Pain;
 Love allows of no defeating,
 Tho' the Prize is sought in vain.

For if e'er my *Calia's* Treasure
 Must her Virgin Sweets resign;
 Love shall flow with equal Measure,
 And I'll boldly call her mine:
 'Till her Panting, Wedding Lover,
 Grown uneasy by my Claim;
 Leaves me freely to discover
 Golden Coasts without a Name.

SONG CCXIII. *Little Britain.*

Britons, where is your great Magnanimity!
 Where's your boasted Courage flown?
 Quite perverted to Pusillanimity,
 Scarce to call your selves your own.

What your Ancestors won so victoriously,
 Crown'd with Conquest in the Field;
 You'd relinquish; and O most ingloriously
 To Oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her Flight makes Preparative,
 See her weeping quit the Shore;

Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative,
Never to behold her more.

Gracious God! to assist, exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;
Make Oppressors their Plunder regorgitate,
And preserve a sinking Land.

SONG CCXIV. *I love, I doat, &c.*

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet in my Mind;
Tho' ne'er cou'd be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind:
For when, as long her Chain I've worn,
I ask Relief from Smart;
She only gives me Looks of Scorn,
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rivals rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold:
But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold.
Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize
For Wealth, and not Desert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
Alas! my Heart will break.

When, like some wanting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend;
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah! *Sylvia*, thus in vain you strive
To act a healing Part:
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed
I lay me down to rest,
In hopes to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breast;

Her Cruelty all Base denies,
 With some sad Dream I start;
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart!

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells;
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love
 Its mournful Story tells.
 With sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
 Till Morning bids depart;
 Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more,
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But *Silvia*, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am gone, and cold;
 Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
 Nor Glory when 'tis told:
 For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
 Will take my injur'd Part;
 And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart!

**S O N G CCXV. The FRENCH
 COMEDY. A BALLAD.** By
 T. T. T---s HEND, *Fellow of the*
Roasting Society. Tune, When
was brought before my Lord Mayor
With a chow chow cherry chow, &c.

FALSE Britons, who Favour the Mea-
 sures of France, *Fal lal da dee,* &c.
 Come here and we'll teach you a brave English
 Dance, *With a chow chow, cherry chow,* &c.
England's Rights were begun to be held very
cheap; *Fal lal,* &c.
 But her Genius, you'll find, is not quite all gone
With a chow, &c.

here was a fine Farce in the Hay-market,
Fal lal, &c.
 ragoons on the Stage, and a Quorum in the
 Pit.
With a chow, &c.

The dread Sons of Thunder, now high exalt your
 Notes,
Fal lal, &c.
 For let a French Harlequin be ramm'd down
 your Throats.
With a chow, &c.

For Musquets or Mitimus we care not a Straw,
Fal lal, &c.
 such Menaces as these shall ne'er keep us in
 Awe.
With a chow, &c.

There came a wise L—d in a terrible Rage,
Fal lal, &c.
 Who swore that any Three of the Mob he'd
 engage.
With a chow, &c.

But soon he fell into a pitiful Fear, *Fal lal, &c.*
 He retracted his Words, and sneak'd off in his
 Chair.
With a chow, &c.

Then to each honest Heart, that sung, booted,
 or hiss'd, *Fal lal, &c.*
 Or acted by Cudgel, Sword, Dagger, or Fist,
With a chow, &c.

To all that sung Pippins, Potatoes, or Pease,
Fal lal, &c.
 (May Britons for ever prove such Souls as these)
With a chow, &c.

To the Touth in the Gallery, whom no one can
 tell, *Fal lal, &c.*
 Who confounded the French with his little Merry
 Bell.
With a chow, &c.

Since of all those within Doors we can have no
 doubt, *Fal lal, &c.*
 Then to ev'ry merry Hand that was aiding with-
 out.
With a chow, &c.

The Scene it is ended, the Affair is knock'd
o'th' Head, *Fal lal, &c.*

The Strollers, the Soldiers, the Justices are fled,
With a chow, &c.

Thro' Back Doors and Windows they privately
scent, *Fal lal, &c.*

The French ne'er before were so put to the Rout,
With a chow, &c.

Now, Scotchmen, no more of your Porteous's prate,
Fal lal, &c.

Or boast of preserving your Nether-Bow Gate,
With a chow, &c.

SONG CCXVI. *Did you not, &c.*

She. DID you not promise me when you
lay by me,
That you would marry me, can you deny
me?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

She. Ah, who would trust you Men that swear,
and vow so,

Born only to deceive, how can you do so?

He. If we can swear and lye, you can dissemble,
And then to hear the Lye, would make one
tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,
My tender Heart, alas! was but too real;

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.

She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Trans-
gression,

You were the only He, e'er got Possession?

He. Thou could'st talk prettily, ere thou could'st
go, Child;

But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so,
Child.

She. Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all-I forgive
thee.

He. Send your *Kid* home to me, I will take
care on't,
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a
rare one.

SONG CCXVII. *The Black-Bird.*

ROOM, room, room for a Rover,
Yonder Town's so hot ;

I a Country Lover

Bless my Freedom got:

This Celestial Weather

Such Enjoyment gives,

We like Birds flock hither,

Browsing on green Leaves :

Some who late fate scowling,

Publick Cheats to mend ;

Study now with Bowling,

Each to Cheat his Friend :

Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry

rerry, rerry, rerry, rerry, sings the Black-Birds

Oh what a World have we !

In the Eastern Regions,

Cannibals abound ;

Eas'd of all Religions,

Man does Man confound :

But our worser Natives,

Here Church-Rules obey ;

Yet like barb'rous Caitiffs,

Gorge up more than they :

In the Town, hot Follies

Fools to Fashion draw ;

Nonsense, Noise and Malice,
 Passes too for Law :
Whilst on the, &c.

The old Game's again on Trial,
 As our Church-men guess ;
 Some write We most Loyal,
 Yet mean nothing less:
 Ev'ry F&itious Teazer
 Proudly Votes his Will ;
 Praise be then to *Cesar*,
 Who sits Patient still :
Chanc'ry wants a Ruler,
 Justice Scales to guide ;
*S —*ts want a Cooler,
 Who like *Jehn* Rides:
Whilst on the, &c.

Give me then a Bottle,
Musidora by ;
 Wine that warms the Noddle,
 Does all Cares defy :
Sol has enter'd *Aries*,
 Summer Sweets do fall ;
 Pleasures new and various,
 Let's enjoy 'em all ;
 So adieu, State Janglers,
 Our whole Winter's Curse ;
 Farewel to Law Wranglers,
 That so plague the Purse:
Hark in the, &c.

SONG CCXVIII. *To the same Tune.*

Whilst Content is wanting
 In the World below ;
 We in Freedom chanting,
 Life's true Pleasure know :
 Cloy'd with Care and Duty
 To superiour Sway,

They ne'er see the Beauty

Of one happy Day :

Profit's Golden Follies,

Half the Globe infest ;

Faction, Pride, and Malice,

Governs all the rest :

Whilst in eternal Day ; Terry. rerry, rerry, rerry,

hey, Terry, rerry, sings the Black-Bird,

Ab! what a World have they ?

Want-limb'd Ambition,

Like a Tyrant reigns ;

Forming new Division

Hourly in their Brains :

Sometimes Peace enjoying,

Some they a League begin ;

At one Monarch's dying

Breaks e'm all again :

When the grave State-menders

For Religion fight ;

Who' the hot Pretenders

Never had a Doit :

Whilst here in lasting Day ; Terry, &c.

Warriors all are Princes,

When their Aid they want ;

Enemies for Defences,

Present Pay they grant :

At the Work once ended,

They the Chiefs disown ;

Who in haste disbanded,

Loudly are cry'd down :

Thus uncur'd they nourish,

Whimsy's worse Disease ;

Whether lose or flourish,

Never are at Ease :

Whilst here in lasting Day, Terry, &c.

The fat Pamper'd City,
 Grumbling at the Tax;
 Think to stint, 'tis pity,
 Bellies or their Backs:
 The rich Country Booby,
 Brooding o'er his Ground;
 Low'rs, and wond'rous moody,
 Grudges four in the Pound:
Gospel Fermentation banters all our Souls;
 And to fire the Nation,
Black-coats blow the Coals:
Whilst here in lasting Day,
Terry, terry, terry, terry, sings the Black-Bird,
Oh! what a World have they.

S O N G CCXIX. *Strike up, &c.*

S Strike up drowsie Gut-serapers;
 Gallants be ready,
 Each with his Lady;
 Foot it about,
 'Till the Night be run out,
 Let no on'es Humour pall:
 Brisk Lads now cut your Capers;
 Put your Legs to't,
 And shew you can do't;
 Frisk, frisk it away
 'Till Break of Day,
 And hey for *Richmond Ball!*
 Fortune-Biters,
 Hags, Bum-fighters,
 Nymphs of the Woods,
 And stale City Goods;
 Ye Cherubins,
 And Seraphins,
 Ye Caravans,
 And Haradans,
 In Order all advance:

Twickenham Loobies,
Thistleworth Boobies,
 Wits of the Town,
 And Beaus that have none;
 Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,
 Ye *Monsieurs*, and ye *Sooterkins*,
 I'll teach you all the Dance.

The D A N C E.

Cast off *Tom* behind *Johnny*,
 Do the same *Nanny*,
 Eyes are upon ye;
 Trip it between
 Little *Dickie* and *Jean*,
 And set in the Second Row:
 Then, cast back you must too,
 And up the first Row;
 Nimble thrust thro';
 Then, then turn about,
 To the left, or you're out,
 And meet with your Love below,
 Pass, then cross,
 Then *Jack's* pretty Lais,
 Then turn her about, about and about;
 And *Jack*, if you can do so too
 With *Betty*, whilst the time is true,
 We'll all your Ear commend:
 Still there's more
 To lead all four;
 Two by *Nancy* stand,
 And give her your Hand,
 Then cast her quickly down below,
 And meet her in the second Row;
 The Dance is at an end.

SONG CCXX. *Valiant Jockie, &c.*

V Aliant *Jockie's* march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave *Mackay*;
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To curie the Hour when I was born;
 But, I've sworn Ise follow too,
 And dearest *Jockie's* Fate pursue;
 Near him be to guard his precious Life,
 Never *Scot* had such a Loyal Wife:
 Sword Ise wear,
 Ise cut my Hair,
 Tann my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair;
 In Souldier's Weed,
 To him I'll speed,
 Never sick a Trooper cross'd the *Tweed*.
 Trumpet sound to Victory,
 Ise kill (my self) the next *Dundee*;
 Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,
 To do some glorious Deed by me:
 Great *Bellona*, take my part,
 Fame and Glory, charm my Heart;
 That for Love, and bonny *Scotland's* Good,
 Some brave Action may deserve my Blood.
 Nought shall appear,
 Of Female Fear,
 Fighting by his Side, I love so dear;
 All the North shall own,
 There ne'er was known
 Such a sprightly Lads, this thousand Year.

SONG CCXXI. *Great Alexander's, &c.*

G R E A T *Alexander's* Horse,
 Bucephalus by Name;
 That long has been enrolled
 Within the Books of Fame:

But Sir Credulous Easy's Mare,
 So far did him excel;
 She ne'er run for the Plate,
 But she bore away the Bell:
*With a Nighy, Wheeghy, Teopoop a,
 Full Caper and Career;
 All England cannot shew you
 Sick another Mare.*

And to Brentford she did come,
 And an Ale-house she did find;
 She could not pass it by,
 But she knew her Master's Mind:
 And as she called for a Pot,
 She wou'd be, wou'd be sure of twain;
 Which made her such a Sot
 She ne'er could run again.
With a Nighy, &c.

Since last I saw her Face,
 I heard Report is spread,
 With drinking in that Place,
 This bonny Mare is dead:
 And the last Words she did say,
 As she came down the Hill,
 Was ah! that Bowl had broke her Heart,
 And so she made her Will:
With a Nighy, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof she bequeath'd
 To some Religious Fool;
 Who after her untimely Death,
 Begs Pardon for her Soul:
 And her hinder Hoof with which
 She play'd full many a Trick;
 She gave to those curs'd Wives,
 That against their Husbands kick;
With a Nighy, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
 Her Master wept full sore;
 Because it was reported,
 He ne'er shou'd see her more:
 But that which comforted him
 For his departed Friend,
 Was after all his great Loss,
 She made so good an End:
With a Nighy, &c.

S O N G CCXXII. *Her Eyes, &c.*

HER Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white,
 Like Silk her flowing Hair:
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lilies white,
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.
 Her Breath's as sweet as Odours blown,
 By *Zephyrus* o'er the Vales;
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightingale's.
 Where'er she breathes, where'er she sings,
 How happy are the Groves,
 How blest! how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherd that she loves.
 With gentle Steps let's beat the Ground,
 In gladsome Couples join'd;
 For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.

S O N G CCXXIII. *There was, &c.*

TH E R E was a bonny Blade
 Had marry'd a Country Maid,
 And safely conducted her home, home, home;

She was neat in ev'ry Part,
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
And brisk as the *May*,
And as round and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb,
Plumb;

But still the silly Swain
Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb,
dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,
She could Sew and she could Make,
She could sweep the House with a Broom, Broom,
Broom,

She could wash and she could wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he went,
For to give himself Content,
And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum.

O! 'tis the easiest part
That belongs unto my Art,
For to make a Woman speak that is dumb,
dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor he did her bring,
And he cut her chatt'ring String,
And at Liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue,
her Tongue,

Her Tongue began to walk,
And she began to talk,
As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty she tries,
And she fill'd the House with Noise,
And she rattl'd in his Ears like a Drum, Drum,
Drum,

She bred a deal of Strife,
 Made him weary of his Life,
 He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

To the Doctor then he goes,
 And thus he vents his Woos,
 Oh! Doctor You've me undone, undone, undone;
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

When I did undertake,
 To make thy Wife to speak,
 It was a thing easily done, done, done;
 But 'tis past the Art of Man,
 Let him do whate'er he can,
 For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue,
 Tongue, Tongue.

SONG CCXXIV. *Tell me no, &c.*

TELL me no more of Flames in Love,
 That common dull Pretence,
 Fools in Romances use to move
 Soft Hearts of little Sense:
 No *Strephon*, I'm not such a Slave,
 Love's banish'd Pow'r to own;
 Since Interest and Convenience have
 So long usurp'd his Throne.

No burning Hope or cold Despair,
 Dull Groves or purling Streams,
 Sighing and talking to the Air
 In Love's fantastick Dreams,
 Can move my Pity or my Hate,
 But Satyrists I'll prove,
 And all ridiculous create
 That shall pretend to Love.

Love was a Monarch once, 'tis true,
 And God-like rul'd alone,
 And tho' his Subjects were but few,
 Their Hearts were all his own:
 But since the Slaves revolted are,
 And turn'd into a State,
 Their Int'rest is their only Care,
 And Love grows out of Date.

S O N G CCXXV. *Wealth, &c.*

Wealth breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear;
 What does Love our Business hear?
 While *Bacchus* merry does appear,
 Fight on and fear no sinking,
 Charge it briskly to the Brim,
 'Till the flying Top-sails swim,
 We owe the great Discovery to him
 Of this new World of Drinking.

Grave Cabals that States refine
 Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God o'th' Vine
 Make every great Commander.
 Let sober Sots small-beer subdue,
 The Wise and Valiant Wine does woe;
 The *Stagyrite* had the Honour to
 Be drunk with *Alexander*.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance
 A Health to the *English* King of France;
 On to the next a *bon Sperance*,
 By *Bacchus* and *Apollo*.
 Thus in State I lead the Van,
 Fall in your Place by your right-hand Man,
 Beat Drum! now March! Dub a dub, ran dan,
 He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

SONG CCXXVI. *Tho' Fortune, &c.*

TH O' Fortune and Love may be Deities
still,

To those they oblige by their Power;
For my Part, they ever have us'd me so ill,
They cannot expect I'll adore:

Hereafter a Temple to Friendship I'll raise,
And dedicate there all the rest of my Days,
To the Goddess accepted my Vows,
To the Goddess accepted my Vows.

Thou perfectest Image of all things Divine,
Bright Center of endless Desires,
May the Glory be yours, and the Service mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires.
I offer a Heart has Devotion so pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,
I find I'm too much in her Power;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
In absence of her I adore:
If Love then undoes me before I get back,
I still with Resignment receive the Attack,
Or languish away in Despair,
Or languish, &c.

SONG CCXXVII. *He himself, &c.*

HE himself courts his own Ruin,
That with too great Passion sues 'em:
When Men whine too much in Wooing,
Women will like Coquets use 'em:
Some by this way of addressing
Have the Sex so far transported,
That they'll fool away the Blessing
For the Pride of being Courtied:

Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 While some Blockhead buyes the Favour;
 Presents have more Power o'er 'em
 Than all our soft Love and Labour.
 Thus like Zealots, with screw'd Faces,
 We our fooling make the greater,
 While we cant long-winded Graces,
 Others they fall to the Creature.

SONG CCXXVIII. *Why so, &c.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover?
 Prithee, prithee, prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail?
 Why so dull and mure young Sinner?
 Prithee, prithee why so mute;
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing, nothing do't?
 Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
 This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot, take her;
 If of her self she will not love,
 Nothing can, nothing can make her,
 The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil
 take her.

SONG CCXXIX. *A Whig, &c.*

A Wig that's full,
 An empty Scull,
 A Box of *Burgamot*;
 A Hat ne'er made
 To fit his Head,
 No more than that to Plot.
 A Hand that's white,
 A Ring thar's right,
 A Sword, Knot, Patch and Feathers,
 A gracious Smile,
 And Grounds and Oil,
 Do very well together.

A Smatch of French,
 And none of Scale,
 All-conquering Arts and Graces,
 A Tune that thalls,
 A Leer that kills,
 Stolen Flights and borrow'd Phrases,
 A Chariot Gilt,
 To wait on Jilt,
 An awkward Pace and Carriage,
 A Foreign Tower,
 Domestick Whore,
 And Mercenary Marriage,
 A Limber Ham,
 Gilded M'am,
 A Smock-Face, tho' a Mann'd one;
 A Peaceful Sword,
 Not one wise Word,
 But State and Prate at random,
 Duns, Basters, Claps,
 And Am'rous Scraps
 Of Calia and Amandis;
 Toss up a Bean,
 That Grand Ragon,
 That Hodge-Podge for the Ladies.

SONG CCXXX. *The bonny Church Bells.*

SEE how fair and fine she lies
 Upon her Bridal Bed;
 No Lady at the Court,
 So fit for the Sport,
 Oh she look'd so curiously White and Red:
 After the first and second time,
 The weary Bridegroom slacks his Pace;
 But Oh! she cries, come, come my Joy,
 And cling thy Check close to my Face:

Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
 Whilst Time and Touch they keep;
 Then with a Kiss
 They end their Bliss,
 And so fall fast asleep.

SONG CCXXXI. *Belinda's, &c.*

Belinda's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,
 Does my happy, happy, happy Fancy
 charm:
 Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging,
 most obliging;
 Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,
 Oh! oh! how she does my Soul alarm:
 There is such Magick in her Eyes,
 Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
 Does my wond'ring Heart surprize:
 Her prinking, nipping, twinkling, prinking,
 Whilst I'm courting, for transporting,
 How like an Angel she panting lies, she pant-
 ing lies.

SONG CCXXII. *Happy the, &c.*

Happy the Time when free from Love,
 I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
 I minded not the Great One's Fall,
 Nor whom Ambition did enthrall,
 I minded not, &c.
 My only Care was how to keep
 From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
 But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
 None could my Heart from Love pre-
 vent.
 There is not one upon these Plains,
 That loves like me of all the Swains.

But I have learn'd now to my Cost,
That who Love's best must suffer most.
But I have, &c.

SONG CCXXXIII. *Fye Amarillis, &c.*

FYE, *Amarillis*, cease to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye cease, cease to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye, cease, cease to grieve,
For him thou never canst retrieve;
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee,
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, scorn the Wretch,
Scorn the Wretch, that Love denies thee,
Scorn the Wretch, scorn the Wretch,
That Love, that Love denies thee.

Call Pride to thy aid, and be not afraid,
Of meeting a Swain that is kind;
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
At least, at least a more generous Mind.
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
At least a more generous Mind.

SONG CCXXXIV. *Cælia, that, &c.*

CÆLIA, that I once was blest,
Is now the Torment of my Breast:
Since to cure me,
You bereave me
Of the Pleasure I possess:
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
First to Love, and then to leave me;
Cruel Creature to deceive me, &c.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the Want;
But possessing
Once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaints

Once possessing is but tasting;
 'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.
 But I have, &c.

Calia, now is mine no more,
 But I'm here, and must adore;

Not to leave her,

Will endeavour
 Charms that Captiv'd me before:

No Unkindness can dissolve

Love that's true is Love for ever.

SONG CCXXXV. Three merry Lads.

THREE merry Lads met at the Rose,
 To speak in the Praises of the Nose;

The Nose that stands in the Middle place,

Sets out the Beauty of the Face.

The Nose with which we have begun,

Will serve to make our Verses run;

Invention often barren grows,

Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose his End's so high a Prize,

That Men prefer't before their Eyes;

And no Man takes him for his Friend,

That boldly takes his Nose by th' end.

The Nose that like Euripus flows,

The Sea that did the wise Man pose;

Invention often barren grows,

Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose is of as many kinds,

As Mariners can reckon Winds;

The long, the short, the Nose display,

The great Nose which did strike the Maid;

The Nose through which the Brother-hood,

Do partly for their Sisters Good.

Invention often barren grows,

Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Flat, the Sharp, the Roman Snout;

The Hawk's Nose, curled round about;

The Crooked Nose that stands awry,
 The Ruby Nose of Scarlet Dye:
 The *Brazen Nose* without a Face,
 That doth the *Learned College* grace.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The long Nose when the Teeth appear,
 Shews what's a Clock, if Day be clear;
 The broad Nose stands in Buckler's Place,
 And takes the Blows from all the Face:
 The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
 Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The short Nose is the Lover's Bliss,
 Because it hinders not a Kiss;
 The tooting Nose, O monstrous thing!
 That's he that did the Bottle bring:
 And he that brought the Bottle hither,
 Will drink (O Monstrous!) out of Measure.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Fiery Nose in Lanthorn stead,
 May light his Master home to Bed;
 And whosoe'er this Treasure owes,
 Grows poor in Purse, tho' rich in Nose:
 The *Brazen Nose* that's o'er the Gate,
 Maintains full many a *Latin Pate*.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
 And think it is more than enough;
 We answer them, we did not fear,
 Nor think such Noses had been here:

But if there be, we need not care,
A Nose of Wax our Statutes are.
*Invention now is barren grown,
The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.*

SONG CCXXXVI. *Still I'm, &c.*

STILL I'm wishing, still desiring,
Still she's giving, I requiring;
Yet each Gift I think too small,
Still the more I am presented,
Still the less I am contented;
Tho' she vows she has given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more?
Has she lavish'd all her Store?
Must my Hopes to Nothing fall?
Oh you know not half your Treasure;
Give me more, give over Measure,
Yet you can never, never give me all.

SONG CCXXXVII. *The Fire, &c.*

THE Fire of Love in Youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in Brush Wood,
But for a Moment burns:
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise,
It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
And soon it self, it self destroys,
And soon it self, it self destroys,
But when crept into Aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a sullen Heat,
Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long,
And tho' the Flame be not so great,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,

SONG CCXXXVIII. *One Sunday, &c.*

ONE Sunday after Mass, Dormet and his
Lafe,

To the Green Wood did pass,

All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone;
He ask'd for one Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue,
And struck him with her Brogue,

Oh bone! Oh bone! Oh bone!

Said he, my dear Joy, why will you be Coy,
Let us Play, let us Toy,

All alone, all alone, all alone;
If I were too Mild, you are so very Wild,
You will get me with Shild,

Oh bone! Oh bone! Oh bone!

He brib'd her with Sloes, and brib'd her with
Nuts,

Then a Thorn prick'd her Foot,

Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu;

Let me pull it out, You'll hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to shout,

Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu

SONG CCXXXIX. *Bless Mortals, &c.*

Bless Mortals, bless the clearing Light,

That flows from *Calia's* Byes,

For never did a Star so bright

In Beauty's Heav'n rise:

And whilst a Crown's uneasy Weight,

And all the mighty Toils of State,

She softens with her Charms,

Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her
Arms.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,

And oft his Joys renew;

And yet how few in Kings approve,

What they themselves pursue.

The murmur'ing Crowd themselves afford
 The pleasures they deny their Lord,
 Tho' Love is Empire's Dower,
 To recompence the Slavery of Power.

SONG CCXL. *Young Phaon, &c.*

Young Phaon strove the Bliss to taste,
 But Sappho still deny'd;
 She struggl'd long, the Youth at last
 Lay panting by her side.
 Useless he lay, Love would not wait,
 Till they could both agree,
 They idly languish'd in Debate,
 When they should Active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
 And then there fell a Tear:
 I'll in my Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that Age cou'd Love's Rites perform,
 We make Old Men obey;
 They court us long, Youth does but storm,
 And plunder and away.

SONG CCXLI. *As fair Olinda, &c.*

As fair Olinda sitting was
 Beneath a shady Tree;
 Much Love I did profess to her,
 And she the like to me:
 But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,
 And prest her to be kind:
 She cry'd, Oh no, but I remember,
 Womens Words are Wind.

I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,
 Then farther did intrude;
 She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
 And told me I was rude:

I begg'd her pardon Twenty times,
 And some Concern did feign;
 But like a bold presumptuous Sinner,
 Did the like again.

At last I did by Dalliance raise,
 The pretty Nymph's desire;
 Our Inclinations equal were,
 And mutual was our Fire:
 Then in the height of Joy she cry'd,
 Oh! I'm undone I fear;
 Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
 Kill me, kill me quite my dear.

SONG CCXLII. *Tho' the Pride, &c.*

TH O' the Pride of my Passion fair *Sylvia*
 betrays,
 And frowns at the Love I impart;
 Tho' kindly her Eyes twist numerous Rays,
 To tie a poor fortunate Heart:
 Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my
 Pain,
 His Heart is too tender, too tender, that's struck
 with Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with Delight while I gaze;
 And he that loves on, tho' *Sylvia* denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys:
 I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
 Than the Force, the Force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

SONG CCXLIII. *Blandusia! &c.*

B *Landusia*! Nymph of this fair Spring,
 Appear, while we your Vertues sing;
 While swelling Notes do raise your Name,
 And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging stand,
 Now gentle wave your Sacred Wand,
 And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,
 And let your healing Waters flow.

They cure the thinking Matron's Spleen,
 The longing Virgin's sickly Green;
 Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
 And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em purest Air,
 Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky:
 That spacious Valley yield the Fair,
 Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
 Delicious Villa's sweetest Groves;
 Each thing in full Maturity,
 Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With what Varieties the bright,
 The noble *Thames* regales the Sight!
 over'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
 The Sweets of *Zephyr's* laden Wings.

His gliding by *Elysian* Fields,
 In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields;
 And those so near fair watry Plains,
 Where ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs I've seen with pleasing Pain,
 A long and bloody Fight maintain;
 Ruffled and under Sail like *Jove*,
 Stemming the stronger Tide of Love.

SONG CCXLIV. *To all young, &c.*

TO all young Men that love to Woo,
 To Kifs and Dance, and Tumble too;
 Draw near and Counsel take of me,
 Your faithful Pilot I will be:

Kiss who you please, *Joan, Kate, or Mary,*
 But still this Counsel with you carry,
 Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
 Knows not how to value thee;
 She hath no am'rous Passion, but
 What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut*.
 To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, to Cover,
 She'll suffer thee, or any other
 Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
 In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown;
 About her Neck a valued Prize,
 A Necklace made of Whittings Eyes;
 With Lilt for Garters 'bove her Knee,
 And Bruath that smells of Fermity
 's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a Care,
 For if they catch you in their Snare;
 You must as daily Labourers do,
 Be still a shoving with your Plow,
 If any rest you do require,
 They then deceive you of your Hire,
 And retire.

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
 Are scarcely worth your throwing down!
 For when you have possession got
 Of *Venus'* Mark, or Honey-pot:
 There's such a stir with marry me,
 That one would half forswear to see
 Any she.

If that thy Fancy do desire
 A glorious out-side, rich Attire;
 Come to the Court, and there you'll find
 Enough of such to please your Mind:
 But if you get too near their Lap,
 You're sure to meet with the Mishap,
 Call'd a Clap.

With greasy painted Faces drest,
 With butter'd Hair, and focus'd Breast;
 Tongues with Dissimulation tipt,
 Lips which a Million have them sipp'd :
 There's nothing got by such as these,
 But Achs in Shoulders, Pains in Knees
 For your Feet.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be
 Concern'd in Woman's Company,
 Make it the Study of thy Life,
 To find a rich, young, handsome Wife:
 That can with much Discretion be
 Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,

Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
 Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss;
 And in th' Embraces of her Waist
 A Million more of Pleasures taste:
 Who e'er would Marry that could be
 Blest with such Opportunity?

Never me.

SONG CCXLV. *Singing charms, &c.*

Singing charms the Blest above;
 Angels sing, and Saints approve;
 All we below of Heav'n can know,
 Is that they both sing and Love.

Mira hath an Angel's Air;
 Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair.

Vassals and Kings

Feel when she sings

Charms of warbling Beauty near.

Savage Nature conquer'd lyes,

All is Wonder and Surprise;

Souls expiring,

Hearts a firing

By her charming Notes and Eye.

K

Let the Viol and the Harp
 Hang and moulder till they warp;
 Let Flute and Lyre
 In Dust expire,
 Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.

SONG CCXLVI. *Pretty Armida, &c.*

Pretty *Armida* will be kind,
 When at her Feet you prostrate lie;
 No cruel Look was e'er design'd,
 To dwell within her charming Eye:
 Gaze on her Face, and every Part,
 That is expos'd to your View;
 You'll presently conclude her Heart
 To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
 You may not think that without Pain;
 And some Attendance on her Will,
 So rich a Prize you shall obtain:
 Wooers like Angling-men, must wait
 Womens Time, and give them play,
 'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
 Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
 And you read Yielding in her Eyes;
 Yet you alas! may quickly find,
 Those Charms do nought but tantalize:
 Her Heart may not so easy be
 As you imagine, but may prove
 As hard as Adamant to thee,
 And Proof against the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
 Make Trial of, Sir, if you please;
 Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
 And beg of her Relief and Ease:

But she'll not hear you, for she spies,
That underneath your gilded Bait
A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
So from your Angle she'll retreat.

SONG CCXLVII. *Man, (Man, &c.*

MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman
made,

And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter's to be sway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

Be she Widow, Wife or Maid,
Be she wanton, be she stay'd,
Be she well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

SONG CCXLVIII. *Take not a, &c.*

TAKE not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your Comfort still,
This be your Comfort still,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' she that's foolish does deny,
She, she that is Wiser will comply,

And if 'tis but a Woman, what care I,
 What care I, what care I,
 If 'tis but a Woman what care I,

Then who'd be damn'd, to swear untrue,
 And Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Woos;
 As all our simple Coxcombs do;
 All Women love it, and tho' this
 Does suddenly forbid the Bliss,
 Try but the next you cannot miss.

SONG CCXLIX. *Since there's, &c.*

SINCE there's so small Difference 'twixt
 drowning and drinking,
 We'll tittle and pray too, like Mariners sink-
 ing;

Whilst they drink Salt-Water, we'll pledge 'em
 in Wine,

And pay our Devotion at *Bacchus's Shrine*:

*Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
 And plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.*

From cens'ring the State, and what passes above,
 From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-suits and
 Love;

From meddling with Swords, and such dangerous
 things,

And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings:

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,
 Or ending a Journey with Loss of much Leather,
 From the Folly of dying for Grief or Despair,
 With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the
 Air;

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From a Usurer's Gripe, and from every Man,
 That boldly pretends to do more than he can;

From the Scolding of Women, and Bite of mad
Dogs,

And Wandering over wild *Irish* Boggs.

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From Hunger and Thirst, empty Bottles and
Glasses,

From those whose Religion consists in Grimaces;

From e'er being cheated by Female Decoys,

From humouring old Men, and reasoning with
Boys:

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome Insects and Flies,

That thinkt themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise;

From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,

As long as a *Ratisbon* Consultation.

Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,

And plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.

SONG CCL. *Sir Eglamore, &c.*

SIR *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight,

Fa la, lanky down dilly;

He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,

Fa la, lanky down dilly:

And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,

All armed with a Coat of Mail,

Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly,

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,

That had slain God knows how many Men;

But when she saw Sir *Eglamore*,

Oh that you had but heard her Roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,

Horse did tremble, Man did quake;

The Birds betook them all to peeping,

Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
 For now they fall to't, fight Dog, fight Bear,
 And, to't they go, and soundly fight,
 A live-long Day, from Morn to Night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
 That cou'd the sharpest Steel abide:
 No Sword cou'd enter her with Cuts,
 Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,
 He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
 For as a Yawning she did fall,
 He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly
 Unto her Den, which was hard by;
 And there she lay all Night and roar'd,
 The Knight was sorry for his Sword:
 But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
 He that will fetch it, let him take it.

SONG CCLI. *If you will, &c.*

IF you will be still,
 Then tell you I will
 Of a fusty old Gill,
 That dwells under a Hill:
 She is a right Sage,
 Well worn with Age,
 And a Visage will swage
 A stout Man's Courage.

She has a beetle Brow,
 Deep Furrows cnow,
 She's ey'd like a Sow,
 Flat-nos'd like a Cow:
 She has a devilish Grin,
 Long Hair on her Chin,
 She's nearly a-kin
 To the foul footed Fiend.

Teeth yellow as Box,
 Half out with the Pox,
 Her Breath sweet as Socks,
 Or the Scent of a Fox:
 Lips swarthy and dun,
 With a Mouth like a Gun,
 And her Twattle does run
 As swift as the Sun.

Hair lousie with Nits,
 She stinks i'th' Arm-pits,
 She still hanks and spits:
 And hems up great Bitts:
 She has long unpar'd Nails,
 Hands cover'd with Scalps,
 She's still full of Ails,
 And to stink never fails.

Her Back has a Hill,
 You may plant a Wind-mill,
 And the Farts of this Gill
 Would the Sails well trill;
 I've taken my fill,
 Of the fusty old Gill,
 Which she took so ill,
 That I laid down my Quill.

SONG CCLII. *Go tell Amintor, &c.*

GO tell *Amintor*, gentle Swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain;
 Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
 Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
 For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
 The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief;
 That Musick should in Sounds convey
 What dying Lovers dare not say.
 A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
 But Love and Pity cannot live;

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid:
 Tell her my Pains so fast encrease,
 That soon they will be past Redress:
 For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

SONG CCLIII. *Fancelia's Heart, &c.*

F *Ancelia's Heart* is still the same,
 Hard and cold as Winter's Morning,
 Tho' my Love is ever burning;
 Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love,
 All the Groves and Streams can name her;
 All the Nymphs and Echo's blame her,
 If she keeps her cruel Fashion,
 Nought but Death can ease my Passion:

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
 All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
 All the Looks with which I languish;
 Moves not her to any Feeling,
 Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

SONG CCLIV. *All my past, &c.*

A *LL* my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone,
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in Store,
 By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that as fast as it is got,
Fbills is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts and broken Vows;
 If I by Miracle can be
 This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
 It's all that Heav'n allows.

SONG CCLV. *When I see, &c.*

WHEN I see my *Strephon* languish,
 With *Lucinda's* Charms oppress;
 When I see his Pain and Anguish,
 Pity moves my tender Breast:
 Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from Loving?
Sighs so soft, &c.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale:
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
 There's not a Nymph that wou'd not chuse him,
 Why should I alone refuse him?
There's not, &c.

SONG CCLVI. *In vain she, &c.*

IN vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 The Darts of her disdainful Eyes;
 She still is charming, still is fair,
 And must love, tho' I despair:
 Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain,
 Who would not die, to be so sweetly slain!
 Like those who Magick-Spells employ,
 At distance wound and those destroy:
 She kills with her severe Disdain,
 And absent I endure the Pain:
 But spare, O spare your cruel Art! the fatal Dart
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

SONG CCLVII. Loxo Journal for

L Ovely, Loxo, I blame not me,
 If on your beautiful Looks I gaze;
 How can I help it, when I see
 Something so charming in your Face!
 That like a bright enclouded Sky,
 When in the Air the Sun-beams play,
 It ravishes my wandering Eye,
 And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

SONG CCLVIII. Dermot 1007, &c.

D ERMOT lov'd Sheela well, and strove her
 Heart to gain,
 No mortal Tongue can tell Dermot's great Pain;
 And still he cry'd Sheela gra, Sheela joy, Sheela
 joy,
 Still he cry'd Sheela joy, will thou be mine?
 I have Six Sheep my Joy, Ten Goats and Twen-
 ty Swine,
 All dees I'll give to dees if don't be mine,
 And still he cry'd Sheela gra, Sheela joy, Sheela
 joy,
 Still he cry'd Sheela joy, will thou be mine?
 I have Potatoes, and good honny Clabber too;
 Ruscum and Cream, joy, wherewith you may
 flabber you,
 Arra take me den, Sheela joy, Sheela joy, Sheela
 joy,
 Take me then, Sheela joy, and make me thine.
 Arra speak to me, Sheela joy, what makes thy
 Mouth so,
 If you will be wid me, I squeeze my Great
 Thumbs; Bumb,
 Arra squeeze in dear Sheela joy, Sheela joy, Sheela
 joy,
 Squeeze is hard Sheela gra, will the Blood come,
 &c.

SONG CCLIX. *Poor Cleonice, &c.*

P OOR *Cleonice* thy Garlands tear
 From off thy Widow'd Brow;
 And bind thy loose dishevell'd Hair
 With Yew and Cypress now;
 And since the Gods decreed his Years
 Shou'd have so short a Date;
 Let thy sad Eyes pay Seas of Tears
 In Tribute to his Fate.
 The Trees a duller Green have worn
 Since that dear Swain is gone;
 The tender Flocks their Pasture mourn,
 And bleat a sadder Moan;
 The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
 To happy Mansions fly;
 And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
 Now seem to bid me dye.

SONG CCLX. *Spare, mighty, &c.*

S PARE, mighty Love, O spare a Slave,
 That at thy Feet for Mercy lyes;
 What would thy cruel Godhead have,
 See how he bleeds, see how he dyes!
 Upon a noble Conquest go,
 And for thy Glory and my Peace,
 O make the scornful *Calia* know
 The Pains she now regardless fees.
 O make, &c.
 Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears,
 And sobely poison so each Dart;
 That spite of all those Arms she wears,
 The Point at last may reach her Heart;
 Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear,
 And make our Fortunes so agree,
 That I may find that Cure from her,
 Which she may need as much from me.
 That I may, &c.

SONG CCLXI. *If ever you, &c.*

IF ever you mean to be kind,
 To give the Favour, the Favour allow;
 For fear that to-morrow should alter my Mind,
 Oh! let me now, now, now,
 If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
 And swear by this kind Embrace,
 That another to-morrow, as you hope to live,
 Oh! then I will break unhack;
 For why should we two disagree,
 Since we have, we have Opportunity?

SONG CCLXII. *Since Celis, &c.*

SINCE Celis only has the Art,
 And only she can captivate
 And wanton in my Breast;
 All other Pleasures I despise,
 Than what are from my Celis's Eyes,
 In her alone I'm blest.
 Where'er she smiles, new Life she gives,
 And happy, happy who receives
 From her Enchanting Breath;
 Then prithee Celis, smile once more,
 Since I no longer must adore,
 For when you frown, tis Death.

SONG CCLXIII. *Chloe found, &c.*

CHLOE found Love for an Psyche in Tears,
 She play'd with his Dart, and smil'd at his
 Fears;
 'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,
 Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps.
 'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,
 Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps.
 Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps.

SONG CCLXIV. *Comedie, Sec.*

COME, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain;

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,

To revive us on the Plain,

To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the
Plain,

Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,

Galatea leaves the Main,

To revive us on the Plain,

To revive us on the Plain,

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain

SONG CCLXV. *If I hear, Sec.*

IF I hear Orinda Swear,

She cures my Jealous Smart,

If I hear Orinda Swear,

She cures my Jealous Smart;

The Treachery becomes the Fair,

And doubly Fires my Heart;

The Treachery becomes the Fair,

And doubly Fires my Heart.

Beauty's Strength and Treasure

In Falshood still remain;

She gives the greatest Pleasure,

That gives the greatest Pain,

That gives the greatest Pain,

She gives the greatest Pleasure,

She gives the greatest Pleasure,

That gives the greatest Pain,

She gives the greatest Pleasure,

She gives the greatest Pleasure,

That gives the greatest Pain,

That gives the greatest Pain,

SONG CCLXVI. *Some brag of, &c.*

SOME brag of their Chlores, and some of
their Phillis,

Some try up their Celia, and bright Anayllis,

Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,

And Goddesses fram'd from the Wash-bowl and
Tub;

But away with these Fictions, and counterfeit
Folly:

There's a thousand more Charms in the Name
of my Dolly.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
Like Manna to each she's a relishing Bit;
She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail,
And still with fresh Pleasures does hoist up your
Sail:

Nay, had you a Surfeit but took of all others,
One Look from my Dolly your Stomach recovers.

SONG CCLXVII. *Ob! how, &c.*

OH! how you protest and solemnly swear,
Look humble, and fawn like an Ass;

I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see

A Lover that's brought to this pass,

Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear,

I vow I will never, will never, will never yield
to't;

You ask me in vain, for never I swear,

I never, no never, I never, no never,

I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,

No more of the Lover remains,

In haste you depart, whate'er we can do,

And stubbornly throw off your Chains;

Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,

I vow I will never yield to't;

Your promise is vain, in vain you adore,

For I will never, no never do more.

SONG CCLXVIII. *Hark! hear, &c.*

HARK! now the Drums beat up again;
For all the Soldiers Gentlemen

Then let us list, and march, I say,

Over the Hills and far away;

Over the Hills and o'er the Main,

To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,

Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,

Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,

To serve the Queen that's good and kind,

Come list and enter into Pay,

Then o'er the Hills and far away;

Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,

For those that Volunteers do come,

With Shirts, and Cloaths, and present Pay,

When o'er the Hills and far away;

Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go,

Or else we shall be prest, you know,

Then list and enter into Pay,

And o'er the Hills and far away;

Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,

To find such brisk young Fellows out,

Then let's be Volunteers, I say,

Over the Hills and far away;

Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French so low are brought,

And Wealth and Honour to be got,

Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay?
 When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

No more from Sound of Drum retreat,
 While Marlborough and Gallway beat
 The French and Spaniards every Day,
 When over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go to fight,
 Will never get true Honour by't,
 While Volunteers shall win the Day,
 When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,
 We all with Honour shall return;
 And then we'll sing both Night and Day,
 Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Prentice Tom he may refuse
 To wipe his angry Master's Shoes;
 For then he's free to sing and play,
 Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,
 We all shall live as great as Kings,
 And Plunder get both Night and Day,
 When over the Hills and far away,
Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
 By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
 That scold and cry both Night and Day,
 When o'er the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then, Boys, and you shall see,
 We every one shall Captains be,

To Whore and rant as well as they,
When over the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills, &c.

SONG CCLXIX. *Jilting is in, &c.*

Jilting is in such a Fashion,
And such a Fame
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame
Of highest Rank, or of Name,
Sir, but will stoop to your Careless,
If you do but put home your Addresses:
It's for that she Paints, and she Patches,
All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.

But when you find the Love-fit comes upon her,
Never trust much to her Honour:
Tho' she may very high stand on't,
Yet when her Love is Ascendant,
Her Vertue's quite out of Doors:
High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lazy Lives leading,
In Ease and soft Pleasures,
And taking loose Measures,
With Play-house Diversions,
And Midnight Excursions,
With Balls Masquerading,
And Nights Serenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.

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SONG CCLXX

Farewel, ungrateful Tassie,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain:

Let never injur'd Creature

Believe a Man again:

The Pleasure of possessing

Surpasses all expressing,

But Joy's too short a Blessing,

And Love too long a Pain:

But Joy's too long a Blessing,

And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us,

In pity of your Pain:

But when we love, you leave us

To rail at you in vain:

Before we have deserv'd it,

There is no Bliss beside it:

But she that once has try'd it,

Will never love again.

The Passion you pretended,

Was only to obtain:

But when the Charm is ended,

The Charmer you disdain:

Your Love by ours we measure,

'Till we have lost our Treasure:

But dying is a Pleasure,

When living is a Pain.

SONG CCLXXI

You'll love by all that's true, &c.

More than all things here below:

With a Passion far more great,

Than e'er a Creature loved yet:

And yet still you cry forbear,

Love no more, or Love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
 Bid the Old be Young again,
 Bid the *Nun* not think of Man:
Sylvia thus when you can do,
 Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate;
 What makes me Love, that makes you Hater
Sylvia you do what you will,
 Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill:
 Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
 Love I must, and none but you.

SONG CCLXXII. *Let's be, &c.*

LET's be merry, blith and jolly,
 Stupid Dulness is a Folly;
 'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
 Hark, the chirping Birds delight us:
 Let us dance and raise our Voices,
 Every Creature now rejoices;
 Airy Blasts and springing Flowers,
 Verdant Coverings, pleasant Showers:
 Each plays his Part to compleat this our Joy,
 And can we be so dull as to deny?
 Here's no foolish surly Lover,
 That his Passion will discover;
 No conceited foppish Creature,
 That is proud of Cloaths or Features:
 All things here serene and free are,
 They're not Wise, are not as we are,
 Who acknowledge Heaven's Blessings
 In our innocent Caressings:
 Then let us Sing, let us Dance, let us Play,
 'Tis the Time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of
May.

SONG CCLXXIII. No. Phillis, &c.

NO, Phillis, tho' you've all the Charms
 Ambitious Woman can desire;
 All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
 Or sets our foolish Hearts on fire:
 Yet you may practise all your Arts,
 In vain to make a Slave of me;
 You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
 Revolted from your Tyranny:
*You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
 Revolted from your Tyranny.*

When first I saw these dang'rous Eyes,
 They did my Liberty betray;
 But when I knew your Cruelties,
 I snatch'd my simple Heart away:
 Now I defy your Smiles to win
 My resolute Heart, no Pow'r th'ave got:
 Tho' once I suck'd their Poison in,
 Your Rigour prov'd an Antidote.

SONG CCLXXIV. *As unconcern'd, &c.*

AS unconcern'd and free as Air,
 I did retain my Liberty;
 Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,
 And scorn'd a beauteous Slave to be:
 'Till your bright Eyes surpriz'd my Heart,
 And first inform'd me how to Love;
 Then Pleasure did invade each Part,
 Yet to conceal my Flame I strove.

As Indians at a distance pay
 Their awful Reverence to the Sun;
 And dare not 'till he'll bless the Day,
 Seem to have any thing begun:
 Thus I rest, 'till your Smiles invite,
 My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;
 And tremble to express Delight,
 Unless you please to ease my Pain.

SONG CCLXXV. *Carle and the King, come*

When we meet again, Phely, Wit,
 When we meet again, Phely, Wit,
 Raptures will reward our Pain,
 And Loss result in Gain, Phely,

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
 O Despair our Thoughts were giv'n,
 Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant Groves,
 Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,
 Suffering best our Virtue proves,
 And will enhance our Loves, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a Surprise,
 Till its happy Hour arise,
 Temper well your love-sick Sighs,
 For Hope becomes the wife, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely,

Raptures will reward our Pain,

And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

SONG CCLXXVI. *Black-eyed Susan*

YE Pow'rs ! was Damon then so blest,
 To fall to charming Delia's Share,
 Delia, the beauteous Maid, possesst
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair,
 Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
 I ask no more, for all my Wish is given.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd,
 She smil'd, and show'd the happy Name,
 With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
 I felt and blest the new-born Flame.

May softest Pleasures ceaseless round her move
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love

She drew the Treasure from her Breast
That Breast where Love and Graces play
O Name beyond Expression blest
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd! the Thought is Envy
Who would not wish in Paradise to lye

SONG CCLXXVII. *Hallow Br.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy Brow;
Thar beauteous Heart's in white ferre?
Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow?
Or what this Guff of Passion mean?
And must then Mankind lose that Light,
Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
And lye obscur'd in endless Night
For each poor silly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame
Thy Beauty can make large Amends;
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms to upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For Venus every Heart's ensnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
And Pallas with unusual Care
Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace;
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who must not resign the Field
To thee, celestial Maid, secure
With Cupid's Bow and Pallas' Shield?

If then so thee such Pow'r is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live,

But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
 Since we must sin, ere it forgive,
 Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But even itself, appear'd, bestows
 As the Reward of Penitence.

SONG CCLXXVIII. *A Pedlar, &c.*

A Pedlar proud, as I heard tell,
 He came into a Town :
 With certain Wares he had to sell,
 Which he cry'd up and down :
 At first of all he did begin
 With Ribbons, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
 Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Fillerings,
Maids any Cunny-skins.

I have of your fine perfum'd Gloves,
 And made of the best Doe-skin ;
 Such as young Men do give their Loves,
 When they their Favour win :
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,
 As ever you did behold ;
 And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,
 That are lac'd round with Gold :
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

Good Fellow, says one, and smiling sat,
 Your Measure does somewhat pinch ;
 Beside you measure at that rate,
 It wants above an Inch ;
 And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen
 And vow'd and did protest ;

Unless he'd shew it her once again,
 She never shou'd be at rest:
 With that he shew'd her her his prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

With that the Pedlar began to huff,
 And said his Measure was good,
 If that she pleased to try his Stuff,
 And take it whilst it stood:
 And then he gave her a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

Good Fellow, said she, when you come again,
 Pray bring good store of your Ware;
 And for new Customers do not sing,
 For I'll take all and to spare:
 With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing
*Than Ribbons, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
 Gartering, Girdling, Tapes, or Filleting,
 Maids and Gypsy skins.*

SONG CCLXXIX. Augustus, &c.

Augustus crown'd with Majesty,
 His weighty Cares removing;
 Beheld this World, but nought could spy,
 Worth Royal Thought, but Loving:
 A Synod of the Gods appear,
 And vote their Sacred Sense:
 That none but the divinest Fair
 Should bless the greatest Prince.
Sophrone their Command obeys,
Sophrone their chief Blessing;
 With dove-like Innocence, her Face
 Was sweet beyond expressing:
 A Time commanding Beauty must,
 While the World lasts, be fine;
 And when the World is shook to Dust,
 The Sun will cease to shine.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord
Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
I'd be a Miser too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive:
Oh Smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On these cold Looks that lifeless Air;
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid!
To Life can bring the silent Shade:
Thou can'st surpass the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

SONG CCLXXX. *Pain'd with, &c.*

Pain'd with her slighting *Jamie's* Love,
Bell dropt a Tear — Bell dropt a Tear,
The Gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear — Well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the Praises of the Youth
From her own Tongue — from her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus she sung — and thus she sung.

Blest Days when our ingenious Sex,
More frank and kind — more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adversers vex,
But spoke their Mind — but spoke their Mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd false,
Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn — or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee deserving Swain,
Yet still thought shame, — yet still thought
shame,

When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame — to own my Flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy — and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now alas ! lament
 My slighted Joy — my slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire — own your Desire,
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing
 Fans up the Fire — fans up the Fire.
 O do not with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design — or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain — but answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes — with flowing Eyes.
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,
 With sweet Surprise — with sweet Surprise.
 Some God had led him to the Grove;
 His Mind unchang'd — his Mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,
 I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd!

S O N G CCLXXXI. *As from a, &c.*

A S from a Rock past all Relief,
 The shipwreckt *Colin* spying
 His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
 Half sunk in Waves, and dying:
 With the next Morning Sun he spies
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise:
 New Life springs up, he lift his Eyes
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mow'd,
 To be for ever parted:

Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
 found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 Vertue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying;
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying:
 I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose;
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
 Doating on a proud Beauty:
 Such was my Case for many a Year,
 Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
 False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

SONG CCLXXXII. *Tho' for, &c.*

J O N N Y.

TH O' for seven Years and more, Honour
 shou'd reave me,
 To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need not
 grieve thee:

For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented;
 And Love shall preserve ay what Love has im-
 printed.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the World as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O *Jonny*! I'm jealous when'er ye discover
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover;

And nought i' the World had vex my Heart
 fairer, ^{and more} ^{pleasing} ^{to my}
 If you prove unconform, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 Grieve me, grieve me, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 A' the lang Night and Day, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}

My Nelly, let never ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly ^{and} ^{my}
 Your blooming soft Beauties, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 Fire, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 Your Vertue and Wit make it ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the World as it will, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye
 To think me your Mistress, for Love gave me
 trow ye, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 And gin ye prove false, to ye'll be it said
 then, ^{and} ^{my} ^{and} ^{my}
 Ye'll win but some Honour to win a kind
 Maiden.

Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it will reave me
 Of my rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Study,
 And fair Simmer Mornings see may appear me
 dy:

Bid Britons think no gate and when they obey ye
 But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The Stars shall gang Witherings ere I deceive
 thee.

SONG CCLXXIII. My Derry, &c.

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
 My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
 Thy Love's so true to me
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My Deaty, if thou die.
 If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
 How shall I lonely stray
 In deasy Dreams the Night I'll waste,
 In Sighs the silent Day,
 I ne'er can so much Vertue find,
 Nor such Perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
 With Cupid's raving Rage,
 But thine which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage.
 'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
 Gave Joy and Life to me;
 And when it's destin'd Day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on vertuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who it's faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Pair.
 Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those Arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

SONG CCLXXXIV. Sweet Sir, &c.

Sweet Sir, for your Courtisie,
 When ye come by the Bass then,
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a Keeking-glass then.
 Keek into thee Draw-well,
 Janet, Janet;

*And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Jo Janet.*

*Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
What if I shou'd fa'in,
Syne a' my Kin will say and swear,
I drown'd my self for Sin.
Had the better be the Brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.*

*Good Sir, for your Courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gaen ye haff a Year,
My Jo Janet.*

*But what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be taunking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' thir Faunts will no be seen,
My Jo Janet.*

*Kind Sir, for your Courtesy,
When ye gae to the Cross then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Pacing Horse then.
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel.
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
My Jo Janet.*

*My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The Rock o't winna stand, Sir,*

To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
Make the beft o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.

SONG CCLXXXV. John Anderson.

WHAT means this Niceness now of late,
 Since Time that Truth does prove?
 Such Distance may consist with State,
 But never will with Love.
 'Tis either Cunning or Disdain
 That does such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last is vain:
 May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your Part;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not ha' that Art:
 For if you chance a Look to cast,
 That seems to be a Frown,
 I'll give you all the Love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

SONG CCLXXXVI. *Come kifs, &c.*

P E G G Y.

M^V *Jockie* blyth for what thou has done,
 There is nae Help nor Mending;
 For thou has jogg'd me out of Tune,
 For a'thy fair pretending.
 My Mither sees a Change on me,
 For my Complexion dashes,
 And this, alas! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the Rashies.

[1748]

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scoddlings;
Come then, and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her Content I'll instant wed,
Since thy Complexion daffes;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
'Tis safer than the Restles.

Then Fockie since thy Love's so true,
Let Mither scowl, I'm easy;
Sae long's I live I ne'er shall rue,
For what I've done to please thee;
And there's my Hand I ne'er complain;
O! well's me on the Restles;
Whene'er thou like I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their Chances.

SONG CCLXXXVII. *The young*
Laird and Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the Street, my Jo?
My Mistress in her Tartan Skirt,
Fow bony, braw and sweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night,
That never wisht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dunsome Town a while;
The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to smile;
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

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Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to some Burn-side, and play,
And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Daisies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleasant Glen,
A wee piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny, safe and flow'ry Den,
Which circling Birk have form'd a Bow'ers
Whene'er the Sun grows high and wair,
We'll to the cooler Shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

SONG CCLXXXVIII. KATY'S

Answer

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;
I canna get Leave
To look to my Love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.
Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my Tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

For tho' my Father has plenty
Of Siller and Plenishing Haultry,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his Gear;
And sae we had need to be terry.

Tutor my Parents with Caution,
Be wylie in ilke Manner,
Brag well, yet stand;
And there's my least Handy
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

SONG CCLXXXIX. *Lavia, &c.*

LAVIA would, but dare not venture,
Fear so much o'er rules her Passion;
Chloe suffers all to enter,
Subjects Fane to Inclination;
Neither's Method I admire,
Either is in Love displeasing;
Chloe's Fondness gluts Desire,
Lavia's Cowardise is teasing.
Celia by a wiser Measure,
In one faithful Swain's Embraces;
Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,
Yet for Chast in publick passes;
Fair ones follow *Celia's* Notion,
Free from Fear and Censure wholly;
Love, but let it be with Caution,
For Extreame are Shame or Folly.

SONG CCXC. *A worthy London, &c.*

A Worthy *London* Picknick
Came to his Love by Night;
The Candles they were lighted,
The Moon did shine so bright;
He knocked at the Door,
To ease him of his Pain;
She rose and let him in Love,
And went to Bed again.
He went into her Chamber,
Where his true Love did lye;
She quickly gave Consent,
For to have his Company.

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She quickly gave Consent,
 The Neighbours peeping out;
 So take away your Hand, Love,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown, Love,
 My Mistress should it know;
 I'll in my Smock step down, Love,
 And I'll out the Candle blow:
 The Streets they are so nigh,
 And the People walk about;
 Some may peep in and spy, Love,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistress
 Upon the Bed do lye,
 Enjoying one another,
 Why should not you and I?
 My Master kiss'd my Mistress,
 Without any Fear or Doubt;
 And we'll kiss one another,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly
 Of what we have to do;
 Lest that our Noise and Talking
 Should make our Pleasure rue:
 For kissing one another
 Will make no evil Rout;
 Then let us now be silent,
 And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
 He could no longer stay:
 She strove to blow the Candle out,
 And push'd his Hand away:
 The young Man was so hasty,
 To lay his Arms about;
 But she cry'd, I pray, Love,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple parted,
The Maiden she did blow;

But how the Candle went out,
Alas! I do not know;

Said she, I fear not now, Sir,
My Master of my Dame;

And what this Couple did, Sir,
Alas! I dare not name.

S O N G C C L C L *Lady sweet, &c.*

LADY sweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown,

For your Servant *Joan* may prove
Like your self, as deep in Love;

And as absolute a Bit
Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.

The Smock alone the difference makes;
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.

What avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father Adam?

Where does one exceed the other?
Was not Eve our common Mother?

Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan*?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Joan*;

Joan is a Piece for a Man to bore,
With his Wimble, your's no more.

Then what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires
Are the cause of Men's Delires;

They're other Darts which *Lust* pursues,
Those *Joan* has as well as you.

Then, &c.

What care we for Glorious Lights,
Women are used in the Nights;

And in Night in Women's Bed,
Kings and Clowns like Sport we find.

Then, &c.

Were there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chule, twist either,
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips,
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.

Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do,
What you should be done unto.

Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.

Then, &c.

SONG CCXCII. When I was, &c.

WHEN I was in the low Country,
When I was in the low Country,
What Slices of Pudding and Pieces of Bread,
My Mother gave me when I was in need.

My Mother she kill'd a good fat Hog,
She made such Puddings would choke a Dog,
And I shall ne'er forget till that I die,
What Lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a Pin,
The Fat run out, and the Maggots crept in,
If you won't believe me you may go and see,
What Lumps, &c.

And every Day my Mother would cry,
Come stuff your Belly, Girl, until you die.

Women are used in the Night

'Twould make you to laugh if you were to see
What Lumps, &c.

I no sooner at Night was got into Bed,
But she all in Kindness would come with speed;
She gave me such Parcels I thought I should die
With eating of Pudding, &c.

At last I rambled abroad and then,
I met in my Frolick an honest Man;
Quoth he, my dear *Philli*, I'll give unto thee
Such a Pudding you never did see.

Said I, honest Man, I thank thee most kind,
And as he told me indeed I did find;
He gave me a Lump which did so agree,
One Bit was worth all my Mother gave me.

S O N G CCXCIII. *A Taylor, &c.*

A Taylor good Lord, in the Time of Vac-
ation,
When Cabbage was scarce, and when Pocket
was low,

For the Sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion
To ope that sold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row:

Now a Louse made him itch,

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,

And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his
Garret,

To tell what he ow'd, that his Score he might
know;

Says he, it is all very right I declare it,

Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go!

Now a Louse, &c

Says Prick-Louse, my Jewel, I love you most
dearly,

My Breath every Minute still hotter does glow,

Ay, only says she, for the Juice of my Barley,

And other good Drink in my Cellar below:

Now a Louse made him Itch, I would make you so too.

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch, I was I was I was.

And sing Cucumbers, Cucumbers ho, I no longer.

Says he, you mistake, tis for something that's better, I thought I thought I thought.

Which I dare not name, and you care not to show;

Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter, I was I was I was.

What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow?

Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, 'tis a Thing that has never a Handle, I was I was I was.

'Tis hid in the dark, and it lies pretty low, I was I was I was.

Said she, then I fear that you must have a Candle,

Or else the wrong way you may happen to go.

Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was Charcoal, I was I was I was.

Tho' I never was there, yet the Way do I know;

Says she, if it be such a terrible dark Hole,

Don't offer to grope out your way to it so:

Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it, I was I was I was.

For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;

Says she, do not trouble me so, for I hate it, I was I was I was.

I vow by and by you will make me cry oh:

So they both went to work, I was I was I was.

Now a Kiss, then a Jirk,

And sing Cucumbers, Cucumbers ho, I was I was I was.

The Taylor arose when the Business was over,

Says she, you will rub out the Score ere you go;

Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a Lover, I was I was I was.

I'm not such a Fool I would have you know;

Now a Louse made him Itch, I was I was I was.

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch, I was I was I was.

And sing Cucumbers, Cucumbers ho, I was I was I was.

SONG CCXCIV. *Poor Catholic, &c.*

DEAR Catholic Brother, are you come
from the Wars,

So lame of your Foot, and your Face full of
Scars;

To see your poor *Shela*, who with great Grief
was fill'd,

For you my dear Joy, when I think you were
kill'd.

With a Fa, la, la,

O my Shool, my dear *Shela*, I'm glad you see
me,

For if I were dead now, I could not see thee;

The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,
I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.

But oh my dear *Shela*, dost thou now love me?

So well as you did, ere I went to the Sea?

By *Cri*—and *St. Pa*—my dear Joy I do.

And we shall be Marry'd to-morrow just now.

I'll make a Cabin for my Dearest to keep off the
Cold,

And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold,

To make Three halves of it I think will be best,

Give Two to my *Shela*, and the Third to the Priest.

Old *Philemy* my Father was Fourscore Years
old,

And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told,

That we Two are Married, my Dear, spare no
Cost,

But send him some Letter upon the last Post.

SONG CCXCV. *Poor Sawney, &c.*

POOK Sawney had marry'd a Wife,

And he knew not what to do with her;

For she'd eat more Baley-bread,

Than he knew how to give her.

We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together.

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together.

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,

The Wooll and the Horns together;

And we will make Broth of that,

And we'll all sup together,

We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together.

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll all lig together, &c.

The Wooll shall thicken the Broth,

The Horns shall serve for Bread,

By this you may understand

The Vertue that's in a Sheep's-head:

And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together.

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

And we'll all lig together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,

And some shall lig at the Feet,

Miss Cuddy wou'd lig in the Middle,

Because she'd have all the Sheet:

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together.

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

And we'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the Loft,

And *Sawney* wou'd fain have been at her,

Miss Cuddy fell down in her Smock,

And made the Glass Windows to clatter:

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together.

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to Bed,
The Bridegroom followed after,
The Fidler crept in at the Feet,
And they all ligg'd together,
We'll all lig together, &c.

S O N G CCXCVI. *There's is my
Thumb, &c.*

MY sweetest May, let Love incline thee,
T'accept a Heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant Slave, regard it,
Sync for its Faithfulness reward it,
'Tis proof a shot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these Lips of thine are,
Thy Bosom white, and Legs sae fine are,
That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em;
They carry away my Heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gae duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain;
Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae a-lang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Lassie, it is but Daffin,
To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

S O N G CCXCVII. *For the Love of Jean.*

Jockie said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tocher-good,
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

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I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
 I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh,
 Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha'-House, a Barn and a Byer,
 A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
 I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be;
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to *Fockie*, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell.
 Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

SONG CCXCVIII. *Peggy, I must
 love thee.*

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,
 Without Hopes of obtaining:
 For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
 Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
 Yet *Peggy* I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a Fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him:
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,
 This Fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,
 Where every Maid invites me;
 For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,
 For thee that only flights me:

This Love that fires my faithful Heart
By all but thee's commended.

Oh! would thou'st for good a Part,
My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breast so soft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderness all over,

Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,

'Gainst thy despairing Lover,

Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,

Nor Colin's Care e'er move thee,

Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,

My Peggy, I must love thee,

SONG CCXCIX. Tibby Fowler in
the Glen.

TIBBY has a Store of Charms,
Her gentle Shape our Fancy warms;

How strangely can her smil' white Arms

Fetter the Lad who looks but at her?

Frae'er Ankle to her slender Waist,

These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawl her;

Her rosy Cheek, and rising Breast,

Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.

NELL's gawsy, laft and gay,

Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;

Hk ane that sees her, cries, *Ab boy*

She's bonny! O I wonder at her.

The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,

And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawl her.

Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,

Gar mony Mouths beside mine Water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,

My Wyson with the Maiden shore,

Ein I can tell whilk I am for,

When these twa Stars appear together,

O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires

Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?

Our spacious Souls immense Desires,
And ay be in a hankerin' with her.

TIBBY's Shape and Air are fine,
And Nelly's Beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye Gods, give ear to my Petition,
Provide a good Lad for the tane,
But let it be with this Provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In Prospect plane and Fruition.

SONG CCC. *Up in the Air.*

NOW the Son's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Jogle, and hae the Light
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the Air

On my bonny grey Mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna's
O'er frozen Hags, like a Knot, ha's
Nae Stars keek through, e. Azure Slie,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as on, Pit.

The Man i' the Moon
Is carousing aboon;
D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet
The Man, &c.

Take your Glas, to clear your Den,
'Tis the Elixir, heals the Splen,
Baith Wit and Mirth, it will inspire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire,
Up in the Air

It drives away Care,
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye Lad,
yet.

Up in, &c.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost,
Come *Willie*, gie's about ye'r Toft:
Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome Bont.

Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

S O N G C C C I. *Where shall our
Goodman ly.*

H E.

W H E R E wad bonny *Anne* ly?
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a Goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're laking?

S H E.

Can a Lafs sae young as I
Venture on the bridal Tie,
Syne down with a Goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the Hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my Bosom thou shall ly,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy Cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

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S H E.

To your Will I then comply,
 Join us, Priest, and let me try
 How I'll wi' a Goodman ly
 Wha can a Cordial give me.

SON G CCCII. *Ew-bughts Marion.*

Will ye go to the Ew-bughts, *Marion*,
 And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
 The Sun-shines sweet, my *Marion*,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.
 O *Marion*'s a bonny Lass,
 And the Blyth blinks in her Eye;
 And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
 Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, *Marion*,
 And Silk on your white Haus-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my *Marion*
 At E'en when I come hame.
 There's braw Lads in *Earnslaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye
 At Kirk when they see my *Marion*;
 But none of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-ews, my *Marion*,
 A Cow and a brawny Quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
 Just on her Bridal Day;
 And ye's get a green scy Apron,
 And Waistcoat of the *London Brown*,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion*;
 Nane dances like me on the Green;
 And gin ye forsake me *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean* : }

*Sae put on your Pearlines, Marion,
And Kyrle of the Cramasie;
And soon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
I shall come West, and see ye.*

SONG CCCH. *The blythsome Bridal.*

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be lirting there;
For *Jockie's* to be married to *Maggie*,
The Lads wi' the gowden Hair,
And these will be Lang-hail and Pottage,
And Bannocks of Barley-meal;
And there will be good sawt Herring,
To relish a Cog of good Ale,
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Sawney* the Sutor,
And *Will* wi' the meikle Mow;
And there will be *Taw* the Blutter,
With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
With thumbless *Katie's* Goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowie*,
And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,
And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill,
Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
That wins in the How of the Hill;
And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
With snivelling *Lally* and *Tibby*,
The Lads that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
And coft him gray brecks to his Arse,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great Mercy it happen'd nae warle:

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And there will glead *Geordy Fanners*,
 And *Kirsh* with the *Lily white Leg*,
 Wha gade to the South for *Manners*,
 And bang'd up her *Wame* in *Mons-weg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden Macklawrie*,
 And blinkin dast *Barbara Mackleg*,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
 And shangy-mou'd halucker *Meg*.
 And there will be happer-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flawrie* by *Nanie*,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit *Grisy*,
 The *Lass* wi' the gowden *Wame*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
 With his glakit Wife *Jenny Beel*,
 And misle-shin'd *Mungo Macdowie*,
 The *Lad* that was *Skipper* himsel.
 There *Lads* and *Lasses* in *Pearlings*
 Will feast in the *Heart* of the *Ha'*,
 On *Sybows*, and *Risarts*, and *Carlings*,
 That are baith *sodden* and *raw*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Fadges* and *Brachen*,
 With furth of good *Cabbocks* of *Skate*,
Powsowdy, and *Drammock*, and *Crowdy*,
 And caller *Nowt-feet* in a *Plate*.
 And there will be *Pastans* and *Buckies*,
 And *Wytens* and *Speldings* enew,
 With singed *Sheeps-heads*, and a *Haggies*,
 And *Scadlips* to sup till ye *spew*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk *Kebbucks*,
 And *Sowens*, and *Farles*, and *Baps*,
 With *Swats*, and well scraped *Paunches*,
 And *Brandy* in *Stoups* and in *Caps*:

And there will be Meal-kail and Cattlecks,
 With Skink to sup till ye rive,
 And Roasts to roast on a Brander,
 Of Flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrapr Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
 And a Mill of good Snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

*Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be Liltin'g there,
 For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
 The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.*

SONG CCCIV. *The Higbland Laddie.*

THE Lawland-lads think they are fine;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?

*O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland Laddie;
 May Heaven still guard, and Love reward
 Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie!*

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
 I'd take young Donald without Trews,
 With bonnet Blew, and belted Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The brawest Bean in Borrows-town,
 In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
 He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland-kin and Dady.
 Frae Winter's Culd, and Summer's Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

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A painted Room, and silken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,
 Sync rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG CCCV. Allan-Water.

WHAT Numbers shall the Muse repeat?
 What Verse be found to praise my *Annie*?
 On her Ten Thousand Graces wait,
 Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy Plain,
 She set each youthful Heart on Fire;
 Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
 That *Annie* kindles new Desire.

This lovely darling dearest Care,
 This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,
 Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye.
 All Day the am'rous Youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All Night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;

His rising Sighs express his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many.
 With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* Art,
 His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
 He stole away my Virgin Heart;
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the Nymphs are many!
 Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

SONG CCCVI. *Patie and Peggy.*

PATIE.
BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
 And rowing Eye, which smiling tells the
 Truth,

I guess my Lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.
 But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done;
 The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
 Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.
 But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
 Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
 Red-checked you compleatly ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGGY.
 Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my *Patie's* Arms for good and a:
 But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away,
 I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live lang Day:
 A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
 'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my Ain.

C H O R U S.

*Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skies,
 Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
 O lash your Steeds, post Time away,
 And haste about our Bridal Day:
 And if ye're weary'd, bonest Light,
 Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

SONG CCCVII. *Woe's my Heart, &c.*

WITH broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his Passion tender;
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
 Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:
 From thee with Pain I'm fore'd to go;
 It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
 Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
 My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
 And Beauty which invites our Wonder,
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my my dear Lads,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest Time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never sunder.

SONG CCCVIII. *To—in Mourning.*

AH! why those Tears in *Nelly's* Eyes;
To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
The Gods stand list'ning from the Skies,
Pleas'd with thy Piety.
To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a Care,
Who views thee as an Angel fair,
Or some Divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
And cool this Fever of my Mind,
Caus'd by the Boy severe and blind;
Wounded I sigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a Height by *Hymen's* Ties,
To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
And with thy Charms be free.

Then must I hide my Love, and die,
When such a sovereign Cure is by;
No; she can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my Fate may be,
Which soon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
With those dear Agents I'll advise,
They tell the Truth when Tongues tell Lies,
The least believ'd by me.

SONG CCCIX. *Rantin roaring Willie.*

OMART! thy Graces and Glances,
Thy Smiles so enchantingly gay,
And Thoughts so divinely harmonious,
Clear Wit and good Humour display.
But say not thoult imitate Angels
Ought farrer, tho' scarcely, ah me!

Can be found equalizing thy Merit,
A Match amongst Mortals for thee.

Thy many fair Beauties shed Fires
May warm up Ten Thousand to Love,
Who despairing, may fly to some other,
While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
What a Mixture of Sighing and Joys
This distant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond Heart too aspiring,
Who loves in sad Silence like me ?

Thus looks the poor Beggar on Treasure,
And shipwreck'd on Landships on Shore:
Be still more divine, and have Pity;
I die soon as Hope is no more.
For, Mary, my Soul is thy Captive,
Nor loves, nor expects, to be free;
Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful,
Thy Slavery's a Pleasure to me.

SONG CCCX. *This is no mine, &c.*

THIS is no mine ain House,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my Love I've changed Vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's Bride,
And Mistress of his Fire-side,
Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my Father's House,
I gang where Love invites me;
The strictest Duty this allows,
When Love with Humour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into one,
My Robie's nearer than my Kin,
And to refuse him were a Sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain Hopse,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent Spouse,
 And let my Man command ay,
 Avoiding ilka Cause of Strife,
 The common Pitt of married Life,
 That makes me wearied of his Wife,
 And breaks the kindly Band ay.

SONG CCCXI. *First a Crum, &c.*

Return hameward, my Heart, again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be,
 Thou art a Fool to suffer Pain
 For Love of one that loves not thee;
 My Heart, let be sic Fantalic,
 Love only where thou hast good Causes;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The sint a Crum of thee she saws.
 To what Effect should thou be Thrall?
 Be happy in thine ain free Will,
 My Heart, be never beastial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill:
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their Paws,
 And let the Filly sing her Fill,
 For sint a Crum of thee she saws.
 Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,
 She's of a Kind with mony mae;
 For why, they are a felon Menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not sae.
 My Heart, take neither Sturt nor Woe
 For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For sint a Crum of thee she saws.
 Remember how that *Medea*
 Wild for a Sight of *Jason* yied,
 Remember how young *Cressida*
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomedes*.

Remember *Helen*, as we read,
Brought *Troy* from Bliss unto bair *Wawes*;
Then let her gae where she may speed,
For fint a Crum of thee she saws.

Because she said I took it ill,
For her Depart my Heart was fair,
But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
Besnrew the Heart that first takes Care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final End and Clause,
And let her Feed and Fooly fair,
For fint a Crum of thee she saws.

N^eer dunt again within my Breast,
N^eer ler her Slights thy Courage spill,
Nor gie a Sob, altho' she sneest,
She's fairest paid that gets her Will:
She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
When she glaicks paughty in her Braws;
Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
For fint a Crum of thee she saws.

SONG CCCXH. *Sae merry as we, &c.*

NOW *Phæbus* advances on high,
Nae Footsteps of Winter are seen;
The Birds carol sweet in the Sky,
And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear,
We wander for Pleasure and Health,
Where Buddings and Blossoms appear,
Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.
View ilka gay Scene all around,
That are and that promise to be;
Yet in them a' nathing is found,
Sae perfect *Eliza* as thee.
Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove,

When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.
 The Roses and Lilies combin'd,
 And Flowers of maist delicate Hue,
 By thy Cheek and dear Breasts are out-shin'd,
 Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
 What can we compare with thy Voice?
 And what with thy Humour sae sweet?
 Nae Musick can blest with sic Joys;
 Sure Angels are just sae complete.
 Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,
 Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine;
 Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye Pow'rs who have given sic Charms
 To *Eliza*, your Image below,
 O save her frae all humane Harms!
 And make her Hours happily flow.

SONG CCCXIII. *My Dady forbad, &c.*

WHEN I think on my Lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My Dady was barst,
 My Minny was warst,
 That gart him gae yont the Sea,
 Without an Estate,
 That made him look blate
 And yet a brave Lad is he.
 Gin sae he come hame,
 In spite of my Dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.
 Love speers nae Advice
 Of Parents o'er wise,
 That have but ae Bairn like me,
 That looks upon Cash,
 As naithing but Trash,
 That shackles what shou'd be free.

And tho' my dear Lad
 Not ac Penny bad,
 Since Qualities better has he;
 Abeir I'm an Heirefs,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then my dear *Jamie*,
 To thy kind *Jeannie*,
 Hast, haste thee in o'er the Sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae Bafe in her Mind,
 Without a blyth Sight of thee.
 Tho' my Dady forbad,
 And my Minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be;
 For since thou alone
 My Favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet then I'll not grieve,
 Or without their Leave
 Gi'e my Hand as a Wife to thee:
 Be content with a Heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My Parents may prove
 Yet Friends to our Love,
 When our firm Resolves they see;
 Then I with Pleasure,
 Will yield up my Treasure,
 And a' that Love orders to thee.

SONG CCCXIV. *Steer her up, &c.*

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
 Her Mither's at the Mill, Jo;
 But gin she she winna tak a Man,
 E'en let her tak her Will, Jo.

Pray thee, Lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy Cares of Love away;
 Let's our Sorrows drown in Drinking,
 'Tis Daffin langer to delay.

See that shining Glass of Claret,
 How invitingly it looks?
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 For on Fighting, Trade and Books.
 Let's have Pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle Bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the Table,
 And let Wind and weather growl.

Call the Drawer, let him fill it
 For, as ever it can hold:
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than Gold.
 By you've drunk a dozen Bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
 Drinking better is than Love.

SONG CCCXV. Clout the Caldron!

HAVE you any Pots or Pans,
 Or any broken Chandlers?
 I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of Siller as of Grace,
 Disbanded, we've a Bad-run;
 Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
 I'm come to clout her Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.
 Madam, if you have Wark for me,
 I'll do't to your Contentment,
 And dinna care a single Flie
 For any Man's Resentment;
 For, Lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a Tinker,

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Yet to your sell I'm bauld to tell,

I am a gentle Jinker.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a Swan

Turn'd, for his lovely *Leda*;

He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,

To carry aff *Europa*.

Then may not I, as well as he,

To cheat your *Argos* Blinker,

And win your Love, like mighty *Jove*,

Thus hide me in a Tinkler.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,

But this fine Plot you'll fail in,

For there is neither Pot nor Pan

Of mine you'll drive a Nail in.

Then bind your Budget on your Back,

And Nails up in your Apron,

For I've a Tinkler under Tack

That's us'd to clout my Caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

SONG CCCXVI. *The Malt-man, &c.*

THE Malt-man comes on *Munday*,

He craves wonder fair,

Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my Siller,*

Or Malt ye sall ne'er get mair.

I took him into the Pantry,

And gave him some good Cock-broo,

Syne paid him upon a Gantree,

As Hostler Wives should do.

When Malt-men come for Siller,

And Gaugers with Wands o'er soon,

Wives, tak them a' down to the Cellar,

And clear them as I have done.

This bewith, when Cunzie is scanty,

Will keep them frae-making din,

The Knack I learn'd frae an auld Aunty,
The snacket of a' my Kin.

The Malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as ille;
And he may crack of his Winning,
When he clears scores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind Lady,
She'll answer a Bill for me.

SONG CCCXVII. *Bessy's Haggis.*

BESSY's Beauties shine sae bright,
Were her many Vertues fewer,
She wad ever give Delight,
And in Transport make me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alane
Love I, naithing else about thee;
With thy Comeliness I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

BESSY's Bosom's fast and warm,
Milk-white Fingers still employ'd,
He who takes her to his Arm,
Of her Sweets can ne'er be cloy'd,
My dear Bessy, when the Roses
Leave thy Cheek, as thon grows aulder,
Vertue, which thy Mind discloses,
Will keep Love frae growing caulder.

BESSY's Tocher is but scanty,
Yet her Face and Soul discovers
These enchanting Sweets in plenty
Must intice a thousand Lovers.
It's not Money, but a Woman
Of a Temper kind and easy,
That gives Happiness uncommon,
Petted things can nought but tease ye.

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SONG CCCXVIII. *Omnia vincit Amor.*

AS I went forth to view the Spring
Which *Flora* had adorned
In Raiment fair; now every thing
The Rage of Winter scorned:
I cast mine Eye, and did espy
A Youth, who made great Clamour;
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! *Omnia vincit Amor.*

Upon his Breast he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring River,
And mournfully his doleful Song
With Sighs he did deliver,
Ah! *Jeany's* Face and comely Grace,
Her Locks that shin'd like Lammer,
With burning Rays have cut my Days;
For *omnia vincit Amor.*

Her glancy Ben like Comets sheen,
The Morning Sun out-shining,
Have caught my Heart in *Cupid's* Net,
And make me die with Pining.
Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiously to frame her,
Whose Beauties rare make me with Care
Cry, *omnia vincit Amor.*

Ye chrystal Streams that swiftly glide,
Be Partners of my Mourning!
Ye fragrant Fields and Meadows wide,
Condemn her for her scorning:
Let every Tree a Witness be,
How justly I may blame her;
Ye chanting Birds note these my Words,
Ah! *omnia vincit Amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
She long had been admir'd,

And been ador'd for Vertues rare;
 Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his Breath begun to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit Amor*.

When I observ'd him near to Death,
 I run in haste to save him;
 But quickly he resign'd his Breath,
 So deep the Wound Love gave him.
 Now for her Sake this Vow I'll make,
 My Tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his Herse I'll write this Verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit Amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my Mind
 Upon the Matter rightly,
 And found, tho' *Cupid* he be blind,
 He proves in Pith most mighty.
 For warlike *Mars*, nor thund'ring *Jove*,
 And *Vulcan* with his Hammer,
 Did ever prove the Slaves of Love,
 For *omnia vincit Amor*.

Hence we may see th' Effects of Love,
 Which Gods and Men keep under,
 That nothing can his Bonds remove,
 Or Torments break asunder:
 Nor Wise, nor Fool, need go to School,
 To learn this from his Grammar;
 His Heart's the Book where he's to look,
 For *omnia vincit Amor*.

SONG CCCXIX. *The auld Wife, &c.*

THERE was a Wife won'd in a Glen,
 And she had Daughters nine or ten,
 That sought the House baith but and ben,
 To find their Mam a snishing.

*The auld Wife bayont the Fire,
The auld Wife aniest the Fire,
The auld Wife aboon the Fire,
She died for lack of snishing.*

Her Mill into some Hole had sawn,
Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
For I maun ha'e a young Goodman
Shall furnish me with snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Her eldest Dochter said right bauld,
Fy, Mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a Yonker wald,
He'll waste away your snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

The youngest Dochter ga'e a Shout,
O Mother Dear! your Teeth's is a' out,
Besides haff blind, you have the Gout,
Your Mill can had nae snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye Limmers, cries auld Momp,
For I ha'e baith a Tooth and Stump.
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Thole, ye, says Peg, that pawky Slut,
Mother, if you can crack a Nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a Pistol Bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won hersell a snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Braw Sport it was to see her thow'r,
And 'tween her Gums fae Squeez and row'r,
While frae her Jaws the Slaver flow'd;
And ay she curs'd poor Stumpy.
The auld Wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate Squeez,
Which brak the lang Tooth by the Neerz,
And syne poor Stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

She of the Task began to tire,
And frae her Dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the Fire,
And died for lack of snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Ye auld Wives notice well this Truth,
Asoon as ye're past Mark of Mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for Youth,
And leave aff Thoughts of snishing:
*Else like this Wife beyont the Fire,
Her Bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire
A young Man with your snishing.*

Note, Snishing in its literal Meaning is Snuff
made of Tobacco; but in this Song it means
sometimes Contentment, a Husband, Love,
Money, &c.

SONG CCCXX. *I'll never love, &c.*

MY Dear and only Love, I pray,
That little World of thee
Be govern'd by no other Sway,
But purest Monarchy:
For if Confusion have a part,
Which virtuous Souls abhor,
I'll call a Syned in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
 And I will reign alone;
 My Thoughts did evermore disdain
 A Rival on my Throne.
 He either fears his Fate too much,
 Or his Deserts are small,
 Whodares not put it to the Touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
 And always give the Law,
 And have each Subject to my Will,
 And all to stand in awe:
 But 'gainst my Batteries if I find
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a Blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a Part,
 Or dare to share with me:
 Or Committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a Score,
 I'll smiling mock at thy Neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless Action stain
 Thy Love and constant Word,
 I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
 And glorious by my Sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble Ways,
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays,
 And love thee more and more.

SONG CCCXXI. *The Black Bird.*

UPON a fair Morning for soft Recreation,
 I heard a fair Lady was making her
 Moan,

With sighing and sobing, and sad Lamentation,
 Saying, my *Black-Bird* most Royal is flow'n
 My Thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'erburthen'd with sad Misery,
 Yet if Death should blind me,
 As true Love inclines me,
 My *Black-Bird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair *England* my *Blackbird* did flourish,
 He was the chief Flower that in it did spring,
 Prime Ladies of Honour his Person did nourish,
 Because he was the true Son of a King:
 But since that false Fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this Parting between him and me,
 His Name I'll advance
 In *Spain* and in *France*,
 And seek out my *Blak-Bird* wherever he be.

The Birds of the Forest all met together,
 The Turtle has chosen to dwell with the Doves,
 And I am resolv'd in soul or fair Weather,
 Once in the Spring to seek out my Love.
 He's all my Heart's Treasure,
 My Joy and my Pleasure;
 And justly (my Love) my Heart follows thee,
 Who are constant and kind,
 And courageous of Mind.
 All Bliss on my *Black-Bird*, wherever he be.

In *England* my *Black-Bird* and I were together,
 Where he was still noble, and generous of
 Heart.

Ah! woe to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.
 In *Scotland* he's deem'd
 And highly esteem'd,
 In *England* he seemeth a Stranger to be;

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Yet his Fame shall remain

In *France* and in *Spain*.

All Blis to my *Black Bird*, wherever he be.

What if the Fowler my *Black Bird* has taken,

Then sighing and sobbing will be all my Tune;

Not if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,

And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.

For him through the Fire,

Through Mud and through Mire,

I'll go; for I love him to such a Degree,

Who is constant and kind,

And noble of Mind,

Deserving all Blessings wherever he be.

It is not the Ocean can fright me with Danger,

Nor tho' like a Pilgrim I wander forlorn,

I may meet with Friendship of one is a Stranger,

More than of one that in *Britain* is born.

I pray Heaven so spacious,

To *Britain* be gracious,

Tho' some there be odious to both him and me;

Yet Joy and Renown,

And Lawrels shall crown

My *Black Bird* with Honour wherever he be.

S O N G CCCXXII. *Take your auld
Cloak about you.*

I N Winter when the Rain rain'd caul'd,

And Frost and Snaw on ilka Hill,

And *Boreas*, with his Blasts sae bauld,

Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill:

Then *Bell* my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,

She said to me right hastily,

Get up, Goodman, save *Cromie's* Life,

And tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful Cow,

And she is come of a good Kynes;

Aft has she wet the Bairn's mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tynae;
 Get up, Goodman, it is fou time,
 The Sun shines in the Lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious End,
 Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.
 My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
 When it was sitting for my Wear;
 But now it's scantly worth a Groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty Yeas;
 Let's spend the Gear that we have won,
 We little ken the Day we'll die:
 Then I'll be prond, since I have sworn
 To have a new Cloak about me.
 In Days when our King Robert rang,
 His Trews they cost but haff a Crown;
 He said they were a Groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loon.
 He was the King that wore a Crown,
 And thou the Man of laigh Degree,
 'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
 Sae tak thy auld Cloak about thee.
 Every Land has its ain Laugh,
 Ilk kind of Corn it has its Hool,
 I think the World is a' run wrang,
 When ilka Wife her Man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Fock and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hunklen in the Ase;
 I'll have a new Cloak about me.
 Goodman I wate 'tis thirty Years,
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of Lads and bonny Lasses ten:
 Now they are Women grown and Men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good Husband,
 E'en tak your auld Cloak about ye.

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O, my Wife, she loves na Strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy Life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm Goodman:
 Fought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the Plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld Cloak about me.

ONG CCCXXIII. *Jocky blyth and gay.*

WIFT, *Sandy, Young, and Gay*
 Are still my Heart's Delight,
 Sing their Songs by Day,
 And read their Tales at Night,
 If frae their Books I be,
 'Tis Dulness then with me;
 But when these Stars appear,
 Jokes, Smiles, and Wit shine clear.

Swift with uncommon Stile,
 And Wit that flows with Ease,
 Instruct us with a Smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright *Sandy* greatly sings
 Of Heroes, Gods and Kings:
 He well deserves the Bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's Praise.

While thus our *Homer* shines,
Young, with *Horatian* Flame,
 Corrects these false Designs
 We push in Love of Fame.
 Blyth *Gay* in pawky Strains
 Makes Villains, Clowns and Swains
 Reprove, with biting Leer,
 Those in a higher Sphere.

Swift, *Sandy, Young, and Gay*,
 Long may you give Delight;
 Let all the Dunces bray,
 You're far above their Spites.

Such, from a Malice foun,
Write Nonsense, lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For, who the Trash will read?

SONG CCCXXIV. *The Mill, Mill—O*

Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
Was sleeping sound and still — ;
A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
Around her with good Will — O :
Her Bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her Rest,
She stirdna my Joy to spill — O :
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T'employ my Courage and Skill — O,
Frac'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill — O.

Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraie
sing Fame
Tald me with a Voice right shrill — O,
My Lafs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her
Arms,
I ferlyng speer'd how she fell — O.
Wi' the Tear in her Bye, quoth she, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.

Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bad her a Fears expel — O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my sell — O.

My bonny sweet Lafs on the gowany Grass,
Beneath the *shilling-hill* — O,
If I did Offence, I'll make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill* — O.

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O the Mill, Mill——O, and the Kill, Kill——O,
 And the cogging of the Wheel——O;
 The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye mann leaves,
 And round with a Sodger reel——O.

SONG CCCXXV. *Cælia, charming, &c.*

CÆLIA, charming *Calia*, hear me;
 Listen to a Lover's Vow.

Smile thou lovely Nymph and chear me,
 Let no Frown deform thy Brow,
 Let no Frown deform thy Brow.

Tell me is't a Crime to love you,
 Whom the Gods have made so fair,
 Let my Sighs and Prayers move you,
 And reward a Love sincere.

'Tis not, 'tis not wild Desire,
 But the softest Pains of Love,
 Cherish then a noble Fire,
 And the generous Flame improve.

Lovely *Calia*, I adore you,
 Kindly ease a Lover's Smart;
 I ne'er lov'd a Maid before you,
 You alone possess my Heart.

Think, my Dear, how frail is Beauty,
 Think how long your Charms can last;
 To employ them is your Duty,
 Time is ne'er recall'd when past.

SONG CCCXXVI. *The auld Goodman.*

LA TE in the Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun.

A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever, alake me auld Goodman.

H E.

The auld Goodman that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an End
 Of Gear that his Fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman;

S H E.

My Heart alake, is liken to break
 When I think on my winsome *John*,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend Drone;
 His rosie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman;

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear gins to grow scant,
 Of Household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of sicklike Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms into a well-made Bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

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Then coming was the Night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his Way,
 I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
 And ay the O'erword of the Fray
 Was ever, *alake my auld Goodman.*

SON G CCCXXVII. *Lass with a
 Lump of Land.*

Gi'e me a Lass with a Lump of Land,
 And we for Life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
 And Blood alone is no worth a Shilling,
 But she that's rich, her Market's made,
 For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lass with a Lump of Land,
 And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasures
 Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
 Should Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
 I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
 And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;
 But Beauty and Wit, and Vertue in Rags,
 Have tint the Art of gaining Affection:
 Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
 And Castles and Riggs, and Muirs and Mea-
 dows,
 And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,
 But well-tocher'd Lasses or joynter'd Widows.

SONG CCCXXVIII. *The young Lads
contra auld Man.*

THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
And his Beard new shaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The Carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a his Beard new shaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A Siller Broach he gae me nieft,
To fasten on my Curtches nooked,
I wor'd a wi upon my Breast;
But soon alake! the Tongue o't crooked;
And sae may his, I winna hae him,
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
An twice a Bairn's, a Lads's Jest;
Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but ane,
For he has Land and Dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! Skin and Bane
Is no for a plump Lads of Twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na forsooth, I winna hae him,
What signifies his dirty Riggs,
And Cash without a Man with them.

But shou'd my canker'd Dady gar
Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
I warn the Fumbler to beware,
That Antlers dinna claim their Station.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the haly Band,
Sae *Lawty* says, I shou'd na hae him.

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SONG CCCXXIX. *Gillikranky.*

H E.

Confess thy Love, fair blushing Maid,
 For since thine Eye's consenting,
 Thy faster Thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And Nafays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,
 With Words thy Wish denying?
 Since Nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.
 Nature and Reason's joint Consent
 Make Love a sacred Blessing,
 Then happily that Time is spent,
 That's was'd on kind careffing.
 Come then my *Katie* to my Arms,
 I'll be nae mair a Rover;
 But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,
 And prove a faithful Lover.

S H E.

What you design by Nature's Law,
 Is fleeting Inclination,
 That *Willy*—*Wisp* bewilds us a'
 By its Infatuation.
 When that goes out, Careffes tire,
 And Love's nae mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire
 With all our boasted Reason.

H E.

The Beauties of inferior Cast
 May start this just Reflection;
 But Charms like thine maun always last,
 Where Wit has the Protection.
 Vertue and Wit, like *April* Rays,
 Make Beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My Love will grow compleater.

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SONG CCCXXX. *Lady Anne Both-*
wel's Lament.

Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad.
Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
Thy Father bred me great Annoy.
Balow my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my Darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy Father did,
To cozen Maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine Eye his Look I see,
The tempting Look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my Boy, &c.

When he began to court my Love,
And with his sugar'd Words to move,
His tempting Face and flat'ring Chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his Babe nor me.
Balow, my Boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest Youth,
That ever kist a Woman's Mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy Courtesy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her Abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my Boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a Maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love;

But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,
Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were a Maid again,
From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my Grief I find
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a Nurse,
And lull my young Son on my Lap,
From me sweet Orphan take the Pap.
Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
Shall wail as from all Bliss exil'd.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee;
Nor pity her deserved Smart,
Who can blame none but her fond Heart;
For, too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,
When he the thrifless Son has play'd,
Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
Prefer'd the Wars to thee and me:
But now perhaps thy Curse and mine
Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at Death; for who can tell
Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,

By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,
And laid the dear Deceiver low.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair.
No Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

If Linen lacks, for my Love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-sheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame,
A hapless Fate, a Bastard's Name.

Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,

It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

SONG CCCXXXI. John Ochiltree.

Honest Man John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake! I want to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I want to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Fae silly auld John Ochiltree.

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Honest Man *John Ochiltree*,
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
 Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
 And do but what thou dows to do.
Alake, alake! I dows to do!
Walaways! I dows to do!
 To whoost and birple o'er my Tree,
 My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.
Walaways John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade sea fast by Sea and Land,
 And wadna keep a Bridle-hand;
 Thou'd tine the Beast, thy sell wad die,
 My filly auld *John Ochiltree*.
 Come to my Arms, my bony thing,
 And chear me up to hear thee sing;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For Thoughts maun now my Life sustain.
 Gae thy ways *John Ochiltree*:
 Hae done! it has nae sa'r wi' me.
 I'll set the Beast in throw the Land,
 She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
 Even sit thou there, and think thy fill,
 For I'll do as I wont to do still.

SONG CCCXXXII. *Jenny beguil'd*
the Webster.

The auld Chorus.

Up-stairs, down-stairs,
 Timber-Stairs fear me.
 I'm laith to lye a' Night my lave,
 And Johny's Bed sae near me.

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
 Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
 I winna keep; for in my Sleep
 I start and dream of *Johny*.

When *Jobny* then comes down the Glen,
 To woo me, dinna hinder;
 But with Content gi' your Consent;
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
 For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
 To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
 I downa 'bide to think o't;
 Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the Crime,
 That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
 With Hainches fow, and Een sae blew,
 To a' the Bedrals binding.

Had *Eppy's* Apron bidden down,
 The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
 But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
 Alake! how can she mend it.
 Now *Tam* maun face the Minister,
 And she maun mount the Pillar;
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young;
 Reply'd the kindly Mither,
 Get *Jobny's* Hand in haly Band,
 Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
 I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;
 And prove a Wife, will gar his Life
 And Barrel run right sweetly.

SONG CCCXXXIII. *What ye wha*
I met yestreen, &c.

OF all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
 Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
 I far prefer the *Stirling's* Notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.

Nor Thrush, nor Linnnet, nor the Bird,
 Brought from the far *Canary Coast*,
 Nor can the Nightingale afford
 Such Melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his Fires,
 And on our Plains he looks askance,
 The Nightingale with him retires,
 My *Stirling* makes my Blood to dance.
 In spite of *Hyem's* nipping Frost,
 Whether the Day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her Health entoast,
 Who makes it Summer all the Year?

Then by thyself, my lovely Bird,
 I'll stroke thy Back, and kiss thy Breast;
 And if you'll take my honest Word,
 As sacred as before the Priest,
 I'll bring thee where I will devise
 Such various ways to pleasure thee,
 The Velvet-fog thou will despise,
 When on the *Downy-hills* with me.

S O N G CCCXXXIV. *I'll never
 leave thee.*

O NE Day I heard *Mary* say,
 How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,

Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas! my fond Heart will break,

If thou should leave me.

I'll live and die for thy sake;

Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,

Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?

Did e'er her young Heart betray

New Love, that has griev'd thee;

My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,

Thou may believe me.

I'll love the Lad Night and Day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth,
What can relieve thee?

Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth?

This Breast shall receive thee.

My Passion can ne'er decay,

Never deceive thee:

Delight shall drive Pain away,

Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,

How shall I leave thee?

O! that Thought makes me sad,

I'll never leave thee.

Where would my *Adonis* fly?

Why does he grieve me?

Alas! my poor Heart will die,

If I should leave thee.

SONG CCCXXXV. *Lesly's March.*

M Arch, march,
Why the D— do ye na march!

Stand to your Arms, my Lads,

Fight in good Order.

Front about ye Musketeers all,

Till ye come to the *English* Border.

Stand till's, and fight like Men,

True Gospel to maintain.

The Parliament blyth to see us a coming,

Whep to the Kirk we come,

We'll purge it ilka Room,

Frae *Papish* Relicks and a' sic Innovations,

That a' the World may see,

There's nae i' the right but we,

Of the auld *Scottish* Nation.

Fenny shall wear the Hood,

Jocky the Sark of GOD;

And the Kist of Whistles,
That make sic a cleiro,
Our Pipers braw
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it.
Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
Cock up your Bonnets.

March, march, &c.

S O N G CCCXXXVI. *I'll gar ye
be fain to follow me.*

H E.

A Dieu for a while my native green Plains,
My nearest Relations, and neighbouring
Swains.

Dear Nelly frae these I'd start easily free,
Were Minutes not Ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the Reason thou does not obey
The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away;
Alake! thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A Lover sac roving will never mind me.

H E.

The Reason unhappy, is owing to Fate
That gave me a Being without an Estate,
Which lays a Necessity now upon me,
To purchase a Fortune for Pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small Fortune may serve where Love has the
Sway,

Then Johnny be counsell'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in Kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a Treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear Charmer, else soon I'll betray
A Weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To Fondness which may prove a Ruin to thee,
A Pain to us baith, and Dishonour to me.

Bear Witness, ye Streams, and witness, ye
Flow'rs,

Bear Witness, ye watchful invisible Pow'rs,
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

SONG CCCXXXVII. Busk ye, &c.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
There will we sport and gather Dew,
Dancing while Lav'rocks sing the Morning;
There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To westlin Breezes Flora yields,
And when the Beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the Fields,
And Nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
Yet hastylie they flow to Tweed,
And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Hast ye, hast ye, my bony Bell,
Hast to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free Consent my Fears repel,
I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my Fair,
Wha rais'd my Hopes with kind relenting.
O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bony Bell's consenting.

SONG CCCXXXVIII. Corn Riggs, &c.

MY Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy,
His Breast is sweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy.

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His Shape is handsome, middle Size ;

He's stately in his wawking ;

The Shining of his Een surprize ;

'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawke,

Where yellow Corn was growing,

There mony a kindly Word he spak,

That set my Heart a glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony ;

That gars me like to sing sinfyne ;

O Corn Riggs are bony.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding are design'd,

We chaff'ly should be granting ;

Then I'll comply, and mary Pate,

And syne my Cockernony

He's free to teuzle air or late,

Where Corn Riggs are bony.

SONG CCCXXXIX. Cromlet's *Lilt.*

SINCE all thy Vows, false Maid,

Are blown to Air,

And my poor Heart betray'd

To sad Despair,

Into some Wilderness,

My Grief I will express,

And thy Hard-heartedness,

O cruel Fair.

Have I not graven our Loves

On every Tree :

In yonder spreading Groves,

Tho' false thou be :

Was not a solemn Oath

Plighted betwixt us both,

Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,

Constant to be ?

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
 Some doleful Shade,
 Where neither Sun nor Wind
 E'er Entrance had:
 Into that hollow Cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.
 Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
 I'll drink the Spring,
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
 For Covering
 I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to canopy,
 Until my Soul on hy
 Shall spread its Wing:
 I'll have no Funeral Fire,
 Nor Tears for me:
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequies:
 The courteous Red-breast he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice.
 And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest Heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's Dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

SONG CCCXL. *We'll a' to Kells ga.*

AN I'll awa to bony Tweed-side,
 And see my Deary come throw,
 And he shall be mine
 Git fac he incline,
 For I hate to lead Apes below,

While young and fair,
 I'll make it my Care,
 To secure myself in a Jo;
 I'm no sic a Fool
 To let my Blood cool,
 And syne gae lead Apes below.

Few Words, bony Lad,
 Will eithly perswade,
 Tho' blushing, I dafely say no,
 Gae on with your Strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead Apes below.

Unty'd to a Man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow:
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead Apes be'ow.

Our Time is precious,
 Gods are gracious,
 That Beauties upon us bestow;
 'Tis not to be thought,
 We got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for Show.

'Tis carried by Votes,
 Come kilt up ye're Coats;
 And let us to Edinburgh go,
 Where she that's Bony
 May catch a Jobny,
 And never lead Apes below.

SONG CCCXLI. Montrose's Lines.

I Tols and tumble thro' the Night,
 And wish th' approaching Day,
 Thinking when Darkness yields to Light,
 I'll banish Care away:

But when the glorious Sun doth set,
 And cheer all Nature to bed,
 All Thought of Pleasure in me dies,
 My Cares do still abound.
 My tortur'd and uneasy Mind
 Bereaves me of my Rest;
 My Thoughts are to all Pleasure blind;
 With Care I'm still oppress'd;
 But had I her within my Breast,
 Who gives me so much Pain,
 My raptur'd Soul would be at rest,
 And softest Joys regain.
 I'd not envy the God of War,
 Bless'd with fair Venus' Charms,
 Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
 In fair Alcmena's Arms:
 Paris with Helen's Beauty bless'd,
 Would be a Jest to me;
 If of her Charms I were possess'd,
 Thrice happier I wou'd be.
 But since the Gods do not ordain
 Such happy Fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their Will repine,
 Who rule my Destiny.
 With sprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,
 And cherish up my Soul;
 When'er I think on my lost Fair,
 I'll drown her in the Bowl.

SONG CCCXIII Some in the, &c.

SOME in the Town go betimes to the Down,
 To pursue the fearful Hare;
 Some in the Dark love to hunt in a Park,
 For to chase all the Deer that are there;
 Some love to see the Falcon to flee,
 With a joyful life against the Air;
 But all my Delights is Giddy in the Night,
 When she turns up her silver Hair.

When she is beset with a Bow, Can, or Net,
And finding no shelter for to cover her,
She falls down flat, or in a Tuck does squat,
Till she lets the Hunter get over her:

With her Breast she does butt, and she bobs up
her Scut,

When the Bullets fly close by her Ear,
She strives not to escape, but she mumps like an
And she turns up, &c.

The Ferret he goes in, through hogs thick and
thin,

Whilst Mettle pursueth his Chace;
The Cunny she shows play, and in the best of her
way,

Like a Cat she does spit in his Face:
Tho' she lies in the Dust, she fears not his Ness,
With her full bound up, Sir, Career;

With the Strength that she shows, she gapes at
the Nose,
And she turns up, &c.

The Sport is so good, that in Town or th Wood,
In a Hedge, or a Ditch you may do it;

In Kitchen or in Hall, in a Barn or in a Stall,
Or wherever you please you may go to it;
So pleasing it is that you can hardly miss
Of so rich Game in all our Shire;

For they love so to play, that by Night or by Day,
They will turn up their Silver Hair

SONG CCCLIII. *Leader-haugh.*

THE Morn was fair, fast was the Air,
All Nature's Sweets were springing;
The Buds did bow with Silver Dew,

Ten thousand Birds were singing;
When on the Bent, with blyth Content,
Young Jamie sang his Marrow;

Nae bonnier Lasse e'er tried the Grass,
On *Leader-haugh* and *Tarrow*.

How sweet the Face, where every Gate
 In Heavenly Beauty's planted,
 Her smiling Ken, and comely Mien
 That nas Perfection wanted
 I'll never fret, nor can my Fate
 But bless my honny Margons;
 If her dear Smile my Doubts beguile,
 My Mind shall ken nas Sorrow.
 Yet tho' she's fair, and has full Share
 Of every Charm inchanting,
 Each Good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if Love be wanting.
 O bonny Lass! Have but the Grace
 To think, ere ye gae further,
 Your Joys maun sit, if ye commit
 The crying Sin of Murder.
 My wandring Ghost will ne'er get rest,
 And Night and Day affright ye
 But if you're kindly with joynt mind
 I'll study to delight ye
 Our Years around with Love thus crown'd
 From all things Joys shall borrow
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On Leader-baughts and Tarrow.
 O sweetest SUE! nighly you
 Can make Life worth my Wishes,
 If equal Love your Mind can move
 To grant this best of Blisses,
 Thou art my Sun, and thy least Frown
 Would blash me in the Blossom:
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy Bosom.

SONG CCXLVI. Cowdon knows.

WHEN Summer comes, the Swains on
 sing their successful Love.

Around the Ewes and Lambs and
 And Musick fills the Groves
 But my lov'd Song is then the Broom
 So fair on Cowdon-knolls
 For sure so sweet, so soft a Bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 There Colin tun'd his oaten Reeds
 And won my yielding Heart;
 No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such Art.
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The Hills and Dales all round;
 O Leader-haughts and Leader-side,
 Oh! how I bless'd the Sound.
 Yet more delightful is the Broom
 So fair on Cowdon-knolls;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a Bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Teviot Braes so green and gay
 May with this Broom compare;
 Not Tarro Bank in flowry May,
 Nor the Bum aboon Traquair.
 More pleasing far are Cowdon-knolls,
 My peaceful happy Home;
 Where I was wont to milk my Ewe
 At Even among the Broom.
 Ye Powers that haunt the Woods and Plains
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of Swains
 And my lov'd Cowdon-knolls.

SONG CCCXLV. *The Widow &c.*

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow
 can brew,
 The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,

II 310 II

And many brave Things the Widow can do,
Then have that she Widow my Laddie,
With Courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiss her and clasp her ye manna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the best
Gate

To win a young Widow, my Laddie,

The Widow she's youthfu', and never a Hair
The War of the wearing, and has a good Skait
Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich Joineure, my Laddie,
What cou'd ye wish better, your Pleasure
To crown,

Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town,
With naithing, but draw in your Stool, and sit
down,

And sport with the Widow, my Laddie,

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead,
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie,
Strike Iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the Woer that's thowless and cauld,

Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie,

SONG CCCXVI. Ladies, why, &c.

Ladies, why doth Love torment you?
Cannot I your Grief remove?
Is there none that can content you
With the sweet Delights of Love?

O No, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no, no,
no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,
Hath the Love and Wish of all

Dear, when shall I wait the Pleasure of your hand
That contribute my Heart and all I have to you

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
Will you be so mercifully bent,

Having wherewithal to please me,
Must I still be discontent?

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain;
Will you think it ill deserved,

To be favour'd for my Pain

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;

Will you think it ill Behaviour

Thus to steal a Kiss or two?

**All-amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under.**

Will you think I do too much?

O. No. & C.

Once more, let me tell you that I am not a socialist.

Now my Wish is fully sped.

If all Night I would lie by ye,

Shall I be refus'd your Bed?

O No, no, no, no, no, O No, no, no, no, no

SONG CCXLVII. *Had away from*

me, Donald.

Come away, come away,

Ready in a second. Come away with me today.

Sic Frowns I cannot better frame
Hath the Lover's love and the Lover's fate

Whose Smiles and ravish'd me, Jennys

If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought to fall short me, *Jenny*;
 For you're the Mistress of my Mind,
 What's you think of me, *Jenny*.
 First when your Sweet's enslav'd my Heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny*;
 But now, alas! you act a Part
 That speaks Unconstancy, *Jenny*.
 Unconstancy is sic a Vice,
 'Tis not befiting thee, *Jenny*;
 It suits not with your *Virtue* aice
 To carry sac to me, *Jenny*.

SONG CCCXLVIII. *O had away, &c.*

O had away, had away,
 Had away frae me, *Donald*;
 Your Heart is made o'er large for me,
 It is not meet for me, *Donald*;
 Some fickle Mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
 To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
 And not less kind to thee, *Donald*.
 But I've a Heart that's nothing such,
 'Tis fill'd with Honesty, *Donald*;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all Levity, *Donald*.
 Therefore nar maib, with Art, pretend
 Your Heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
 For Words of Falshood I'll defend,
 A soving Love like thine, *Donald*.
 First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
 Apparent Worth and fair Renown
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
 Ill *Virtue* then spen'd to adorn
 The Man whom I lov'd, *Donald*;
 But now the mask falls off, I fear
 To want a Thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for aye, had away,
 Had away from me, Donald;
 Gae seek a Heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald;
 For I'll reserve my self for aye
 For aye that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a aye I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, Donald.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy Man, and false Report
 Has only tald a Lie, Jenny;
 To try thy Truth, and make us Sport,
 The Tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, Donald;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

SONG CCCXLIX. *Todlen bame, and
 Todlen bame.*

W H E N I've Sixpence under my Thumb,
 Then I get Credit in ilka Town;
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by
 O! Poverty parts good Company.
*Todlen bame, todlen bame,
 Condu my Love, come todlen bame.*

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and lend her good Sale,
 She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
 Syne if that her Tippony chance to be time
 We'll tak a good Scour o'er, and ca't awa'!
*Todlen bame, todlen bame,
 As round as a Neep come todlen bame.*

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa Pint-Gloupes at our Bed's feet.

And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;
What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I!

Todlen butt, and todlen ben,

Sae round as my Love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your
Mou;

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a Naep ye come todlen hame.

SONG CCCL. *Widow are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my Chamber-door?
"Fair Widow are ye wawkin?"

Auld Carle, your Suite give o'er,

Your Love lyes a' in tawking,

Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an *April Meadow*;

'Tis sic as he can bles the Sight

And Bosom of a Widow.

"O Widow, wilt thou let me in,

"I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,

"And come of a right gentle Kin;

"I'm little mair than tify."

Daft Carle dir your Mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be, — bot Youth,

In Love you're but a Gawky.

"Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak,

"That pow'rfully plead clinkan,

"And if they fail my Mouth I'll steek,

"And nae mair Love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they make you young, Sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your Tongue, Sir

SONG CCCLI. *The glancing of her
Apron.*

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
The live-lang Summer-Day,

'Till we amais't were spoil'd

A. making of the Hay:

Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,

Ty'd on her bony Brow,

I whisper'd something in her Ear;

But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of *Kersy* green,

As tight as ony Silk:

O sic a Leg was never seen,

Her Skin was white as Milk;

Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wish

And sweet, sweet was her Mou,

O! *Jeany* daintylic can kiss;

But what's that to you?

The Rose and Lily baith combine,

To make my *Jeany* fair,

There is nae Bennison like mine,

I have amais't nae Care;

Only I fear my *Jeany's* Face,

May cause mae Men to rew,

And that may gar me say, alas!

But what's that to you?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,

Hide that sweet Face of thine,

That I may only be the Man

Enjoys these Looks divine.

O! do not prostitute, my Dear,

Wonders to common View,

And I with faithful Heart shall swear,

For ever to be true.

King Solomon had Wives anew,
And mony a Concubine;
But I enjoy a Bless mair true,
His Joys were short of mine;
And *Fenny's* happier than they,
She seldom wants her Due,
All Debts of Love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

S O N G CCCLII. ROB'S JOCK.

ROB'S *Jock* came to woo our *Fenny*;
On ae H'cast-Day when we were fou;
She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
And said, *Jock*, come ye here to woo?
She burnist her baith Breast and Brou,
And made her cleer as ony Clock;
Then spak her Dame, and said, I trou
Ye come till woo our *Fenny*, *Jock*.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern fu' fain,
To luk my Head, and sit down by you;
Then spak her Minny, and said again,
My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you.
Tehie! go *Fenny*, kiek, kiek, I see you:
Minny, yon Man maks but a Mock.
Deil hae the — fu leis me o' you,
I come to woo your *Fenny*, go *Jock*.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awin;
A Guse, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
A Stirk, a Staig, and Acre sawin,
Bakbread and a Bannock-stane;
A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there-ben,
A Kame but and a Kaming-stock;
With Coags and Luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Jock*?

A Wecht, a Peet-creel and a Cradle,
A pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail,

An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle,
 A Milkie, and a Sown-Pale,
 A rousy Whittle to sheer the Kail,
 And a Timber-mell the Bear to knock,
 Twa Shells made of an auld Fir-dale:
 Come ye to woo our *Fenny, Jock*?

A Furr, a Furlet, and a Peck,
 A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-band,
 A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck,
 A Spurtil-braid, and an Elwand.
 Then *Jock* took *Fenny* be the Hand,
 And cry'd, a Feast! and slew a Cock,
 And made a Brydal upo' Land.
 Now I have got your *Fenny*, go *Jock*.

Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarri'd,
 Its well kend I have Gear enough:
 Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh,
 A Spade, a Speet, a Spur, a Sock;
 Withouten Owfen I have a Pleugh;
 May that no ser your *Fenny*, go *Jock*?

A treen Truncher, a Ram-horn Spoon,
 Twa Buits of barkit Blasint-Leather,
 A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon,
 And a Trawcruck to wyne a Teather.
 Twa Crops that moup among the Heather,
 A pair of Branks, and a Fetter Lock,
 A tough Purse made of a Swine's Blather,
 To had your Tocher, *Fenny*, go *Jock*.

Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
 A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle,
 A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire,
 A Deuk about the Dubs to padle;
 The Pannel of an auld Led-sadle,
 And Rob my Eem hecht me a Stock,

Twa lussy Lips to lick a Ladle,
May thir no gane your *Jenny*, go *Jock*?

A pair of Hames and Brechom fine,
And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
A Sark made of the Linkome-twine,
A gay green Cloke that will not stenzie;
Mair yet in store — I needna senzie,
Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock;
And are not thae a wakrife Menzie,
To gae to Bed with *Jenny* and *Jock*?

Tak thir for my part of the Feast,
It is well known I am weel bodins;
Ye need not say my part is least,
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The Wife speerd gin the Kail was sodin,
When we have done, tak hame the Brok;
The Rost was tough as Raploch Hodin,
With which they feasted *Jenny* and *Jock*.

SONG CCCLIII. *A Rock and a wee
pickle Tow.*

I Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Cowd,
A bonny piece Land and Planting on't,
It fattens my Flocks, and my Barns it has stow'd;
But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't:
To grace it, and trace it,
And gi'e me Delight;
To blefs me, and kiss me,
And comfort my Sight,
With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night,
And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.
My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair;
Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting sweet,
She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Despair;
I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou Fairest, and Dearest,
 Delight of my Mind,
 Whose gracious Embraces
 By Heaven were design'd,
 For happiest Transports, and Blesses refin'd,
 Nae langer Delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny *Christy*, my Shepherds and
 Hynds

Shall carefully make the Years Dainties thine:
 Thus freed frae laigh Care, while Love fills our
 Minds,

Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me,

With smiling Consent,

Believe me, and give me

No Cause to lament.

Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, con-
 tent,

I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

SONG CCCLIV. *Saw ye Jenny, &c.*

SAW ye *Jenny Nettles*,

Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,

Saw ye *Jenny Nettles*,

Coming frae the Market;

Bag and Baggage on her Back,

Her Fee and Bountith in her Lap;

Bag and Baggage on her Back;

And a Babie in her Oxter.

I met ayont the Kairny,

Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,

Singing till her Bairny,

Robin Rattles' Bastard;

To see the Dool upo' the Stool,

And ilka ane that mocks her,

She round about seeks *Robin* out,

To snap it in his Oxter:

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly:
 Score out the Blame, and shun the Shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Take hame your Wain, mak Jenny fain,
 The leel and leesome Gate o't.

S O N G CCCLV. *Jocky's fou, &c.*

Jocky's fou, Jenny fain,
 Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the Wooer tell'd his Mind.
 Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
 I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
 Love alone can gi'e Delyt.

Others Seek they kenna what,
 In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that;
 Give me Love, for her I court:
 Love in Love makes a' the Sport!

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common Morives lang finfyne,
 Never can engage my Love,
 Until my Fancy first approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite
 That makes our eating a Delyt;
 Beauty is at best Deceit;
 Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

S O N G CCCLVI. *Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

WHEN *Phœbus* bright the azure Skies
 With golden Rays enlighthneth,
 He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
 Herbs, Trees and Flowrs he quickneth:

Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
And with Delight goes thorow,
With radiant Beams and Silver Streams,
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*,

When *Aries* the Day and Night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his Flight,
Nae langer he abideth :

Then *Fiora* Queen, with Mantle green,
Casts aff her former Sorrow,
And Vows to dwell with *Ceres* sell,
In *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

Pan playing on his aiten Reed,
And Shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their Flocks to feed,
The Hills and Haughs commending;
With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
Sing to the Sun, good Morrow,
And swear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield,
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

An House their Stands on *Leader* side,
Surmounting my describing,
With Rooms sae rare, and Windows fair,
Like *Dedalus*' contriving:
Men passing by, do often cry,
In sooth it hath nae Marrow ;
It stands as sweet on *Leader* Side,
As *Newark* does on *Tarrow*.

A Mile below wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the Mavis singing;
Into St. *Leonard*'s Banks she'll bide,
Sweet Birks her Head o'er-hinging :
The Lintwhite loud, and *Progne* proud,
With tuneful Throats and narrow,
Into St. *Leonard*'s Banks they sing,
As sweetly as in *Tarrow*.

The Lapwing liketh o'er the Lee,
 With nimble Wing she sporteth,
 But Vows she'll flee far frae the Tree
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:
 By break of Day, the Lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good Morrow,
 I'll streak my Wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

Park, *Wantan-waws*, and *Woden-clough*,
 The East and Westein *Mainfies*,
 The Wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
 The Corns are good in *Blainshes*,
 Where Aits are fine, and said be kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Woitslade Shaws*,
 The fearful Hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and *Braidwood* sheil she knaw,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth:
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidly Birks*,
 She rins, and sighs for Sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Tarrow*.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
 Than Hounds and Beigles crying?
 The started Hare rins hard with Fear,
 Upon her Speed relying.
 But yet her Strength, it fails at length,
 Nae Beilding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's* Fields, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*
 And sighs to be in *Tarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
 With Sight and Scent pursue her,
 Till ahl her Pith begins to flag:
 Nae Cunning can rescue her.

O'er Dub and Dike, o'er Seugh and Syke.
 She'll rin the Fields all throuw,
 'Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Larrow*.

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
 And *Drygrange* with the *Milkwhite Ews*,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing:
 The Bird that flees thro' *Reedpath* 'Tees,
 And *Gleadowood Banks* ilk *Murrow*,
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*
 And bonny *Howms* of *Larrow*.

But *Minstrel Burn* cannot assuage
 His Grief, while *Life* endureth,
 To see the Changes of this Age,
 That fleeting *Time* procreeth;
 For many a Place stands in hard Case,
 Where blyth Fowk hend nae *Sorrow*,
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader Side*,
 And *Scots*, that dwelt on *Larrow*.

SONG CCCLVII. *Greenwood-tree.*

Farewel the World, and mortal Cares,
 The ravish'd *Strepson* cry'd,
 As full of Joy and tender Tears
 He lay by *Phyllis*' Side:
 Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,
 Whilst not one Thought of mine
 At any other Bliss shall aim,
 But those dear Arms of thine!
 Still let me gaze on those bright Eyes,
 And hear thy charming Tongue,
 I nothing ask to swell my Joy,
 But thus to feel 'em long.
 In close Embraces let us lie,
 And spend our Lives to come,
 Then let us both together die,
 And be each other's Tomb.

SONG CCCLVIII. *Bless'd as thou, &c.*

O Thers false Tongues can you believe,
 Yet not my truer speaking Eyes?
 Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,
 But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The less I boast my real Flame,
 The more my Passion Truth bespeaks;
 Not what the Tongue, but Eyes proclaim,
 Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like professing Friends,
 Are more believ'd, the less they say;
 Who more our artful Speeches minds,
 Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then,
 Whilst they to thee such Love profess;
 True Love is, like true Courage, seen,
 But more as we pretend to' less.

SONG CCCLIX. *Had I the world, &c.*

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry
 The distant Shore, and long to prove,
 (Still richer in Variety)

The Treasure of the Land of Love.

We Women, like weak *Indians*, stand
 Inviting, from our golden Coast,

The wand'ring Rovers to our Land:

But she, who trades with 'em, is lost,

With humble Vows they first begin,

Stealing, unseen, into the Heart;

But by Possession settled in,

They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we resign,

In Ignorance, our shining Store;

Discover Nature's richest Mine,

And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
 How he can court, or you be won;
 For Love is but Discovery,
 When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

SONG CCCLX. *Dying Swan.*

WHEN *Cynthia* saw *Bathsheba's* Charms
 In wanton Colours dress'd,
 Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms,
 I dare not name the rest!

The blushing, envious, angry Maid,
 Observ'd with various Passions tost,
 To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd
 The Beauties she alone could boast.

A fatal Weapon forth she drew,
 To check the curious Painter's Pride,
 To veil those Charms she only knew,
 Those Beauties only she could hide.

'Tis well, enamour'd *Damon* cry'd,
 E'en let the poultry Copy fall,
 By you the Loss is well supply'd,
 In you we find th' Original.

SONG CCCLXI. *Stay, Shepherd, &c.*

WHEN *Molly* smiles beneath her Cow,
 I feel my Heart I can't tell how;
 When *Molly* is on *Sunday* dress'd;
 On *Sundays* I can take no rest.

What can I do on Working-days?
 I leave my Work on her to gaze:
 What shall I say? At Sermons I
 Forget the Text when *Molly's* by.

Good Master Curate, teach me how
 To mind your Preaching and my Plough;
 And if for this you'll raise a Spell,
 A good fat Goose shall thank you well.

SONG CCCLXII *The Soger Laddie*

MY Soger Laddie
 Is over the Sea,
 And he will bring Gold
 And Money to me;
 And when he comes hame,
 He'll make me a Lady,
 My Blessing gang with
 My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
 Is handsome and brave,
 And can as a Soger
 And Lover behave;
 True to his Country,
 To Love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him ye Angels,
 Frae Death in Alarms,
 Return him with Lawrels
 To my langing Arms.
 Synce frae all my Care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my Wishes
 My Soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his Honours
 Bloom fair on his Brow;
 As quickly they must,
 If he get his due:
 For in noble Actions
 His Courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my Soger Laddie.

SONG CCCLXIII. *The Cock Laird.*

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
 With Jenny did meet,
 He haws'd, he kifs'd her,
 And ca'd her his Sweet.

Wilt thou gae along
 Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
 Thou'lt be my ain Lemman,
 Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae along wi' ye,
 Ye maunna fail,
 To feast me with Caddels
 And good Hacker-kail.
 The Deel's in your Nicety,
 Jenny, quoth he,
 Mayna Bannocks of Bear-meal
 Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae Pinners,
 With Pearling set round,
 A Skirt of Puddy,
 And a Waistcoat of Broun.
 Awa with sick Vanities,
 Jenny quoth he,
 For Kurchis and Kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My Lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a Year,
 As had us in Pottage
 And good knockit Beer:
 But having nae Tenants,
 O Jenny, Jenny,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A Penny quoth he.

The Borrowstoun Merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Abeit they soud break.
 When broken, frae Care
 The Fools are set free,
 When we make them Lairsda
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

SONG CCCLXIV. *A Country, &c.*

A Country Bumpkin that Trees did grab,
 A Vicar that us'd the Pulpit to drub,
 And two or three more o'er a Stoop of strong
 Bub,

Late met on a Jolly Occasion,
 No ill Contrivance to cheat or to rob,
 But each in his turn, to speak a dry Bob,
 As drunk as five Lords, and as poor as Job,

Thus settl'd the State of the Nation.
Farmer. Oh Neighbour, Neighbour, what Times
 are these?

How long will't be e'er we shall have Peace,
 My Coat's out at Elbows, my Breeches at Knees,

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
 The *Monsieur* goes on in his former way,
 The Troops are ready without their Pay,
 To stare on each other in Battle Array.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Vicar. The Mob have been to Religion true,
 Pull'd down the Red, and set up the Blue:
 They have done their best, give the Devil his
 due,

With a Protestant active Endeavour.
Lawyer. And what no Nation before did dare,
 The Coin is chang'd in a time of War,
 Which shews we have Bullion enough and to
 spare.

Oh, would it may prove so for ever.

Citizen. And tho' Bank Bills we've discounted
found,
And that for a Hundred, we've got but five
Pound,
'Tis mill'd, and it's pretty, it shines, and it's
round.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
The Clippers Trading is at an end,
I wish it may our Condition mend,
They've no Coin to clip now, nor we none to
spend.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
Courtier. The King his Taxes no Friend can
grutch,

Tho' Jacobites bawl that we lavish too much;
That all runs away to the *French* and the *Dutch*,

And nothing is left more to drain Boys.
Citiz. But let us look within our Doors,
How Backs and Bellies exhaust our Stores,
Let's take up our Wives, and let's take down our
Whores.

We've enough for another Campaign Boys.
Courtier. Tho' Cits cry out that they are un-
done,
A Cuckold's Profit can ne'er be gone;
Their Wives are well rigg'd, and gold Laces still
on.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
Lawyer. Tho' Goldsmith's break too, and shut
up Door,
'Tis more to cheat ye, than want of Ore,
For Rogues will be Rogues, whether wealthy or
poor,

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
Citizen. Great Joy will come from the Chequer
Board,
When true Effects all our Tallies afford,

Court. And all our new Medals come out of the Hoard.

That, that will be great Consolation

Physic. When each Man's Purse to our Pains leans,

And Senates study right Ways and Means,

Farmer. And large Sums of Gold come from Bishops and Deans.

Then, then will be true Reformation

Lawyer. Tho' foreign Gamesters our Ruin plot,
And in our Tables perceive a Blot,

We'll win the Game afterwards, with a why not

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation,
Poor Britain's Troubles then soon relieve,

And in our stead make our Enemies grieve,
The Peace will be settl'd, the Muses will live.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation,

SONG CCCLXV. *Within an, &c.*

Within an Arbour of Delight,
As sweet as Bowers *Elysian*,
Where famous *Sidney* us'd to write,
I lately had a Vision;

Methought beneath a Golden State,
The Turns of Chance obeying,
Six of the World's most noted great,
At *Piquette* were a Playing.

The first two were the brave *Eugens*,
With *Vendosme* Battle waging,
The next a Nymph, who to be *Queca*,
Her *Monsieur* was engaging:
The *Fleur de lis* old *Maintenon*,
With sanctified *Carro*;
And next above the scarlet *Dow*,
Queca Anne, and *Gallick Nan*.

Game between the Martial Braves
 Was held in different Cases,
 Frenchman got Quatorze of Knaves,
 But Prince Eugene four Aces:
 Tho' the t'other's eldest Hand
 Gave Hopes to make a Jest on't,
 Now the Point who soonest gain'd,
 Could only get the best on't.
 From them I turn'd mine Eyes to see
 The Churchman and the Lady,
 And found her pleas'd to high Degree,
 Her Fortune had been steady;
 The Saints that cramm'd the Spanish Purse,
 She hop'd would all oblige her,
 For he had but a little *Terse*,
 When she produc'd *Quint-Major*.
 At now betwixt the King and Queen
 An Empire was depending,
 Within whose mighty Game was seen
 The Art of State-contending:
 The *Monsieur* had three Kings to win't,
 And was o'er Europe roaming,
 But her Full Point, *Quatorze* and *Quint*,
 Won all, and left him foaming.

SONG CCCLXVI. *Altho' I be, &c.*

Altho' I be but a Country Lass,
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear — O,
 And think my self as good as those
 That rich Apparel wear — O.
 Altho' my Gown be home-spun gray,
 My Skin it is as fast — O,
 As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
 And carry their Heads aloft — O.
 What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
 The thing that must be done — O,
 With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
 To shade me frae the Sun — O.

When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where Grass und Flow'rs do spring — O,
Then on a flowrie Banck at Noon,
I set me down and sing — O.

My Paisly Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
Contains my Drink but thin — O;
No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
Or tempt my Mind to sin — O,
My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
I think them unco fine — O,
And on a flowry Banck, at Noon,
I set me down and dine — O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise
Great Bags of shining Gold — O,
Like them whase Daughters, now a Days,
Like Swine are bought and sold — O,
Yet my fair Body it shall keep
An honest Heart within — O,
And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
I value, not a Prin — O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
Nor Chains about my Neck — O,
Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
My Fingers straight to deck — O,
But for that Lad to me shall sa'
And I have Grace to Wed — O,
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a'
I mean my Maidenhead — O.

O canny Fortune give to me
The Man I dearly love — O,
Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
My Hands I can improve — O.
Expecting for a Blessing still,
Descending from above — O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating Tales of Love — O.

SONG CCCLXVII. *Waly, Waly,*
gin Love be bonny.

Waly, waly up the Banck,
 And waly, waly down the Brae,
 And waly, waly yon Burn-side,
 Where I and my Love went to gae,
 Lean'd my back unto an Aik,
 I thought it was a trusty Tree,
 At first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

Waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
 A little Time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the Morning Dew.

Wherefore shou'd I busk my Head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my Hair?
 For my true Love has me forlook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint *Anton's* Well shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.

Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blow,
 And shake the green Leaves of the Tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my Life I am weary.

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;
 'Tis not sic Cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by *Glasgow* Town,
 We were a comely Sight to see;
 My Love was cled in the black Velvet,
 And I my sell in Cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win,

I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pinn'd it with a Silver Pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's Knee,
 And I my self were dead and gone,
 For a Maid again I'll never be.

SONG CCCLXVIII. *Oh! what, &c.*

O H! what a Plague is Love,
 I cannot bear it;
 She will unconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it;
 It so torments my Mind,
 That my Heart faileth;
 She wavers with the Wind,
 As a Ship faileth;
 Please her the best I may,
 She loves still to gainsay,
 Alack, and well a Day!

Phillada flouts me

At the Fair t'other Day,
 As she pass'd by me,
 She look'd another Way,
 And wou'd not spy me.
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But cou'd not get her,
 Dick had her to the Vine,
 He might intreat her.
 With Daniel she did dance,
 On me she wou'd not glance;
 Oh thrice unhappy Chance!

Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid, be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me;
 I am my Mother's Joy;
 Sweet, entertain me.

shall have, when she dies,
 All things that's sitting;
 Her Poultry, and her Bees,
 And her Goose sitting;
 A Pair of Mattress Beds,
 A Barrel full of Shreds:
 And yet, for all these Goods,

Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she lov'd Posies;
 In the last Month of May
 I gave her Roses,
 Cowslips, and Gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet Lilly,
 I got to deck the Bowers
 Of my dear *Philly*.
 She did them all disdain,
 And threw them back again;
 Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,

Phillada flouts me!

Thou shalt eat Curds and Cream
 All the Year lasting,
 And drink the chrystal Stream,
 Pleasant in tasting:
 Swigg Whey, until you burst,
 Eat Bramble-berries,
 Pye-lid, and Pastry Crust,
 Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
 Thy Garments shall be thin,
 Made of a Weather's Skin;
 Yet all's not worth a Pin.

Phillada flouts me.

Which Way soe'er I go,
 She still torments me;
 And whatsoe'er I do,
 Nothing contents me:

I fade, and pine away
 With Grief and Sorrows;
 I fall quite to Decay,
 Like any Shadow;
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand Year,
 And all because my dear

Phyllada flouts me

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
 And in Time take me;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me.
 There's Doll, the Dairy-maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
 And wanton Winnifred
 Favours me greatly;
 One throws Milk on my Cloaths,
 T' other plays with my Nose;
 What pretty Toys are those!

Phyllada flouts me

She has a Cloth of mine,
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps as a Sign
 Of my Fidelity:
 But if she frowns on me,
 She shall ne'er wear it.
 I'll give it my Maid Joan,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently;
 Yet, all the World may see

Phyllada flouts me

S O N G CCCLXIX. *The Answer.*

O H! where's the Plague in Love,
 That you can't bear it?
 If Men wou'd constant prove,
 They need not fear it.

Young Maidens, soft and kind,
 Are most in Danger ;
 Men waver with the Wind,
 Each Man's a Ranger :
 Their Falshood makes us know,
 That two Strings to our Bow
 Is best, I find it so:

Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that shou'd despair,
 'Tis you that slight me.
 What tho' when at the Fair
 Dick did invite me ;
 Tho' *Daniel* with me danc'd,
 You may believe me,
 I often on thee glanc'd,
 I'd not deceive thee ;
 I saw thee look awry,
 I knew the Reason why,
 I can see with one Eye,

Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly Boy,
 Do I disdain thee ?
 Because thou'rt Mother's Joy,
 I'd entertain thee ;
 Yet, wish I not her Death,
 For ought she'd leave thee,
 Nor, when Time stops her Breath,
 Will I deceive thee.
 What care I for her Geese,
 Or Beds of carded Fleeces?
 Since this quite breaks my Peace,

Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did say
 That I lov'd Posies,
 You, in the Month of *May*,
 Brought me sweet *Roses*?

You never shew'd the Thing
That most wou'd please me;
A gay Gold Wedding-Ring
Wou'd soon have eas'd me.
I should not with Disdain
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis flat, and plain,

Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries,
Nor of the chrystal Stream,
Or Bramble-berries:
Most surely you forget
Our wonted Frisking,
The Cock'ril on the Spit,
And the Pork Griking;
With more that might be said,
When I got Dame to Bed;
Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,

Barnaby doubts me.

You say, whate'er you do,
Nothing contents thee;
I pray it may be so,
Whilst thou torment'st me:
I pine, and sigh, all Night,
And wish for Morrow,
I can have no Delight,
I'm full of Sorrow.
Oh! if I dye, I fear,
Within a thousand Year,
My Ghost will make't appear,

Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted Hose,
To save the Penny,
But wou'd not spot thy Cloaths,
Like idle *Wenny*:

Yet wanton *Winnifred*

You like much better ;

Dr Doll, the Dairy-maid,

If you con'd get her.

Ungrateful *Barnaby*,

How can'st thou threaten me ?

But I knew how 'twould be,

Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine,

Wrought with blue *Coventry*,

Which thou gav'st as a Sign

Of thy Fidelity,

Will give it back again,

To thee as Token,

That by a perjur'd Swain

My sad Heart's broken.

Oh! *Barnaby*, unkind,

Thou'lt quite distract my Mind,

Too late, alas ! I find,

Barnaby doubts me.

S O N G CCCLXX. *All the, &c.*

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill cease ;

Some for Interest some for Glory,

Tho' their Tongues run all of Peaces.

Since the High-Church then and Low,

Make our daily Mischiefs grow,

And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,

Are not sure, how quickly they may turn out :

How bless'd is the happy he,

Who from Town, and the Faction that is there,
is free ;

For Love and no ill Ends,

Treats his Neighbours and his Friends ?

He shall ever, in the book of Fame,

Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

He that was the High Puffe-bearer,
 At his Levy no Crowds you see;
 He that was the Grand Cause-hearer,
 Now no longer makes Decree:
 Nay, to prove her Wavering evil,
 And that Fortune is the Devil;
 The Hero leading our Arms abroad,
 Whom they late did celebrate like a God,
 Scarce has any to drink his Health,
 If a Friend does not kindly put it round by
 Stealth:

A *Whig* is out o' Grace,
 And a *Tory* in his Place:
 Riddles all, and something is amiss.
 What a whimsical World is this!

SONG CCCLXXI. *Tune, Sally, &c.*

I Am in truth
 A country Youth,
 Unus'd to *London* Fashions:
 Yet Virtue guides,
 And still presides
 O'er all my Steps and Passions.
 No countly Leer,
 But all sincere,
 No Bribe shall ever blind me;
 If you can like
 A *Yorkshire* Tike,
 An honest Man you'll find me:
 Tho' Envy's Tongue
 With Slander hung,
 Does oft bely our Country;
 No Men on Earth
 Boast greater Worth,
 Or more extend their Bounty.
 Our Northern Breeze
 With us agrees,

And does for Business fit us ;
 In publick Cares,
 In Love's Affairs,
 With Honour we acquit us.
 To any Shire or Nation,
 He gains most Praise,
 Who best displays
 A generous Education :
 While Rancour rolls
 In narrow Souls,
 By narrow views discerning ;
 The truly Wise
 Will only prize
 Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

S O N G CCCLXXII. *The Gossips.*

TWO Gossips they merrily met
 At Nine in the Morning full soon ;
 And they were resolv'd for a Whet,
 To keep their sweet Voices in Tune.
 Away to the Tavern they went ;
 ' Here *Joan* I vow and protest,
 ' That I have a Crown yet unspent,
 ' Come let's have a Cup of the best.
 ' And I have another, perhaps,
 ' A Piece of the very same sort,
 ' Why should we sit thrumming of Caps,
 ' Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart !
 ' And let it be Liquor of Life,
 ' Canary, or sparkling Wine !
 ' For I am a buxom young Wife,
 ' And I love to go gallant and fine.
 The Drawer as blythe as a Bird
 Came skipping with Cap in his Hand,
 ' Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,
 ' The best shall be at your Command ;

- A Quart of Canary he drew,
 Joan fill'd up a Glass and begun,
 ' Here Gossip, a Bumper to you,
 ' I'll pledge you, Girl, were it a Tun!
 And, pray Gossip, did'nt you hear
 The common Report of the Town;
 ' A Squire of Five Hundred a Year
 ' Is marry'd to Doll of the Crown:
 ' A draggle-tail'd Slut, on my Word,
 ' Her Cloaths hanging ragged and foul;
 ' In troth he would fain have a Bird,
 ' That would give a Groat for an Owl;
 ' And she had a Sister last Year,
 ' Whose Name they call'd galloping Peg,
 ' She'd rake up a Straw with her Ear,
 ' I warrant her right as my Leg!
 ' A Brewer he got her with Child,
 ' But e'en let them brew as they bake;
 ' I knew she was wanton and wild,
 ' But I'll neither meddle nor make.
 ' Nor I, Gossip Joan, by my troth,
 ' Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
 ' She stole seven Yards of Broad Cloth,
 ' A Ring and a Locket of Gold;
 ' A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
 ' A flourishing Madam was she;
 ' But Margery told me the News,
 ' And it ne'er shall go further for me.
 ' We were at a Gossiping Club,
 ' Where we had a chernping Cup,
 ' Of good humming Lignor—strong Hub!
 ' Your Husband's Name there it was up,
 ' For bearing a powerful Sway,
 ' All Neighbour's his Valour have seen,
 ' For he is a C-kold they say,
 ' A Constable, Gossip, I mean.

- ' Dear Gossip, a Slip of the Tongue
- ' No Harm was intended in Mind :
- ' Chance Words they will mingle among
- ' Our others, we commonly find.
- ' I hope you won't take it amiss
- ' No, no, that were Folly in us;
- ' And if we perhaps get a Kiss,
- ' Pray what are our Husbands the worse?

SONG CCCLXXIII. *Eterick Banks.*

W H E N first those blooming Charms I
 spy'd,
 That smiling play on *Annie's* Face,
 Her Hair without affected Pride,
 Her Shape, her Mien, and every Grace;
 My Heart and every Pulse beat fast,
 In Hurry all my Spirits mov'd,
 I felt new Motions in my Breast,
 The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd!

But when her Mirth, and lively Sense
 With Pleasure I attentive heard,
 Her chearful Wit and Innocence,
 In every Thought and Word appear'd!
 Those lovely Beauties of her Mind
 A noble lasting Joy impart,
 Excite a Passion more refin'd,
 And doubly captivate my Heart.

When *Annie's* Presence I enjoy,
 A pleasing Warmth within me glows,
 No cloudy Cares my Bliss annoy,
 My Soul with Love and Joy o'erflows?
 So when the glorious God of Day
 Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night,
 Nature reviving, all looks gay,
 And welcomes the returning Light!

Oh would my Charmer make me blest
 And yield to ease her Lover's Pain,
 My Fears all gone, my Soul at rest,
 Then Love and Joy should ever reign;
 Each gentle Hour, with fresh Delight,
 Wou'd pass away in mutual Love,
 In Peace we'd spend the Day and Night,
 And emulate the Blest above!

SONG CCCLXXIV. *Love inviting Reason.*

W H E N innocent Pastime our Pleasure did
 crown,
 Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree;
 Ere *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
 How lovely and loving and bony was she?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jet:
 O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.
 Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the
 Spleen?
 Can tyning of Triffles be uneasy to thee?
 Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears fra these
 Een,
 That look with Indifference on poor dying
 me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.
 Ah! shou'd a new Manteau, or *Flanders-lace*
 Head,
 Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
 That anes had some Hope of purchasing thine!

Shall a *Paris* Edition of new-fangl'd *Sawny*,
 Tho' gill'd o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these Benisons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bony be constant and canny,
 Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka sweet
 Hour,

That slide away safely between thee and me.
 Ere Squirrels, or Beaus, or Fopp'ry had Power
 To rival my Love and impose upon thee.

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy Desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

S O N G CCCLXXV. *An old, &c.*

A N old Baboon, of ruseful Mien,
 Having long time a Courtier been,
 And many Revolutions seen,
 Amass'd up Wealth great Store.
 This Magnet draws him many Friends,
 Whom, Courtier-like, he condescends
 To promise what he ne'er intends,
 Or never thinks on more.

They, in Return, his Levee grace,
 Some praise his Wit, his Shape, his Face,
 In hopes to gain some pretty Place;
 But mark, how Fate devis'd!
 An Order came from Court one Day,
 To take his ill-got Wealth away;
 And like the Feather-borrowing Jay,
 Divested, he's despis'd.

SONG CCCLXXVI. *Remember, &c.*

Remember ye Whiggs what was formerly
done,

Remember your Mischiefs in Forty and One;
When Friend oppos'd Friend, and Father the

Son,

Then, then the Old Cause went rarely on;

The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,

The Rabble got up, and the Nobles went down:

Lay Elders in Tubs,

Rul'd Bishops in Robes,

Who mourn'd the sad Fate,

And dreadful Disaster

Of their Royal Master,

By Rebels betray'd.

Then London be wise, and baffle their Power,

And let them play the old Game no more;

Hang up the Sh— those Baboons in Power.

Those popular Thieves, those Rats of the Tower;

Whose canting Tale the Rabble believes to be true,

And never sorry, merrily they still go on;

Fie for Shame, we're too lame, since they claim

The Combat, Tan tara tara, tan tara tara,

Dub, a dub, a let the Drum beat, the strong Militia

Guard the Throne.

When Faction possesses the popular Voice,

The Cause is supply'd still with Nonsense and

Noise,

And Tony, their Speaker, the Rabble leads on,

He knows if we prosper that he must run;

Caroline must be his next Station of Sale,

And London be rid of her worst Disease;

From Plots and from Spies,

From Treason and Lies,

We shall ever be free;

And the Law shall be able

To punish a Rebel,
As cunning as he:

Then London, &c.

Rebellion ne'er wanted a Loyal Pretence,
These Villains swear all's for the Good of their
Prince;

Oppose our Elections, to shew what they dare,
And losing their Charter, Arrest the Lord Mayor;
Fool *Je—ks* was the first o' the Cuckoldly
Crew,

With *Ell—s* and *Je—kyll* and *Hub—land* the *Jew*;
Fam'd Sparks of the Town,
For Wealth and Renown,
Give the Devil his Due,
And such as we fear,
Had their Sovereign been there,
Had Arrested him too:

Then London, &c.

SONG CCCLXXVII. *I sing not, &c.*

I Sing not old *Jason*, who travell'd thro' *Greece*,
To kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich
Pleece;

Nor sing I *Aeneas*, who, led by his Mother,
Got rid of one Wife, and went far for another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
Ulysses by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and converse with old
Pen.

Hang *Horace* and *Virgil*, their Meaning to seek,
A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
Those who love our own Tongue, we have reason
to hope,

Have read them translated by *Dryden* and *Pope*,

But I sing Exploits that have lately been done
By two *British* Heroes, call'd *Matthew* and *John*;
And how they rid friendly from fine *London*

Town,

Fair Essex to see, and a Place they call'd *DOWN*.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose,
How much they discours'd both in Prudence and
Prose :

For before this great Journey was thoroughly con-
certed,

Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my Friend
John,

I fairly have travell'd Years thirty and one;
And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's Warrants,
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

And now in this Journey of Life, I would have
A Place where to bait, 'twixt the Court and the
Grave ;

Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die —
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbours so
thick,

A Portal of Stone, and a Fabrick of Brick.

The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r;
But the Money, Gadzooks, must be paid in an
Hour.

For Things in this World must by Law be made
certain,

We both must repair unto *Oliver Martin* :

For he is a Lawyer of worthy Renown,
I'll bring you to see; he must fix you at *Down*.

Quoth *Matthew*, I know, that from *Berwick* to
Dover

You've sold all our Premises over and over,

And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
 You may throw all our Acres into the South-Sea.
 But a Word to the Purpose; to-morrow, dear
 Friend,

We'll see what to-night you so highly commend,
 And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
 Let the Devil and *Contingsby* go with the rest.

Then answer'd 'Squire *Morley*, pray get a Galash,
 That in Summer may burn, and in Winter may
 splash,

I love Dirt and Dust; and 'tis always my Pleasure
 To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

But *Matthew* thought better: For *Matthew*
 thought right,

And hired a Chariot so trim and so tight,
 That Extremes both of Winter and Summer
 might pass;

For one Window was Canvass, the other was Glass.

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down,
 quoth Friend *John*,

We shall be both hotter and colder anon.

Thus talking and scolding, they forward did
 speed,

And *Ralpho* pac'd by, under *Newman* the *Swords*.

Into an old Inn did his Equipage roll,

At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the
 Bull,

Near a Nymph with an Urn, that divides the
 High-way,

And into a Puddle throws the Mother of *Tea*.

Come here, my sweet Landlady pray how d'ye do?

Where's *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?

And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?

And the Hostler that sung about eight Years ago?

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear?

Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was
 clear.

By my Troth, she replica, you grow young, I
think:

And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman
drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
If I know to which Question to answer you first.
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely
have vary'd,

And the Hostler is hang'd, and the Widow is
marry'd;

And *Prue* left a Child for the Parish to nurse;
And *Sissy* went off with a Gentleman's Purse;
And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes (what signifies Grief)
She roasted red Veal, and she powder'd lean Beef;
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine Dish;
For tough was her Bullets, and tender her Fish.
For that matter, Sir, be ye 'Squire, Knight, or
Lord,

I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford;
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or living or dead.

Of Mutton, a delicate Neck and a Breast,
Shall swim in the Water in which they were drest;
And because you great Folks are with Rarities
taken,

Addle-eggs shall be the next Course, tosd up
with rank Bacon.

The Supper was serv'd, and the Sheets they were
laid;

And *Morley* most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.
The Maid! was she handsome? why truly so, for
But what *Morley* whisper'd, we never shall know,
Then up rose these Heroes as brisk as the Sun,
And their Horses like his were prepared to run.

Now when in the Morning *Matt* ask'd for the
Score,

John kindly had paid it the Evening before.

There Breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat;
A Custom in Travellers, mighty discreet,
And thus with great Friendship and Glee they
went on,

To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
call'd DOWN, down, hey derry down-

But what did they talk of from Morning till
Noon?

Why, of Spots in the Sun, and the Man in the
Moon:

Of the *Czar's* gentle Temper, the Stocks in the
City,

The wise Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-Com-
mittee,

So to *Harlow* they came! and hey, where are
you all?

Shew us into the Parlour, and mind when I
call;

Why, your Maids have no Motion, your Men
have no Life;

Well, Master, I hear you have buried your Wife.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Horse, and a
Guide.

Are the *Harrisons* here, both the Old and the
young?

And where stands fair *Down*, the Delight of my
Song?

O 'Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may
say,

I have bury'd two Wives since you Travell'd this
way;

And the *Harrisons* both may be presently here;
And *Down* stands, I think, where it stood the
last Year.

Then *Jean* brought the Tea-pot, and *Caleb* the
Toast;

And the Wine was froth'd out by the Hand of
mine Host;

But we clear'd our *Extempore* Banquet so fast,
That the *Harrisons* both were forgot in the haste.
Now hey for *Down-Hall*; for the Guide he was
got;

The Chariot was mounted; the Horses did trot;
The Guide he did bring us a dozen Mile round:
But O! all in vain; for no *Down* could be found.

O thou *Popish* Guide! thou hast led us astray.
Says he; how the Devil should I know the Way?
I never yet Travell'd this Road in my Life:
But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my
Wife.

Thy Wife, answered *Matthew*, when she went
abroad,

Ne'er told thee of Half the By-ways she had
trod;

Perhaps she met Friends, and brought Pence to
thy House,

But thou shalt go Home without ever a Soule.

What is this thing, *Morley*, and how can you
mean it?

We have lost our Estate here, before we have
seen it.

Have patience; soft, *Morley* in Anger reply'd:

To find out our Way, let us send off our Guide.

O here I spy *Down*: Cast your Eye to the West;
Where a Wind-Mill so stately stands plainly
confest;

On the West, reply'd *Matthew*, no Wind-Mill
I find,

A well thou may'st tell me I see the West-wind.

Now pardon me, *Morley*, the Wind-Mill I spy,
But, faithful *Achates*, no House is there nigh.

Look again, says mild Morley, Gadzooks, you
are blind:

The Mill stands before, and the House lies behind.

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern,

Untill'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a Barn.

A Barn! why you rave: 'Tis a House for a
Squire,

A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House should be built, or with Brick or with
Stone.

Why, 'tis Plaister and Lath; and, I think;
that's all one.

And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its Name

To D O W N, down, hey derry down.

O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall,

The Fame with the Building will suddenly
fall —

With your Friend *Jemmy Gibbs* about Buildings
agree,

My Business is Land; and it matters not me.

I wish you could tell what a duce your Head ails;

I shew'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for
Versailles?

Then take House and Farm, as *John Ballet* will
let you;

For better, for worse, as I took my Dame *Betty*.

And now, Sir, a Word to the Wise is enough;

You'll make very little of all your old Stuff:

And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you
grow simple;

Are you young and rich, like the Master of
Wimple?

If you have these Whims of Apartments and
Gardens,

From twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see Five
Farthings:

And in youm I shall find the true Gentleman's
Fate;

Ere you finish your House, you'll have spent
your Estate,

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends ere
we part.

Here, *John*, is my Thumb; and here, *Matt*, is
my Heart;

To *Hallstead* I speed; and you go back to Town
Thus ends the *First Part* of the Ballad of *DOWN*

Derry down, down, hey derry down

SONG CCCLXXVIII. *To silvan, &c.*

YE silvan Powers that rule the Plains,
Where sweetly winding *Fortha* glides;
Conduct me to her Banks again,

Since there my charming *Molly* bides.
These Banks that breathe their vernal Sweets,
Where every smiling Beauty meets;
Where *Molly's* Charms adorn the Plain,
And cheer the Heart of every Swain.

Thrice happy were these golden Days,
When I, amidst the rural Throng,
On *Fortha's* Meadows breath'd my Lays,
And *Molly's* Charms were all my Song.
While she was present all were gay,
No Sorrow did our Mirth allay;
We sung of Pleasure, sung of Love,
And Musick breath'd in every Grove.

O then! was I the happiest Swain,
No adverse Fortune marr'd my Joy;
The Shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,
On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
O'er *Fortha's* mazy Banks we stray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid;
The beauteous Maid my Love return'd,
And both with equal Ardour burn'd.

Off on the grassy Bank reclin'd,
 Where *Forth* follow'd by in Murmurs deep,
 It was my happy Chance to find
 The charming *Molly* lull'd asleep;
 My Heart then leap'd with inward Bliss,
 I softly stoop'd, and steal'd a Kiss;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, to chide me fell,
 But smil'd as if she lik'd it well.

Of in the thick embow'ring Groves,
 Where Birds their Musick chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our Loves,
 And *Forth's* fair Meanders view'd.
 The Meadows wore a general Smile,
 Love was our Banquet all the while!
 The lovely Prospect charm'd the Eye,
 To where the Ocean met the Sky.

Ye silvan Powers, ye rural Gods,
 To whom we Swains our Cares impart;
 Restore me to these blest Abodes,
 And ease, oh! ease my love-sick Heart;
 These happy Days again restore,
 When *Molly* and I shall part no more,
 When she shall fill these longing Arms,
 And crown my Bliss with all her Charms.

SONG CCCLXXIX. *Zeno, Plato, &c.*

Z*eno, Plato, Aristotle,*
 All were Lovers of the Bottle;
 Poets, Painters, and Musicians,
 Churchmen, Lawyess, and Physicians,
 All admire a pretty Lase,
 All require a chearful Glase:
 Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
 Love and Drinking are no Treason.

SONG CCCLXXX. Willy was,

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
 The blytheft Lad that e'er I saw,
 At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa :
 His Doublet was of Zetland Shag,
 And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
 And at his Shouder hang a Tag,
 That pleas'd the Lasses best of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
 His Heart was frank without a Flaw;
 And ay whatever Willy said,

It was still hadden as a Law.
 His Boots they were made of the Jag,
 When he went to the Weapon shaw,
 Upon the Green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a' ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth Gowd ?

He wan the Love of Great and Sma's;
 For after he the Bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the Lasses hale-sale a'.

Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When be the Hand he led them a',
 And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By Virtue of a Standing Law.

And was nae Willy a great Lown,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen ?

When he dane'd with the Lasses round,
 The Bridgroom spear'd where he had been.

Quoth Willy, I've been at the Ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are sair;
 Gae ea' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gat out,
 And for a Wee fill up the Ring;

shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny Face,
 With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his Place.

Wedgroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag;
 Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
 Or wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And formost ay bears up the Ring;
 He will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling.

SONG CCCLXXXI. *My Masters, &c.*

MY Masters and Friends, and good People
 draw near,
 And look to your Purfes, for that I do say,
 And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
 It cost more to get than to lose in a Day;
 You oft have been told,
 The Young and the Old,
 And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;
 Then if you take heed not, free me from the
 Curse,
 Who give you fair Warning for and the Cut-
 purse.
*Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starved at
 Nurse,*
Than for to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.
 It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
 That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime;
 Alack and for Pity, why should it be said?
 As if they regarded the Place or the Time:
 Examples have been,
 Of some that were seen,

In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleaders between
Then why should the Judges be free from this
Curse,

More than my poor self, for cutting the Purse?
Youth, Youth, &c.

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and even i'th
Goal,

A Knight of good Worth did there shew his
Face,

Against the small Sinner in rags for to rail,
And lost *Ipsa Facto*, his Purse i'th' Place;

Nay, even from the Seat
Of Judgment so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair Purse of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse
Are those that so venture their Neck for a Purse?
Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booties to make!

Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,

They stick not, but stare about Purse to take:
Nay, once without Grace,

At a better Place,

At Court, and at *Christmas* before the King's
Face:

Alack then for Pity must I bear the Curse,
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?
Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh you vile Nation of Cut-purses all,
Relent and repent, and amend, and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest Men's
Fall,

To advance your own Fortunes, to die above
Ground;

And tho' you go Gay,

In Silks, as you may,

It is not the High-way to Heaven (they say)

repent, the
and kiss not
Youth, Youth,

ONG C

A Rise, a
Arise,
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be gone, be
be gone, be
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You cannot be

My Jock
My Will
My Joy, my
O the Nigh

Farewel, farev
Farewel my
Now will I be
If I cannot
My Ju

Return, return
Return, my L
The Wea
Then see
Thou shalt be
My Jock

repent, then repent ye for better for worse,
and kiss not the Gallows for cutting a Purse.
Youth, Youth, &c.

ONG CCCLXXXII. *Arise, arise, &c.*

A Rife, arise, my *Juggy*, my *Puggy*,
Arise, get up, my *Dear*,
The Night is cold,
It bloweth it snoweth,
I must be lodged here.

My *Juggy*, my *Puggy*,
My *Honey*, my *Bunny*,
My *Love*, my *Dove*, my *Dear*;
O the Night is cold,
It bloweth, it snoweth,
I must be lodged here.

Be gone, be gone, my *Jockey*, my *Jockey*,
Be gone, be gone, my *Dear*;
The Night is warm,
'Twill do you no harm,
You cannot be lodged here.

My *Jockey*, my *Jockey*,
My *Willy*, my *Billy*,
My *Joy*, my *Joy*, my *Dear*;
O the Night it is warm, &c.

Farewel, farewel, my *Juggy*, my *Puggy*,
Farewel my *Love*, my *Dear*;
Now will I be gone from whence I come,
If I cannot be Lodged here.
My Juggy &c.

Return, return, my *Willy* my *Billy*,
Return, my *Love* and *Dear*;
The Weather doth change,
Then seem not strange,
Thou shalt be lodged here.
My Jockey &c.

SONG CCCLXXXIII. *There was, &c.*

T Here was an Old Woman that had but One
 Son,
 And he had neither Land nor Fee;
 He took great Pains,
 But got liyle Gains,
 Yet fain a Landlord he would be.
*With a fadarriddle la, fa la da riddle la, fa la
 la fa la la re.*

And as he was a going Home,
 He met his Old Mother upon the High-way;
 O Mother, quoth he,
 Your Blessing grant me,
 Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
With a fa, &c.

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day,
 But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long;
 For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
 Then e'er I had when I was Young.
With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
 A Penny for it I shall have you shall see;
 With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
 I shall have Seven for my Penny.
With a fa, &c.

And those Seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
 Perhaps Seven Cocks they may chance for to
 be;
 And when those Seven Cocks are Seven Capons,
 There will be Seven Half-Crowns for me.
With a fa, &c.

But as he was going Home,
 Accounting up of his Riches all;
 His Foot it stumbled against a Stone,
 Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all.
With a fa, &c.

*His Pitcher
 patch
 This 'tis
 Hatched
 With a*

SONG C

I Was ane
 My Mi
 But now I'm
 My Step-d
 My Father h
 And she p
 He neither h
 And keeps
 He's barmy-
 And gais m
 While hungry
 I see her d
 Not soon I mi
 And soon o
 My Poorteth
 If she were
 Quoth Ringa
 This bonny
 All take thee,
 Gif thou wil
 'Tis only your
 Your Kindn
 Than a' that y
 Of Grace, r
 m but a youn
 And ye are

CHORUS.

His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd.

This 'tis to count Chickens before they are Hatch'd.

With a fa da, &c.

SONG CCCLXXXIV. *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well tocher'd Lass,
 My Mither left Dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor Pass,
 My Step-dame has gart them flee.
 My Father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the Deel with his Gear;
 He neither has Lateth nor Shame,
 And keeps the hale House in a Steer.
 He's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gais me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haf naked and cauld.
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a Revenge,
 And soon of my Sorrows be free,
 My Poorteth to Plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonny Lass tenderly,
 Will take thee, sweet May, in thy Snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only your Sell that I want,
 Your Kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your Step-mother, scant
 Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

But a young Farmer, it's true,
 And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;

But I have Milk-cattle enow,
 And Rowth of good Rocks in my Yard,
 Ye shall have naithing to fast ye,
 Sax Servants shall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy Coats, my Lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The Maiden her Reason imploy'd,
 Not thinking the Offer amiss,
 Consented; — while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a Kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken Step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her Good-wife at hame.

SONG CCCLXXXV. *Belinda's blest, &c.*

Belinda's blest with ev'ry Grace;
 See! Beauty triumphs in her Face:
 Her Charms such lively Rays display,
 They kindle Darkness into Day!

When she appears, all Sorrow flies,
 And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes:
 Around her wait the suit'ring Lovers,
 When Graceful in the Dance she moves.

SONG CCCLXXXVI. *'Tis now, &c.*

'TIS now since I sat down before
 That foolish Fort a Heart,
 (Time strangely spent) a Year and more,
 And still I did my Part:

Made my Approaches, from her Hand
 Unto her Lip did rise;
 And did already understand
 The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no less Art,
 My Tongue was Engineer;

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 These
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 Cruel Love!

I thought to undermine the Heart
By whisp'ring in the Ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon Oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the Place,
By cutting off all Kisses,
Praising and gazing on her Face,
And all such little Blissess.

To draw her out, and from her Strength,
I drew all Batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no Siege had been.

When I had done what Man cou'd do,
And thought the Place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These Hopes, and this Relief:
A Spy inform'd, *Honour* was there,
And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth I,) the Word straight give,
Let's lose no Time, but leave her:
That Giant upon Air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a Place our Camp remove,
As will no Siege abide;
I hate a Fool, that starves her Love,
Only to feed her Pride.

SONG CCCLXXXVII. *Lonely, &c.*

L Onely Groves young *Strephos* chusing,
There t' indulge his am'rous Musing,
Love augments, while Love he blames.
Cruel Love! you cause my Anguish,

Thus with Care I pine and languish,
 Thus consume amid your Flames.
 I despair at *Celia's* Frowning;
 When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning;
 Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.
Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
 Conscious of his Presence made him,
 And his Godhead thus express:
 While you speak of Pains and Dying,
 Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
 My soft Empire's built on Sighs:
 When those anxious Cares are over,
 Soon you lose the Name of Lover;
 Love insipid grows, and dies.

SONG CCCLXXXVIII. *Iris, &c.*

IRIS, on a Bank of Thyme,
 With a Sigh, and weeping Eye,
 Said to lovely *Celamine*,
 Let not Men your Heart surprize,
 Men are all compos'd of Lies.
 Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,
 And as many Vows repeat;
 All they swear, is common Air,
 All they promise, but Deceit;
 Man was never constant yet.
 Wisely then preserve your Heart
 From the Tyranny of Fate;
 For only They can act their Part,
 When Love has its Return of Fate;
 Then Repentance comes too late.

SONG CCCLXXXIX. *Tell me, &c.*

TELL me, *Sileno*, why you fill
 With fancy'd Woes your Life?
 Why's all your Time expended still,
 In Thinking, or in Talking ill,
 Of your too virtuous Wife?

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SON

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For, faith, I can't see to what End
 You keep her up so close;
 Nor how you cou'd your self offend,
 That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
 You never leave your House.

Ah! Were she but advis'd by me,
 Her many Taunts and Scorns
 With Int'rest shou'd refunded be,
 She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
 By decking thee with Horns.

S O N G CCCXC. Pan leave, &c.

PAN leave Piping, the Gods have done Feast-
 ing,

There's never a Goddess a Hunting to Day:
 Mortals marvel at *Corydon's* Jestings,
 That gives the Assistance to entertain *May*.
 The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their
 Faces,

So lively as passes, trip over the Downs:
 Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at
Barleybreak;

Lord what haste they make for a Green-gown
John with *Gillan*, *Harry* with *Frances*,
Meg and *Mary*, with *Robin* and *Will*,
George and *Margery* lead all the Dances,
 For they were reported to have the best Skill:
 But *Cec'ly* and *Nancy*, the fairest of many,

That came last of any, from out of the Towns,
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the
 Throng,

They so much did long for their Green-gowns
 Wanton *Deborah* whispered with *Dorothy*,
 That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*,
 Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her Authority,
 And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.

But *Sibel* was sickly, and could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon,
Tib would not tarry for *Tom*, nor for *Harry*,
Lest *Christian* should carry away the Green-
gown.

Blanch and *Beatrice*, both of a Family,
Came very lazy lagging behind;
Annise and *Aimable* noting their Policy,
Cupid is cunning, although he be blind:
But *Winny* the Witty, that came from the City,
With *Parnel* the Pretty, and *Bessie* the Brown;
Clem, *Joan*, and *Isabel*, *Sue*, *Alice* and bonny
Nell,

Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Me-
dow,

Where they intended to gather their May,
Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But constant *Penshott*, *Twith*, *Hope* and *Charry*,
Look'd very modestly; yet they lay down;
And *Prudence* prevented what *Ruth* had repented,
And *Kate* was contented to take a Green-gown.

Then they desired to know of a Tenth,
If all their Fellows were in the like Case.

Nem call'd for *Eda*, and *Eda* for *Ruth*,

Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace*;

But there was no speaking, they answer'd with
squeaking,

The pretty *Lass* breaking the Head of the
Clown;

But some were Wooing, while others were doing,

Yet all their going was for a Green gown.

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping,

To see if his *Daphne* had been in the Throng;

But missing her hastily downwards was creeping,

For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarried too long:

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SONG

Fauld.

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Yet we
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My Peggy f
Whene'er
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I wish nae r
My Peg
To a
But she
At w

My Peggy f
Whene'er
That I look
That I look

Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward re-
turned,
For *Cynthia* scorned to smile, or to frown ;
Thus they did gather *May*, all the long Sum-
mer-day,
And at Night went away with a Green-gown.

*The following SONGS to be sung in
their proper Places in the Acting of the
Gentle Shepherd, at each the Page
marked where they come in.*

SONG CCCXCI. *The Wawking of the
Faulds. Sung by Patie, Page 1.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as *May*,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my Spirits glow
At wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me sic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence the wale of Sense,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

SONG CCCXCII. *Fy gar rub her o'er
with Strae. Sung by Patie, p. 6.*

DEAR Roger, if your Fenny geck,
And answer Kindness with a Slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
For Women in a Man delight:
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple Face give way
To a Repulse — then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.

When Maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongues;
But tent the Language of their Een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your Love with Hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SONG CCCXCIII. *Polwart on the
Green. Sung by Peggy, p. 10.*

THE dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane her Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld:

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The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats, tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows as its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave,
They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by it sell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SON G CCCXCIV. *O dear Mother,
what shall I do? Sung by Jenny, p. 11.*

O Dear Peggy Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betyde you.
Lasses when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' Joys.

SON G CCCXCV. *How can I be sad
on my Wedding-Day. Sung by Peggy, p. 12.*

HOW shall I be sad when a Husband I
have,
That has better Sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly Fellows, that study like Fools
To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives -
Snools.
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his
Wife,
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He Praises her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.

SONG CCCXCVI. *Nanfy's to the
Green Wood gane. Sung by Jenny, p. 15.*

I Yield, dear Laffie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst Love nae Thinker heeds us,
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Frae,
That by the Heart-strings leads us.

SONG CCCXCVII. *Cald Kale in Aber-
deen. Sung by Glaud or Symon, p. 18.*

C Auld be the Rebels Cast,
Oppressors base and Bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a Woody.
Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And very High his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King and Nation.

SONG CCCXCVIII. *Mucking of Geor-
dy's Byer. Sung by Symon, p. 19.*

THE Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour
To rise aboon Poverty:
Else he like the Pack-horse that's unforth'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
And Rackers aft tine their Rent,

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SONG CCCXCIX. *Carle and the King*
come. Sung by Maufe, p. 24.

Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come.
 Nae mair the Hawkies thou shalt milk,
 But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
 And be a Lady of that ilk,
 Now, *Peggy, since the King's come.*

SONG CCCC. *Winter was cauld, and*
my Cloathing was thin. Sung by Peggy
and Patie, p. 30.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear Laddie gade to the
 green Hill,
 And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,
 To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,
 When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When Corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue
 Heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on Moorlands and sweet rising
 Fells,
 Nae Birns, Briers, or Breckens, gave Trouble to
 me,
 If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the
 Stane,
 And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay
 fain:
 Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me:
 For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our *Jenny*, sings safely the *Cowden Broom*
Knows,
 And *Rosie* lills sweetly the *Milking the Ews*;
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like *Nansy* can sing,
 At *Throw the Wood Laddie*, *Bess* gais our Lugs
 ring:
 But when my dear *Peggy* sings with better Skill,
 The *Boat-man, Tweed-side*, or the *Last of the*
Mill,
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can *Lasses* throw what they desire?
 And Praises sae kindly increases *Love's Fire*;
 Give me still this *Pleasure*, my *Study* shall be
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SONG CCCCL. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

H I D from himself, now by the Dawn
 He starts as fresh as *Roses blawn*,
 And ranges o'er the *Heights and Lawn*,
 After his bleeting *Flocks*.
 Heathful, and innocently gay
 He chants, and whistles out the Day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly *Weathercocks*.

Life happy from *Ambition free*,
 Envy and vile *Hypocrisie*,
 Where *Truth and Love* with *Joys agree*,
 Unfulled with a *Crime*:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the *Great*,
 In propping of their *Pride and State*;
 He lives, and unafraid of *Fate*,
 Contented spends his *Time*.

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SONG CCCCII. *Leith-Wynd.**Sung by Jenny and Roger, p. 47.*

WERE I assur'd you'd constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy Maid beset with Love,
 Few Words will quickly gain;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond Heart of mine
 Has lang, a Back-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
 Upon thy Breast recline;
 The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
 Is *Jenny* then sae kind? —
 O let me bris thee to my Heart!
 And round my Arms entwine:
 Deiytful Thought; we'll never part!
 Come press thy Mouth to mine.

SONG CCCCIII. *O'er Bogie.**Sung by Jenny, p. 48.*

WELL I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my Father gae.
 Make him content to give Consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend yon well,
 Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
 Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
 But thes I will have nane.

Then never range, or learn to change,
Like these in high Degree:
And if you prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.

SONG CCCCIV. *Wat ye wba I met
Yestreen. Sung by Sir William, p. 54.*

NOW from Rusticity, and Love,
Whose Flames but over lowly burn,
My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His Soul must take another Turn:
As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
In Breakings only shews its Light,
'Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

SONG CCCCIV. *Kirk wad let me be.
Sung by Patie, p. 63.*

DUTY and Part of Reason,
Plead strong on the Parents side,
Which Love superior calls Treason;
The strongest must be obey'd;
For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Constancy Falshood repells;
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.

SONG CCCCVI. *Woes my heart that
we shou'd sunder. Sung by Peggy, p. 67.*

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my Grief,
Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler Face and Silk Attire,
A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.

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No more the Shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his *Peggy's Praises* tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye Banks where we were wont to wander.
 Sweet-scented Rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.

Again ah! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent Duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering Lover,
 Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a Wife to any other.

S O N G CCCCVII. *Tweed-side.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 68.

W H E N Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break;
 My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where'er my Love travels by Day,
 Wherever he lodges by Night,
 With me his dear Image shall stay,
 And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.
 With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.

For Beauty that's only skin-deep,
 Must fade like the Gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a Decay.
 Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
 If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
 And the Husband have Sense to approve.

S O N G CCCCVIII. *Bush above*
 Traquair. *Sung by Peggy, p. 70.*

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the Birken-Bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain;
 Or where the Summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon Mountain.
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
 From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
 By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
 A Heart which cannot wander.

S O N G CCCCIX. *Bony gray-ey'd*
Morn. Sung by Sir William, p. 74.

TH E bony gray-ey'd Morning begins to
 peep,
 And Darkness flies before the rising Ray,
 The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
 To follow healthful Labours of the Day,

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Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
 The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,
 And he joins their Concert, driving his Plow,
 From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.

While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with
 Loss,

Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
 The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
 Be my Portion, Health, and quietness of Mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from Parties and State,
 Where neither Ambition or Avarice blind,
 Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his
 Fate.

See By the delicious Warmness of thy
 Mouth, *sung by Patie and Peggy p. 32.*
of the Pastoral, in p. 268. of this Vo-
lume; which compleats the Songs in the
 Gentle Shepherd.

SONG CCCCX. *There's my Thumb, &c.*

BOAST no more, fond Swain of Pleasure
 That the fickle Fair can give thee:
 Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treasure,
 And all thy Hopes will soon deceive thee.

Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying;
 Her Smiles I've known, and her Disdaining:
 The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;
 And *Chloe* still will be complaining.

SONG CCCCXI. *Old Saturn, &c.*

OLD *Saturn* that Drone of a God,
 And Father of all the Divine,
 Still govern'd the World with a Nod,
 Yet fancy'd brisk Women and Wine;

And when he was whimsical grown,
By sipping his plentiful Bowl,
Then frankly the Truth he would own,
That a Wench was the Joy of his Soul.

Great *Jupiter*, like his old Dad,
To Love and a Bottle inclin'd,
When mellow, was constantly glad
To find a plump Girl to his Mind;
And then as the Story is told,
He'd conjure himself in her Arms,
As once in a Shower of Gold
He rid'd fair *Danae's* Charms.

Stern *Mars*, the Great God of the Field,
All Day tho' delighting in Blood,
At Night his fierce Godship would yield
To Beauty and Wine that was good:
With *Nectar* he'd cherish his Heart,
And raise up his wanton Desires,
Then to *Venus*, his Darling impart
The Warmth of his amorous Fires.

Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
Full Goblets would merrily drain,
And sing forth poetical Lays,
When the Fumes had got unto his Brain:
But still as he whimsical grew,
By toring the Juice of the Vine,
To *Parnassus* daily he flew,
To kiss all the Musical Nine.

Sly *Mercury* too, like the rest,
Made Wenching and Wine his Delight,
And thought himself perfectly blest
With a Bottle and Mistress at Night:
No wonder Debauches he lov'd,
And cheating his Pleasure he made,
For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd
That Pimping was always his Trade.

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Plump *Bacchus*, that tun-belly'd Sot,
 His Thirst could but seldom allay,
 Till astride o'er a Hogthead he got,
 And drank all the Liquor away :
 As long as upright he could sit,
 He'd strenuous bellow for more ;
 When drunk, then the Vessel would quit,
 And reel to some *Bacchanal Whore*.

SONG CCCCXII. *Here's to thee, &c.*

Here's to thee, my *Dawson*, let's drink and
 be merry,
 And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of
 Sherry ;
 Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
 And we'll live like Immortals in Pleasure and
 Love.
 Here's *Phillis'* Health, lo! the Liquor flows
 higher,
 'Tis *Phillis'* Name that awakens the Fire :
 Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence
 shine,
 And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wine.
 Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye
 Swains,
 Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the
 Plains ;
 Pluck only such Roses, as worthy the Fair,
 And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care :
 While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we re-
 tire,
 To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire ;
 In languishing Blisses, we'll live, and we'll
 die,
 She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her
 Eye.

SONG CCCCXIII. *Tho' bootless, &c.*

TH O' bootless I must needs complain,
 My Fate is so extream;
 I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 Yet all was but a Dream:
 For as that Love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone;
 I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so fair,
 Shall any more beguile
 My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
 Nor tempt me with a Smile:
 I'll never think Affection feign'd,
 That is so fairly shewn;
 I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conspire
 Again t'entrap my Mind;
 And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
 Alas! the Boy's too Blind:
 For such I'll never venture Smiles,
 Nor hazard Mirth for none;
 Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is so burnt out,
 The Diamond's Light abides;
 The Fire her Glory hurls about,
 The Woman her Vertue hides:
 That Spark, (if any should be mine)
 That else shews like to none;
 For if to e'ery Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought,
 With Colours not in Grain;

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Nor put a Love so slightly wrought,
 Into my Hands again:
 I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
 I'll love upon my own;
 Nor shall Affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
 My loving Labour's lost;
 I'll be no more so rarely blest,
 To be so strangely crost:
 The Love-lost *Turtle* so doth die,
 The *Phoenix* is but One;
 They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

SONG CCCCXIV. *No more, &c.*

NO more will I my Passion hide,
 Tho' too presuming it appears;
 When long Despair a Heart has try'd,
 What other Torments can it fear?
 Unlov'd of her, I would not live,
 Nor dye, 'till she the Sentence give.
 Why should the Fair offended be,
 If Vertue charm in Beauty's Dress;
 If where so much Divine I see,
 My open Vows the Saint confess?
 Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
 My former Idols I despise.

SONG CCCCXV. *Phillis has, &c.*

Phillis has such charming Graces,
 Beauty triumphs in her Eye:
 She was made for the Embraces
 Of some mighty Deity.
 Phillis has such charming Graces,
 I must love her, tho' I die.

Have a Care Celestial Creature,
 Coyness may your Beauty pall;
 You an Angel are by Nature;
 Angels by their Pride lost all.
 Have a Care, celestial Creature,
 Lest I triumph in your Fall.

SONG CCCXVI. *With ev'ry, &c.*

WITH ev'ry Grace young *Strepbon* chose
 His Person to adorn,
 That, by the Beauties of his Face,
 In *Sylvia's* Love he might find Place,
 And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part;
 But oh! 'twas all in vain:
 A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
 Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
 And wou'd not out again.

With Change of Habits *Strepbon* press'd,
 And urg'd her to admire;
 His Love alone the other 'dress'd,
 As Verse, or Prose became it best,
 And mov'd her soft Desire.

This found, his Courtship *Strepbon* ends,
 Or makes it to his Glaze;
 There in himself now seeks Amends;
 Convinc'd, that where a *Wit* pretends,
 A *Beau* is but an Ass.

SONG CCCCXVII. *Maria, when, &c.*

MARIA, when my Sight you bless,
 Each Morn beneath your Cow,
 How can the Swain his Joy express,
 To see thee in thy rural Dress,
 And hear thee singing too!

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Thy milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falshood as Disdains
And in thy soft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay;
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn;
Or Clover-Grass; or green-ear'd Corn;
Or Cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest Checks out-blush the Rose,
Whilst I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Sloes;
And thy engaging Smiles disclose
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But Oh, the Burden of my Song!
Those Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue
Can nether Sing nor Say.

The Violet thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell alas!
No more must rear its bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread,
Or shew'd with common Grass.

The chearful Mornings, once so blest,
So Ev'nings too, are o'er:
Ye Cows, whose Teats *Maria* prest,
Farewel, my Pipe has done its best,
Maria smiles no more.

SONG CCCCXVIII. *My Heart, &c.*

MY Heart inclines your Chains to wear,
But Reason will not stoop;
I love that Angel's Face, but fear.
The Serpent in your Hoop.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love,
 But oh ! what Pains succeed,
 When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
 And *Love a Fire* indeed !

The Fly about the Candle gay
 Dances, with thoughtless Hum;
 But short, alas ! his giddy Play,
 His Pleasure proves his Doom.

The Child, in such Simplicity,
 About the Bee-hive clings,
 And with one Drop of Honey, he
 Receives a Hundred Stings.

S O N G CCCCXIX. *Lovers, &c.*

Lovers, who waste your Thoughts and Youth
 In Passion's fond Extremes ;
 Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
 And doat upon your Dreams :

I shou'd not here your Fancy take
 From such a pleasing State ;
 Were you not sure at last to wake,
 And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns
 Our Cares, is all but Wiles ;
 Compos'd of false fantastick Frowns,
 And soft dissembling Smiles.

With Anger, which sometimes they feign,
 They cruel Tyrants prove ;
 And then turn Flatterers again,
 With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant
 To those they kindly us'd,
 Those Lovers are the most content,
 That have been still refus'd.

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SONG

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Since each has in his Bosom nurs'd,
 A false and fawning Foe;
 'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,
 To scape the fatal Blow.

SONG CCCCXX. *Clarinda, the, &c.*

Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain,
 So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
 Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
 Sat pensive, and folding her Arms
 Her Lute, and her shining Attire,
 Neglected, were laid at her Side;
 While pining with hopeless Desire,
 The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd,

Oh! cou'd the past Hours but return,
 When I triumph'd in *Angelot's* Heart,
Clarinda wou'd mutually burn,
 Wou'd mutually suffer the Smart:
 But far from the Plain he is gone
 Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,
 Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,
 And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at these Feet has he lain,
 Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!
 But all his Complaints were in vain,
 I foolishly doated on State.
 I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
 To sparkle in golden Array;
 By my Dress, and my Charms to be known,
 In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
 That Marriage no Blessing cou'd prove:
 Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim;
 And I slighted poor *Angelot's* Love.
 Such Madneſs besotted my Mind,
 I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;

I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
 And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.
 How happy my Fortune had been,
 Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my Pridel
 In Bliss I had rivall'd a Queen;
 Had I been my dear *Angelot's* Bride:
 With him more Content I had found,
 Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,
 With a Passion that never wou'd die.

I had feasted with innocent Joy
 On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;
 While the Fears which the great Ones annoy,
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
 But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!
 His Love I can never regain:
 And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
 'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
 When the Swain to the Green did advance;
 In his Hand his new Consort appears,
 With a Train, gaily join'd, in a Dance,
 Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
 To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
 (Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
 And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG CCCCXXI. *Come Laffie, &c.*

COME *Laffie*, lend me your braw Hemp
 Heckle,

And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
 For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye heckle,
 If you'll go dance *the Bob of Dunblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the Grond of ye'r Trunkies,
 Busk ye, braw, and dinna think Shames;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monnies,
 Be better than dancing *the Bob of Dunblane*.

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Be frank, my *Lassie*, lest I grow sickle,
 And tak my Word and Offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
 Ye didna accept of *the Bob of Dunblane*.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowie with lying alane;
 Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me *the Bob of Dunblane*.

SONG CCCCXXII. Betty early, &c.

BETTY early gone a *Maying*,
 Met her Sweetheart *Willie* straying;
 Design or Chance, no matter whether,
 But this we know, he reason'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,
 Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
 See how ev'ry Bush discovers
 Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
 Ev'ry Moment still improving;
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em:
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See how the opening blushing Roses,
 Does all her secret Charms disclose;
 Sweet's the Time, ah! short's the Measure
 Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Bliss
 Of their soft and fragrant Kisses;
 To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,
 Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my *Bess*, will leave no Traces
 Of those Beauties, of those Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our staying:
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid ! nay, do not fly me;
 Let your Pride no more deny me;
 Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
 There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG CCCCXXIII. *How happy's, &c.*

HOW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
 His pretty dear Person admires!
 Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
 Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,
 Where, in his sweet Face
 Such ravishing Beauties disclose;
 His Heart on fire,
 Is sure his Desire.

No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
 Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!
 How little a Thing will defend her,
 From one that makes Love to himself!

While nice in Dress,
 And sure of Success,
 He thinks she can never get free;
 With smiling Eyes,
 She rallies, and flies,
 And laughs at his Merit, like me.

SONG CCCCXXIV. *Happy Insect! &c.*

HAPPY Insect! what can be
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread:
 For Nature Self's thy *Ganymede*!

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Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest King!
 All the Fields which thou dost see,
 All the Plants belong to Thee:

All the Summer Hours Produce,
 Fertile made with early Juice,
 Man for Thee does Sow and Plough;
 Farmer He, and Landlord Thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy;
 Nor does thy Luxury destroy;
 With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee,
 Far more harmonious sing than he!

Thee Country-Hinds with Gladness hear,
 The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
 Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inspire;
 Bright *Phœbus* is himself thy Sire!

To Thee, of all things upon Earth,
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
 Happy Insect, thrice happy thou!
 Dost neither Age nor Winter know!

But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy Fill, thy flow'ry Leaves among,
 Sated with thy Summer-Feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

SONG CCCXXV. *To hug your, &c.*

TO hug your self in perfect Ease,
 What wou'd you wish for more than these?
 A healthy, clean Paternal Seat,
 Well shaded from the Summer's Heat.

A little Parlour Stove, to hold
 A constant Fire from Winter's Cold,
 Where you may Sit, and Think, and Sing,
 Far off from Court, God bless the King!

R.

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,
 From Party-Rage, and Great Man's Paw;
 Have choice few Friends of your own chaste;
 A Wife agreeable and Caste.

An open, but yet cautious Mind,
 Where guilty Cares no Entrance find;
 Nor Misers Fears, nor Envy's Spight,
 To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals,
 Few Taylors, and no Doctor's Bills;
 Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,
 A longer or a shorter Lease.

SONG CCCCXXVI. *Awful Hero, &c.*

A Wful Hero, *Marlbro'*, rise!
 Sleepy Charms I come to break:
 Hither turn thy languid Eyes:

Lo! thy Genius calls, awake!

Well survey this faithful Plan,
 Which records thy Life's great Story;
 'Tis a short, but crowded Span,
 Full of Triumphs, full of Glory.

One by One thy Deeds review:
 Sieges, Battles thick appears;
 Former Wonders lost in New,
 Greatly fill each pompous Year!

This is *Blenheim's* Crimson Field,
 Wet with Gore, with Slaughter stain'd!
 Here retiring Squadrons yield,
 And a bloodless Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind
 All the Wonders thou hast wrought;
 Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,
 Be the Subject of thy Thought!

Rest thee here, while Life may last:
 Th' utmost Bliss to Man allow'd,

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Is to trace his Actions past,
And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone — O Mortal born!
Swift the fading Scenes remove —
Let 'em pass with noble Scorn:
Thine are Worlds which roll above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach foresee;
Men who acted wond'rous Things,
Tho' they yield in Fame to Thee.

Foremost in the Patriot Band,
Shining with distinguish'd Day,
See thy Friend *Godolphin* stand!
See! he beckons thee away.

Yonder Seats and Fields of Light,
Let thy ravish'd Thought explore:
Wishing, panting for thy Flight!
Half an Angel; Man no more.

SONG CCCCXXVII. 'Twas, &c.

'T WAS forth in the Morning, a Morning
of May,
A Soldier and his Mistress were walking astray;
And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
I heard a Lass cry, *My Apron now!*

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother!
But I was a young Thing, and easy to woo,
And my Belly bears up *my Apron now*.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,
Is something the shorter, tho' naithing the less;
I only was wi' ye a Night or Two,
And yet you cry out, *my Apron now!*

SONG CCCCXXVIII. Of Leinster, &c.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the Grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid Stream
Reflect so sweet a Face.

'Till luckless Love, and pining Care,
Impair'd her rosie Hue,
Her coral Lips, and damask Cheeks,
And Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh, have you seen a Lily pale,
When beating Rains descend?
So droop'd the flow-consuming Maid,
Her Life now near its End.

By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
Take heed, ye easy Fair:
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flapp'd his Wing:
Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew
The solemn boding Sound;
And thus, in dying Words, bespoke
The Virgins weeping round.

" I hear a Voice you cannot hear,

" Which says, I must not stay;

" I see a Hand you cannot see,

" Which beckons me away.

" By a false Heart, and broken Vows,

" In early Youth I dye;

" Was I to blame, because his Bride

" Was thrice as rich as I?

" Ah, *collin*! give not her thy Vows,

" Vows due to me alone;

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" Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own.
 " To-morrow in the Church to wed,
 " Impatient, both prepare ;
 " But know, fond Maid ; and know, false Man,
 " That *Lucy* will be there.

" Then bear my Coarse, my Comerades, bear,
 " This Bridegroom blythe to meet ;
 " He in his Wedding-Trim so gay,
 " I, in my Winding-Sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd ; her Coarse was borne,
 The Bridegroom blythe to meet ;
 He in his Wedding-Trim so gay,
 She in her Winding-Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd *Collin's* Thoughts?
 How were these Nuptials kept ?

The Bridesmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
 And all the Village wept.

Confusion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
 At once his Bosom swell ;

The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
 He shook, he groand, he fell.

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more !)

The varying Crimson fled ;
 When stretch'd before her Rival's Coarse,
 She saw her Husband dead,

Then to his *Lucy's* new made Grave,

Convey'd by trembling Swains,
 One Mold with her, beneath one Sod,
 For ever now remains.

Oft at this Grave, the constant Hind

And plighted Maid are seen ;
 With Garlands gay, and True-Love Knots,
 They deck the sacred Green.

But, Swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd Spot forbear ;

Remember Collin's dreadful Fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SONG CCCCXXIX. *When thy, &c.*

WHEN thy Beauty appears,
In its Graces and Airs,
All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my
Fears;

So strangely you dazzle my Eye!

But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants
in your Heart,

Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride
In our Sex (she reply'd;)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman to you.

SONG CCCCXXX. *Thirsis, &c.*

THIRSIS, inconstant, apt to rove,
Seated in a shady Grove,
Thus besought the God of Love:

*Son of Venus, powerful Boy,
Author of our Grief and Joy,
Hear an ardent Lover's Pray'r,
And bring me my Clarinda here.*

Cupid his Petition heard:
Fair *Clarinda* soon appear'd;
Youth and Beauty round her shining,
Youth and Innocence combining,
With generous Fires inflam'd his Breast,
While thus the Swain their Power confest:

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*Lovely Nymph, no more I'll range;
Thirsis, now, no more will change;
All that may give Delight I see,
All thy beauteous Sex in thee:
Love, join'd with Virtue chaste and true,
Will a'ways make Clarinda new.*

SONG CCCCXXXI. *Since, &c.*

SINCE all that's fair in Womankind,
You boast you can discover,
Search, with a Freedom unconfin'd,
Their Stock of Charms all over.

And when the mighty Pains you've took,
And said whate'er you can say,
You'll own; the fairest, in her Smock,
Was fairer in your Fancy.

SONG CCCCXXXII. *Corinna, &c.*

Corinna, I excuse thy Face,
Those erring Lines which Nature drew;
When I reflect that every Grace
Thy Mind adorns, is just and true.

But oh! thy Wit what God has sent,
Surprising, airy, unconfin'd;
Some Wonder, sure, Apollo meant,
And shot himself into thy Mind.

SONG CCCCXXXIII. *Ab! &c.*

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright
Eyes,
And lay by those terrible Glances;
We live, in an Age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,
For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

SONG CCCCXXXIV. *Almeria's, &c.*

Almeria's Face, her Shape, her Air,
With Charms resistless wound the Heart;
In vain you for Defence prepare,
When from her Eyes Love throws his Dart.

So strong, so swift the Arrow flies,
Such sure Destruction flying makes;
The bold Opposer quickly dies!
The Fugitive it overtakes!

Nor Stratagem, nor Force avails,
No feign'd Submission sets you free;
One Look o'er all your Arts prevails,
There's no way safe but not to see!

For such the Magic of her Arms,
And wounding she does so allure;
The unexperienced court their Harms;
The wounded never wish a Cure.

SONG CCCCXXXV. *Nature so, &c.*

Nature so tender to *Chloe* has shown,
She ne'er can surrender a Heart she has
won;

Such is her Behaviour, so wise is her Aim,
That none boast her Favour, nor any complain.
Oh could I move her!

My Chains easy grown,
Shou'd serve her gay Lover,
To shew I'm her own:

Or were she but cruel!
I Freedom might find;
But oh, to my Ruin!
She's not cruel nor kind!

SONG CCCCXXXVI. *Woman, &c.*

Woman, thoughtless giddy Creature
Laughing, idle flutt'ring thing!
Most fantastick Work of Nature!
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

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Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving, hating, in Extream;
Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,
And, at best, a pleasing Dream:

Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion!
Conqu'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain.

Thus desiring Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in less than half an Hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at *Celia's* Feet.

SONG CCCCXXXVII. *Gently, &c.*

G Ently hear me, charming Fair,
Ever kind and ever dear:
All my dying Pains remove,
Chloe, smile, and say, you love.
On your Bosom let me lay,
Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kisses, pow'rful Joys,
Such as Death, nor Time destroys.
Oh! my dearest fair one, give,
So I ever blest shall live:
More than Gods in Heaven can be:
Thou alone art Heaven to me.

SONG CCCCXXXVIII. *As Amoret, &c.*

A S *Amoret* and *Phillis* sat
One Evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming *Strephon* wait,
To tell the Nymph his Pain;
The threat'ning Danger to remove,
He whisper'd in her Ear;
Ah! *Phillis*! if you would not love
The Shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art
 His Passion to convey,
 Into a list'ning Virgin's Heart,
 And steal her Soul away.
 Fly, fly, betimes, for Fear you give
 Occasion for your Fate.
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG CCCCXXXIX. *Three, Sec.*

SEE, see, like *Venus* she appears,
 With all her Heaven of Charms!
 Her spotless Form, her blooming Years;
 Enchant me to her Arms.

Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,
 Or Love or Kingly Sway,
 Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
 And sport the World away.

SONG CCCCXL. *'Twas on a, &c*

THE Night was still, the Air serene,
 Fann'd by a southern Breeze;
 The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen,
 Reflecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's constant Course,
 From off th' adjacent Hill,
 Was mournful *Echo's* last Resource,
 All Nature was so still.

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade,
 By Sorrow sore oppress'd,
 Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,
 His Pain he thus express'd.

Ah, wretched Youth! why didst thou love,
 Or hope to meet Success;
 Or think the Fair would constant prove,
 Thy blooming Hopes to bless?

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Find me the Rose on barren Sands;
 The Lilly 'midst the Rocks;
 The Grape in wide-deserted Lands;
 A Wolf to guard the Flocks.

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,
 And will more easy find,
 Than meet with aught but cold Disdain
 In faithless Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair,
 Merit they quite despise;
 The Constant Lover, thro' Despair,
 Because not wealthy, dies.

SONG CCCCXLI. *Stay, Shepherd, &c.*

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire
 To wish for that no Crown can buy,
 'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire
 What she in Honour will deny.

As *Indians* do the eastern Skies,
 I at a Distance must adore
 The brighter Glories of her Eyes,
 And never dare pretend to more.

SONG CCCCXLII. *Sure ne'er, &c.*

Sure ne'er was Dog so wretched as I,
 Whose Rest is for ever prevented;
 I'm neither at Peace when *Aurelia* looks coy,
 Nor when she looks kind and contented.

Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to bear,
 The Thoughts of them set me a trembling;
 Her Smiles give no Joy, since I plaguily fear
 They can be no more than dissembling.

Then prithee, my dearest, consent and be kind,
 Put an end to this troublesome Wooing;
 For I see I shall ne'er be at Peace in my Mind,
 Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor Dog no longer with Justice complain

Of Usage that's hard above Measure;
But since he has tasted so much of Love's Pain,
Prithee fling him a Bit of his Pleasure.

SONG CCCCXLIII. *As Archers, &c.*

AS Arches and Fiddlers, who cunningly know
The way to procure themselves Merit,
Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow.

And follow their Bus'ness with Spirit:

So likewise the provident Damsel should do,
Who'd make the best use of her Beauty,
If the Mark she would hit, or her Lesson pass thro',

Two Lovers must still be on Duty.

Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of Supply,

So far our Revenge we may carry;
One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and set by,
And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry.

SONG CCCCXLIV. *There liv'd, &c.*

NO more think me false,
For the Flame never dies,
Which *Silvia* has rais'd

By such powerful Eyes;
Ah! view but thyself,
Then measure my Love,
And think what a Passion
Such Beauty must move.

Tho' first it was Beauty
Which ravish'd my Sight,
Yet now I regard
As only the Light,

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Which kindly betray
 The rich Charms of thy Mind,
 Where Sense and Good-nature
 So strongly are join'd.
 Then think me not false,
 For the Knot will e'er last,
 Which my Fancy has ty'd,
 And my Reason made fast;
 So fast, that tho' Time
 Thy Eyss may disarm,
 Yet no Time shall my Faith
 Or my Love ever harm.

The Passion I have
 Can never grow less,
 Not tho' thy fair self
 Shou'd that Passion oppress;
 For while I thy Face
 Or thy Mind have in view,
 Still, still I must love,
 And in loving be true.

SONG CCCCXLV. *When Love, &c.*

WHEN Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
 Poor Virtue to the Outworks flies,
 The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her Part,
 She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
 From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace,
 In vain we keep our charming Sin;
 For Love will find some weaker Place,
 To let the dear Invader in.

SONG CCCCXLVI. *The Stone, &c.*

THE Stone, that all things turns at Will
 To Gold, the Chymist craves;
 But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,
 Turns all Men into Knaves,
 And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
 When on his Goods he lays
 Too high a Price.--but, faith, he's bit,
 For a Courtier ne'er pays.
And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
 Hangs him who steals your Pelf;
 Because the good Man can endure
 No Robber but himself.
And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,
 What Difference can there be?
 Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,
 Both kill you for a Fee.
And a cheating, &c.

The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
 And to a Mistress goes,
 While she at home, to ease her Life,
 Carouses with the Beaus.
And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
 (So low this art we find)
 The Steward doth his Lordship trick,
 My Lord tricks all Mankind.
And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whose fair Lot
 No cheating Arts do fall,
 And those are Parsons call'd, God wot,
 And so I cheat you all.
And a cheating, &c.

SONG CCCCXLVII. *I wish my love, &c.*

THE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
 The Plants suck in the Earth and Air,
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.

The Sea it
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 Drinks ten
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The Sea itself, which one would think,
Should have but little need for Drink,
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.

The busy Sun (and one should guess,
By's drunken fiery Face, no less,)
Drinks up the Sea; and when h'as done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;
They drink and dance by their own Light
They drink and revel all the Night:
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses there; for why
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I,
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why?

SONG CCCCXLVIII. *Brink, &c.*

B Risk Claret and Sherry
Will make us all merry;
Then fill the Glass, fill the Glass readily round;
Put it o'er the left Thumb,
Tho' the Company's dumb,
'Twill open their Pipes with a musical Sound,
'Twill open, &c.

Then *so, la, me, fa,*
With a Note on *la,*
Then higher, then higher perhaps it may rise.
Fill a Bumper about,
For without any doubt
Jolly *Bacchus*, jolly *Bacchus* is prais'd to the
Skies,
Is prais'd to the Skies.

SONG CCCCXLIX. *Old Adam, &c.*

OLD *Adam*, it is true,
No Care in *Eden* knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and airy
For he tippl'd Water,

While we, who come after,
 Drink Claret and racy Canary,

Then let each taste his Glass,
 And drink to his Lase,

But ne'er be a Slave unto either,
 For they are only wise,
 Who both equally prize,

And join *Bacchus* and *Venus* together.
 Whenever thus they meet,

All our Joys are compleat,

And our Jollity ne'er can expire;
 They our Faculties warm,
 And us mutually charm,

While each from the other takes Fire.

SONG CCCCL Come, let's be, &c.

C O M E, let us drink,
 'Tis vain to think,
 Like Fools, on Grief or Sadness;
 Let our Money fly,
 And our Sorrow die,
 All worldly Care is Madness.

But Wine and good Chear,
 Will, in spite of our Fear.
 Inspire our Hears with Mirth, Boys:
 The time we live,
 To Wine let us give,
 Since all must turn to Earth, Boys.

Hand about the Bowl,
 The Delight of my Soul,
 And to my hand commend it;
 A Fig for Chink,
 'Twas made to buy Drink,
 And before we go hence we'll spend it.

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SONG CCCCLI. *Who to win, &c.*

Woman, Nature's greatest Beauty,
Was alone design'd for Man;

It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,

To enjoy it whilst he can.

No more denying,

Be complying,

Joys are nigh you,

Youth will fly you,

For our Life is but a Span.

For, &c.

Ask old Mortals past the Pleasure,

If they would be young again,

They'd give their golden Heaps of Treasure,

But they must desire in vain.

Always whining,

Ever pining,

Always sighing,

Ever crying,

Oh! that I were young again!

Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, Charmer, ease me,

Whilst thy Beauty's in its Prime;

The Joys I'm sure I know will please thee,

And no more be call'd a Crime.

Melting Blisses,

Dying Kisses,

Hearts inviting,

Souls uniting,

All excite the happy Time.

All, &c.

SONG CCCCLII. *As Cynthia, &c.*

As Cynthia late within the Grove

Bemoan'd his too successful Love,

And eas'd, retir'd, his secret Pain :

The God of Love, who wander'd near,

Chanc'd his Complaint to overhear,
And thus address'd the Swain.

Rise, silly, Shepherd, rise, he cry'd,
It seems you're easily deny'd,

Because the charming Nymph is coy:
The Tongue may learn to speak with Art,
But would ye know the fair one's Heart,
Consult it in her Eye!

'Tis in that Mirrour of her Soul!

The Secrets of her Bosom roll,

Reveal'd without Disguise to view
For *Cynthia*! take it for a Truth,
You only are the favour'd Youth,
And *Lydia* loves but you!

No more my Altars then upbraid,
Nor thus invoke my needless Aid!

Since faithful I have done my Part:
Thy own perform with like Address,
She soon shall yield thy Arms to bless,
And give thee all her Heart!

So spoke sincere --- the friendly God,
When straight along the flow'ry Road,
The Nymph with languid Beauty mov'd:
The Swain with Joy the Moment seiz'd,
She heard his tender Vows well pleas'd,
And all his Wish approv'd.

With grateful Pride and gladsome Air
To *Hymen's* Shrine he led the Fair!

And made the lasting Bliss secure:
Let Maids no more false Coldness feign;
Let faithful Swains no more complain,
But boldly ask a Cure!

SONG CCCCLIII. Of all States, &c.

O F all States in Life so various,
Marriage sure is most precarious!
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;

Tis an Affair
That nought

Happy's the
Who know

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Tis an Action so severe,
 That nought but Death can set us clear,
 Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,
 Who knows how to prize his Liberty;
 Were Men wary
 How they Marry,
 We should not be by half so full of Misery.

SONG CCCCLIV. *London Ladies.*

FOR Gold, and not Freedom, those Gene-
 rals fight,
 Who clip from their Veterans Pay, Sir,
 For Gold, and not Freedom, those Journalists
 write,
 Who rave about despotick Sway, Sir;
 Would Fate to their Wishes propitiously deign,
 And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir;
 The Pope then might fight, and the Devil might
 reign,
 For Fighter and Writer are sold, Sir.

SONG CCCCLV. *Love, thou art, &c.*

LOve, thou art the best of human Joys,
 Our chiefest Happiness below;
 All other Pleasures are but Toys,
 Musick without thee is but Noise,
 Beauty but an empty Show.
 Heaven that knew best what Man cou'd move,
 And raise his Thoughts above the Brute,
 Said, let him be, and let him love,
 That only must his Soul improve,
 Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

SONG CCCCLVI. *The Hounds, &c.*

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning
 does peep,
 Why how now you sluggardly Sot?
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,

While we all on Horseback have goe,
Brave Boys, while we all on Horseback, &c.
 I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup
 So terribly lies in my Head;
 Beside, my Wife cries, my Dear do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer a-bed,
Dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.
 Come, on with your Boots, and saddle your
 Mare,
 Nor tire us with longer Delay;
 The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of the
 Hare,
 Will chase all our Vapours away,
Brave Boys, will chase, &c.

SONG CCCCLVII. *As I went over, &c.*

YOU've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe,
 Was soak'd of old with Noah's Flood.
 See! here's a Globe that hold's a Sea!
 A Sea of Liquors twice as good!
Tol del de rol.

Had Noah's been a Flood like this,
 And Anak's Sons such Souls as I;
 They'd drank the Deluge as it rose,
 And left the Ark, like Noah, dry.
Tol lol de rol.

SONG CCCCLVIII. *Take my, &c.*

TAKE my Word, when I declare
 I can never, no, no, never,
 No, no, never ease your Care:
 Thus I think of ev'ry Lover,
 No one yet was ever true:
 Ah what Weakness they discover,
 Who this Passion can't subdue!

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SONG CCCCLIX. *To break, &c.*

TO heal the Wound a Bee had made
 Upon my *Kitty's* Face;
 Honey upon her Cheek she laid;
 And bid me kiss the Place.
 Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the Wound
 Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart;
 The Honey on my Lips I found;
 The Sting within my Heart.

SONG CCCCLX. *While I, &c.*

WHILE I, fair *Delia*, view thy Face,
 And ev'ry Charm admires;
 Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
 And burn me with Desire.

Transported thus, thou lovely Maid,
 With Pleasure I gaze on,
 Till, by my heedless Look betray'd,
 I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor Wretch, whose luckless Sight
 The fatal Serpent spies,
 Looks on, and gazes with Delight,
 But, as he gazes, dies.

SONG CCCCLXI. *Why, Delia, &c.*

WHY, *Delia*, when I tell the Pain
 Which I endure from thy Disdain,
 Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?
 Oh! didst thou know the Cares I feel!
 To what vast Height my Sorrows swell!
 For Pity you'd relent.

When at the glad Approach of Day
 All Nature looks serene and gay,
 And the pleas'd Birds their Joy proclaim,

Then rising Griefs my Bosom rend,
And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend
In sighing out thy Name.

Say, Charmer, can'st thou Torment more
That Heart, which fann'd to Love;
To grant some Ease to my Despair?
Say, must I hope no kind Return?
Must I with fruitless Passion burn,
And you as cruel be as fair?

SONG CCCCLXII. *I'm not one, &c.*

I'm not one of your Pops, who, to please a coy
Lass,
Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Ass.
Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Possessing;

But Fools make a Curse, what was meant for a Blessing.

While his Godship's not rude I'll allow him my Breast,

But, by Jove, out he goes, should he once break my Rest.

I can top with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
The Fluster of Youth, or the Ferment of May;
But must beg her Excuse, not to bear Pain or Anguish,

For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.

SONG CCCCLXIII. *Phillis, &c.*

Phillis, the young, the fair, the gay,
The Youth that fain wou'd spoil ye,
Gives you at once the Bloom of May,
And riper Blush of July.

While thus the soothing Rogue prepares
His Phillis for his Pleasures,

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Learn, fair one, hence to escape the Sun's
And save your fairest Treasures
The Blossoms by too hot a Thine
Soon drop and fall neglected
And Fruit that has a Maggot in't,
However fair's rejected.

SONG CCCCLXIV. *Cosmelia, &c.*

Cosmelia's Charms inspire my Lays,
Who, young in Nature's Scorn,
Blossoms in the Winter of her Days,
Like *Glassenbury Thorn*.

Cosmelia cruel at Threescore,
Like Bards in modern Days,
Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er,
But in the Fifth she slays.

If e'er, impatient for the Bliss,
Within her Arms you fall,
The plaster'd Fair returns the Kiss,
Like *Thisbe*, thro' a Wall.

SONG CCCCLXV. *Sol declining, &c.*

Sol declining,
Cynthia shining,
Warm was the Season, and sweet the Air,
When *Philander*
Chanc'd to wander

In a close Thicket with *Phyllida* fair,
Love invading,
Hope persuading,
Yet was his Passion restrain'd by Fear.

Hopes collecting,
Fears subjecting,
Thus he began to avow his Flames.

Fairest Creature,
 Pride of Nature,
 Slight not my Love, nor my Passion blame.
 She disdaining
 His Complaining
 Prompted the Youth to take surer Aim.
 He grown bolder,
 Plainly told her,
 She must surrender her Maidenhead;
 Words denying,
 Looks complying,
 Countenance changing, now pale, now red;
 She resisting,
 He persisting,
 Love assisting, her Virtue fled.

Closely pressing,
 Fond caressing,
 Mutual Endearments each other charm'd;
 She now lying,
 Panting, dying,
 Told him his Actions her Soul had warm'd:
 Her disdaining
 Was but feigning;
 She wou'd have hated him had he not storm'd.

SON G CCCCXVII. *Lillibulero.*

O U R Shopkeepers Wives are so polish'd of
 late,
 That each has her Card and her Visiting-day;
 And whilst the tame Husband toils hard with his
 Fate,
 She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play.
 Quadrille, Piquet,
 Ombre, Bassin,
 Alternative charm and promote her Delight.

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The Children are squalling,
And Creditors bawling,
That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

SONG CCCCLXVII. *Buffy Ball.*

WHEN a Lady like me condescends to
agree
To let such a Jackanapes taste her,
With what Zeal and Care should he worship the
Fair,
Who gives him ——— what's a Meat for his
Master.

His Actions should still
Attend on her Will,
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning,
To her he should be
Each Night on his Knee,
And so he should be on each Morning.

SONG CCCCLXVIII. *Dear Colin, &c.*

DEAR Madam, when Ladies are willing,
A Man needs must look like a Fool,
For me, I would not give a Shilling,
For one that can love out of Rule;
At least you shou'd wait for our Officers,
Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair,
If you've liv'd to these Years without Proffer,
Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.
You should leave us to guess at your Meaning,
And not speak the Matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a Disdain;
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond Ogling I see;
The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG CCCCLXIX. *Myself in Dick.*

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led
 A Traveller with Cold half dead,
 And with great Kindness treated.
 A Fire Nose high he made him sit;
 Shew'd him his Elbow-chair of State,
 And near the Chimney seated.
 His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,
 At which the Satyr wond'ring rols,
 And bluntly ask'd the Reason.
 Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm;
 I only do't my Hands to warm,
 In this cold frosty Season.
 The Satyr gave him from the Pot
 A Mess of Porridge piping hot;
 The Man blow'd o'er his Groel.
 What's that for, Friend? the Satyr cry'd,
 To cool my Broth, his Guest reply'd,
 And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.
 How, quoth the Host then, is it so?
 And can you Contradictions blow,
 Turn out, and leave my Cottage.
 This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold
 Such Rascals as blow hot and cold;
 The De'il must find you Pottage.

SONG CCCCLXX. *When the bright
 God of Day.*

YOUR Friendship I court,
 For a friendly Support;
 My Guts are grown wondrous limbers
 My Belly complains
 Of the Want of my Brain,
 Which us'd to supply it with Timber.

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May I swing like a Dog,
 If I have a Hog,
 A Smelt, a George, or a Testard;
 But here am I pent,
 To keep a sad Lent,
 Without any Hopes of an *Easton*.
 I've sent to my Betters
 Many circular Letters,
 Of this my dismal Condition;
 But you, Sir, I'm sure,
 My Distemper will cure,
 Or a Halter must be the Physician.
 'Tis the first Time that I
 E'er at Rhiming did try,
 In which, if I had any Skill,
 In a more elegant Way,
 As I ought, I would say,
 Your obliged Servant, *K. A. A. A.*
 P. S. I hope you'll excuse
 My unpolite Muse;
 Did *Bacchus* my Fancy inspire,
 Address you I would,
 In Verses as good
 As any of *Pope*, or of *Prior*.

SON C C C C LXXI. *Free from, &c.*

FREE from Confinement and Strife,
 I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,

To seek new Delights,

Where Beauty invites,

But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife,

The Man that is free,

Like a Vessel at Sea,

After Conquest and Plunder may roam;

But when either confin'd

By Wife or by Wind,

S. A.

Tho' for Glory design'd,
No Advantage they find,
But rot in the Harbour at Home.

SONG CCCCLXXII. *Transform'd, &c.*

Transform'd in Female Shape, both old and
lame,
The God *Vertumnus* to *Pomona* came;
Not as when the Goddess saw all his Charms dis-
play'd,


But disguis'd, he thus address'd the list'ning
Maid:

Lovely Goddess, so divine,
Guardian of this fruitful Tree,
A while thy darling Joys decline,
And lend an Ear to Love and me:
Blooming Beauties should be kind,
And taste of Pleasure while they may;
For Death is sure, and Love is blind,
And Passion cools as Love decays.

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes,
The Goddess did his Strains despise;
But when transform'd by Pow'r divine,
Vertumnus did with blooming Beauty shine,
Then sat *Pomona* all amaz'd,
While on her youthful Swain she fondly gaz'd.

Successful happy Charmer,
'Tis you alone can warm her,
Who never lov'd before:
Be bless'd as I can make you,
I never will forsake you,
But love you more and more.

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A COMPLETE

ALPHABETICAL GLOSSARY,

Or, Explanation of the Scotch Words.

N. B. This GLOSSARY will serve for all the Words in the Gentle Shepherd, as well as the Scotch Songs.

A

A' all,
Aboon, above.
Ae, one.

Ancs, once.

Ablins, perhaps.

Awn, own, acknowledge.

Asteer, stirring.

Another, another.

A-will, of itself, of its own Accord.

A-thought, a little.

A-jer, o' one Side.

Auld, old.

An, if.

Air, early.

Aften, often.

Ain, own.

Aff, off.

Aik, Oak.

Airth, Quarter or Corner of the World.

Aiths, Oaths.

Amaist, almost.

Ambry, Cupboard.

Awa, away.

Alane, alone; his lane, by himself;

Ancath, beneath.

Astymes, oft-times.

Albeit, albeit, altho'.

A-wie, a little.

A-yont, beyond.

B

BIELD, a Place of Shelter from the Weather.

Bairns, Children.

Bane, Bone.

Bedralls, Beddles.

Beat, to help, or repair.

Bend, to drink.

Bennison, Blessing.

Bewith, somewhat, in the mean time.

Big, build.

Billy, Brother.

Bindging, bending, or courtying.

Blink, to eye, or glance with the Eye.

Blyther, more joyful.

Blythsome, glad.

Blythness, Joy.

Bony, handsome, pleasant.

THE DICTIONARY

Bath, bath, to bathe.
 Bough, Sheep-fold.
 Byar, Cow-house.
 Braw, Braw, fine, gay.
 Bein, rich, well-furnish'd.
 Brils, to press, or bruise.
 Bombaze, to confound or affright.
 Blate, shame-fac'd.
 Bostine, white Dineity.
 Bad, bid.
 Brats, Hillocks.
 Burne or Burnie, a Ri-
 vulet.
 Birks, Birch-Trees.
 Bratling, running down,
 or falling hastily.
 Bide, to bear, abide, en-
 dure.
 Bashfulness, Freaks,
 Whims, Humours.
 Brats, Clouts, also
 Rags.
 Brachen, a sort of Brath.
 Brae, a rising Ground.
 Braid, braid.
 Broe, Broth.
 Bleezing, flaming, bla-
 zing.
 Bigonets, Biggands.
 Bagunk, a Trick or Stra-
 tagem.
 Bairs, Bears.
 Bedern, instantly.
 Bode, to foretell.
 Bot or but, without.
 Baw, Baw, a Measure
 equal to a Buck.
 Break, break.
 Boughs, Hawking-borns.
 Bowk, Bowk.
 Bauld, bold.
 Bicker, Bowk or Cap.
 Bobit, lac'd.
 Bodin, stodd or furnish-
 ed.
 Brint, burnt.
 Blob, a Globe or Drop.
 Bliver, a Blunderer, or
 foolish Fellow.
 Beck, becking, basking.
 Busk, adorn, dress.
 Bootles, in vain.
 Bousith, a Grafsity.
 Belt, Girdle.
 Blae-berries, Blue-ber-
 ries.
 Bowt, bolt.
 Blaw, blow.
 Bands, Hinges.
 Betootch us!
 Bent, an open Field.
 Baugh, simple, of a pit-
 ful Look.
 Brock, a Badger.
 Broach, a Buckle.
 Ban, to curse.
 Brecks, Breeches.
 Bourd, to dally, or tam-
 per with.
 Brankit, prim'd up.
 Brander, a Grid-iron.

Reach,
 the
 Bruik,
 But a
 Ena
 the
 Bairni

C
 Carling
 Id.
 Cawler
 Craig
 Craigy
 Chirm
 Crove
 Lode
 Corbies
 Cleck,
 up.
 Clure,
 Canty,
 Cou'dna
 Caulseife
 Cockern
 bound
 Cadgie,
 Claishis,
 Cauld,
 Coofs,
 Canny,
 Coft,
 Chiels,
 Cleck,

THE GLOSSARY.

Each, broken Part of
the Refuse.
Bruik, to love, or enjoy
But and Ben, from one
End of the House to
the other.
Bairnic, a little Child.

C

CAFF, Calf. Id.
Chaff.
Carlings, old Women.
Id. Boil'd Pease.
Cawler, fresh, cool.
Craig, a Rock.
Craigy, rocky.
Chirm, chirp or sing.
Crove, a little Hutch, or
Lodge.
Corbies, Ravens.
Cleck, to snatch, or book
up.
Clure, the Hoof.
Canty, merry.
Cou'dna, could not.
Caulse, cold, chilly.
Cockernony, the Hair
bound up in a Puff.
Cadgie, merry, gay.
Claishe, Clothes.
Cauld, cold.
Coofs, Boobies.
Canny, happy, cautious.
Coft, bought.
Chicks, Fellows.
Cleck, to hatch.

Ca'd, or caw'd, call'd.
Cottars, Cottagers, Re-
nants.
Cum, a little Quantity.
Cry, to call, or a Call.
Ca', call.
Cannipes, Magick Spells
and Diabolical Arts.
Cry'd, call'd.
Clim, climb.
Canna, cannot.
Crack, to chat, to boast.
Clashes, little battles.
Clock, a Beetle.
Crummie, a Cow's
Name.
Cunzie, Coin, Money.
Cast, the Mein or Ges-
ture.
Cast up, to throw in one's
Teeth, to upbraid.
Clag, Failing, or Im-
perfection.
Clat, a Rake.
Clasteran, prating, chat-
tering.
Cankart, Ill-natured,
peevish.
Cauld old Man.
Cawk, Chalk.
Chitter, to gnash with
the Teeth, shivering.
Crap crept.
Cod, a Pillow.
Cogg, a wooden Dish.
Coots, Ankle-bones.

THE GLOSSARY

Courtahes, or Curtchen, *Draps, Drops, given by*
Handkerchief. Slip to Company.
 Creel, a Basket or Ham- *Daffin, Folly.*
 per. *Drie, suffer.*
 Crocks, lean Sheep. *Decree, Determination,*
 Croft, Corn Land. *or Judgment.*
 Crosse, brisk, or bold. *Didon, did not.*
 Groundy, mowdy, a sort *Dool, a Fool, a Fellow*
 of Water Gruel. *without Spirit.*
D *Dunt, to beat, or thrab,*
 Aft, mad, foolish. *when apply'd to the*
 Dowie, senseless, *Heart.*
 silly. *Doughina, could not.*
 Dool, Sorrow. *Dowp, Arse.*
 Dorty, scornful, diffi- *Doil'd, bewitch'd, insa-*
 cult. *tuated, dizzy, giddy.*
 Dinna, do not. *Drammock, a sort of*
 Dike, a Wall. *cold Gruel.*
 Din, Noise. *Dwining, decaying.*
 Dic'd, wear'd in Figures *Dyvours, Bankrupts.*
 of Dice. **E**
 Danted, fondled, made *EARD, Barib.*
 much of. *Etile, to attempt,*
 Dubs, dirty little Pools. *or aim at.*
 Divet Scat, Seat of green *Een, Eyes, also Even,*
 Turf. *or Night.*
 Darna, dare not. *Eem, to vexen.*
 Deid, Death. *Eastlin, eastern.*
 Dern'd, laid up secretly. *Eith, Eithly, easily.*
 Down, cannot bear, or *Eiding, Fuel.*
 endure. *Eild, old Age.*
 Dings, excels, gets the *Elk-shot, Planet-struck.*
 better; also beats. *East, eastward.*
 Dina, does not. *Ellwand, a Stick the*
 Dow, can, or is able to *Measure of an Ell.*
 do. *Even, to impute to one,*
 Drant, to speak slow. *to compare, to liken.*

Egh, *afra*
 Elle, a
 Ether-
 Blitch
 Byden
 flant

F *for*
 Fangle
 fond
 Frae, *for*
 Fou, *for*
 Ferlie, *for*
 to w
 Fouth,
 Flet, *for*
 Fair-fa
 Fa' fal
 Fallow
 Fald,
 Shoe
 Feckle
 Feight
 Fraise,
 Fowk,
 Flyte,
 Feli, *for*
 Some
 to Dr
 Fashco
 Feg, Fi
 Fac, Fo
 Fec, W
 Feirs, I

THE ROSSARY

- Eugh, to dread, or be afraid of.
 Elle, already.
 Ether-Cap, Wasp.
 Elritch, wild or ghastly.
 Eydent, diligent, constant in any thing.
FADGE a coarse sort of a Roll-Bread.
 Fangle, or New-fangle, fond of what is new.
 Frac, from.
 Fou, full; also drunk.
 Ferlie, a Wonder; also to wonder.
 Fouth, Plenty, many.
 Flet, scolded.
 Fair-fa, well fair.
 Fa' fall.
 Fallow, Fellow.
 Fald, to fold, Id. Sheep fold.
 Fecklels, trifling.
 Feightan, fighting.
 Fraile, Talk, Speech.
 Fowk, Folks.
 Flyte, to scold.
 Fell, cunning, or prudent. Sometimes it is apply'd to Diabolical Art.
 Fashcous, troublesome.
 Egg, Fig.
 Fac, Foo.
 Fee, Wages.
 Feirs, Brothers.
 Roudy, ad hoc industry.
 ons.
 Female, to feign.
 Flacs, Fleas.
 Fausc, False.
 Flaw, to lie; also a Lie.
 Furler, a Corn or Meal Measure, consisting of four Pecks.
 Fear'd, afraid.
 Fey, to be attended by a Fatality; or, a Forgetfulness, or Absence of Mind.
 Fleech, flatter.
 Fog, Moss.
 Fore, to the fore, to be ing, or remaining.
 Foregainst, over-against.
 Fundling, Foundling.
 Foryet, forget.
 Pand, found.
 Flighter, to flatter.
 Flype, to flip the Skin off.
 Farder, farther.
 Farles, thin Out Cakes.
 Fear, Fleg, to frighten.
 Fain, fond, willing.
 Fawn, fallen.
 Fawt, Fault.
 Fash, to trouble.
 Fleid, affrighted.
 Flouks, Thunders.
 Frasing, Calling, or talking with a foolish Wonderment.

to be low

THE GLOSSARY

G A E go; also gave.
 Gowans, Daisies.
 Gowany, full of Daisies.
 Grane, to groan or sigh.
 Granes, Groans, or Sighs.
 Gar, to make, or force.
 Gar, got.
 Grein, to long for, or thirst after.
 Gear, Goods, Wealth.
 Geck, to loath, or flout at.
 Gif, Gin, if.
 Glowre, to stare.
 Glowing, staring.
 Gawn, going.
 Grip, to hold fast.
 Grips, the holding fast with the Hands.
 Gloom, a Frown.
 Gang, go.
 Ganging, going.
 Gie, give.
 Gabs, Mouths.
 Grace Drink, Grace Cup.
 Greet, to cry.
 Gane, gone.
 Gets, Brats, Children.
 Giglit, Gilsirt.
 Gate, the Way; also the Manner of a Person.
 Gassy, Savoury.
 Glee, Mirth.
 Glead, Squinting.
 Glen, a Vale.
 Gait, Goats.
 Gade, went.
 Gawfy, jolly, or lusty.
 Gawky, a foolish Wench.
 Gree, Deven.
 Grit, great.
 Ginning, quinning.
 Grut, cry'd.
 Gowd, Gold.
 Ghaist, Ghost.
 Gowk, Cuckoo; also Fool.
 Gates, Ways, Courses.
H A M E, Home.
 Hameward, homeward.
 Hartsome, gladsome.
 Hinder, Night.
 Night.
 Haffet, Side of the Face.
 Haluckes, light headed.
 whimsical.
 Hale, whole.
 Hanny, Honey.
 Hound, hunt.
 Hawstock, Wool next the
 Wind-pipe.
 Hald, Had, hold.
 Height, Top of the Hill.
 Howm, a Valley by a
 River.
 Het, hot.

Health
 Haith
 Herds, herds
 Heb l b
 Hessa, l
 Haleson
 Heather which
 Hidling
 Hadna
 He'rye before
 Haggier ding,
 Pluck
 Sewet
 Haff, ba
 Howk,
 Humloc
 Hawky
 Howdy,
 Hing, b
 Heather Buds.
 Hechts,
 Hallon-Tree.
 Hae, ba
 Ha' Hal
 Howt
 Hassen,
 Hool, the
 Noblest
 Riot,
 Haly, H
 Hodden-
 grey Cl

THE GLOSSARY.

Healthful, healthful. Hapt, cover'd up.
 Haith, indeed, in faith. Happing, hopping, fall-
 Herds, Swains; Sheep- ling down.
 berds. Hames and Brechoms,
 Heb! bahl worn about the Neck
 Hessa, lodges, inhabits. of a Cart-horse.
 Halefome, wholesome. Hawse, to embract.
 Heather-Brace. Hills on Heeze, to list.
 which Heath grows. Heugh, any steep Place.
 Hidlings, lurking Places. Hodie, to waddle in
 Hadna, had not. walking.
 He'cryestreen, the Night Hows, Hollows.
 before last.
 Haggies, a hoil'd Pud-
 ding, made of a Sheep's I L K A, each, every.
 Pluck mine'd with Jo, Sweatbands.
 Sweet. Jee, to be in doubt, to
 Haff, half. waver.
 Howk, to dig. Jouk, to blow.
 Humlock, Hemlock. Ise, I shall, or will.
 Hawkys, Cows. Ingle-side, Fireside.
 Howdy, a Midwife. Ither, other; also, and
 Hing, hangs. another.
 Heather-Bells, Homb Ingans, Onions.
 Buds. Ill-far'd, ill-favour'd,
 Hechts, Promises. or ugly.
 Hallon-Side, by a Holly
 Tree. Irk, weary, or tired.
 Hae, have. Iris, fearful of Appar-
 Ha' Hall. tions.
 How! sy! Ishogles, Icicles.
 Hasten, partly. K
 Hool, the Shell. K E N S know.
 Hobblesnew, a mobbish
 Riot, or Quarrel. Kend, know.
 Haly, Holy. known.
 Hodden-grey, a coarse
 grey Cloath. Kiltit, tuck'd up.
 Kames, Combs.

The GLOSSARY.

Kittle, to tickle, it also signifies difficult, or dangerous.	Loos, loose.
Kail-Yard, Kitchen Garden.	Lowp, to leap.
Kirn'd, churn'd.	Lowping, leaping.
Kenna, know not.	Leel, sincere, honest.
Ky, Cows.	Linkan, stepping briskly, or hastily.
Kim, churn.	Lee, fallow Land.
Kent, a large Stick, or Shepherd's Pole.	Leesome, lovely.
Kairn, or Cairn, Heaps of Monumental Stones.	Lap, leap'd.
Kail, Coleworts. Id. Broth.	Leaugh, laugh'd.
Kebuck, a Cheese.	Lift, the Sky; also to remove.
Keck, to peep.	Lin, a Precipice, or natural Cascade, from whence the Water falls.
Kepp, to catch.	Lave, the rest.
Kirtle, the Upper Petticoat.	Langsome, tiresome, tedious.
Kimmer, a Sho-Gossip.	Laird, Landlord, in general, for any Man of Estate.
Kurchie, a Handkerchief.	Lyart, hoary, grey.
	Lucky, Gammer.
	Laith, loath.
	Laverocks, Larhs.
	Lilt, to sing briskly.
	Liltie, merrily chanted.
	Luggies, Bowls.
	Learn, to learn.
	Lair, Learning.
	Loof, the Palm of the Hand.
	Leed, ly'd.
	Leen, to leave off, give over.
	Landwatt, country, rural, downish.
	Labour'd, thrash'd.

E.

LUGS, Ears.
 Leglens, Milk Pails.
 Loan, Milking Place.
 Lose, to lose.
 Lont, to stoop.
 Low, Flame.
 Lown, a sly Wencher.
 Lowan, burning, flaming.
 Lowa, calm.
 Lang, long.

Lows'd,
 Lag, to
 Laigh, lo
 Lawty,
 Leeze, m
 when c
 please d
 Lib, to g
 Loor, ra
 Lucken,
 ther, o
 one an
 Lyart, b

MA
 Mane, M
 March,
 der.
 Marrow,
 to mat
 Mawking
 Mony, a
 Mint, t
 make
 any thi
 Missluck,
 Mak, ma
 Meg. Dor
 sul.
 Miceaw',
 call N
 Meikle.
 Meiklest
 Maist, m
 Maiks, A
 Midding

THE GLOSSARY

Lows'd, unty'd, loos'd. Mailens, Farmer.
 Lag, to fall behind. Manna, mist not.
 Laigh, low. Muck, Dung.
 Lawty, Justice. Mither, Mother.
 Leeze, me, a Phrase used Mear, Mare.
 when one loves, or is Mirk, dark, to darken.
 pleased with a Person. Merle, Merlin.
 Lib, to gold. Mavis, the Thrush.
 Loor, rather. Mansworn, perjur'd,
 Lucken, gathered toge- forsworn.
 ther, or close join'd to Moule-mark, any Mark
 one another. receiv'd by a Mother's
 Lyart, hoary, or grey. longing.

M

M A U N, must. Mennin, Minnow.
 Mais, more. Mac, more.
 Mane, Moan. Makna, it matters not.
 March, Limit or Border. Mou, Mouth.
 der. March, Limit or Border.
 Marrow, a Match, or to match. March, Limit or Border.
 to match. Marrow, a Match, or
 Mawking, a Have to match.
 Mony, many. Meile, to Moun.
 Mint, to aim at, or Mends, Revenge.
 make a Motion to do Menfe, Manners. Id. to
 anything. decorate.
 Missluck, Misfortune. Menzie, a Company, or
 Mak, make. Retinue.
 Meg-Dorts, Mrs. Score Milly, to search for Milk.
 ful. Minny, Mother.
 Miscaw, to miscall, or Mons-Megg: a very
 call Names. large Iron Cannon in
 Meikle, much. the Castle of Edinburgh
 Meiklest, largest. capable of holding two
 Maist, most. People.
 Maiks, Mates, Wives. Moup, to mumble like a
 Midding, Dunghill. Person that wants Teeth.
 Mouter, the Millers Toll.
 Matches, Liven Caps.

GLOSSARY.

N *A, no, not.*
Nac, No.
Name, none.
Nets, Nose.
Nibour, Neighbour.
Nither starve, or pinch.
Nowt, Oxen.
Nowther, neither.
Needna, need not.
Neist, next.
Nocht, nought.
New-mawn, new-mow'd.
No, not.
New-cal, young Calves.
Nives, double Tiffs.
Nor, than.

O *O, Grandchild.*
Ony, any.
Out-o'er, hanging over,
also, quite over.
Our-lane, alone, by our-
selves.
Owselay, a Cravat.
Owrelaid, overlaid, over-
whelm'd.
O'reput, to overcome.
Oure, over, too much.
Orp, to write one's self.
Or, before.
Owk, Week.
O't, of it.
Oxter, Armpit.
Owlen, Oxen.

P *Antry, Buttern.*
Pat, did put.
Paughty, proud, haugh-
ty.
Paunches, Tripe.
Propine, a Present.
Peebles, Pebbles.
Pensylie, fantastically.
Peat-pat, Peat Coal-pit.
Pect - stack, Stack of
dry Peat, for Firing.
Fibroch, a Highland
Tune.
Pickle, a small Sharp.
Pig, an earthen Pot.
Pillar, the Stool of Re-
pentance.
Pine, Pain.
Plet, to fold, Id. Smith.
Pow, a Skull.
Powfowdy, Ram's head
Song.
Png, to hagglo.
Prince, Pint.
Prive, to taste, or meet.
Popilan, popping.
Poorith, Poverty.
Pou, pull.
Peat Ingle, Peat fire.
Pouch, Pocket.
Pouchin, Pocket-full.
Pawky, sly, cunning.
Pleugh, a Plough.
Pith, Strength.
Petted, fondled, pam-
per'd.
Pithless, faint, weak.

R *A*
R
rolling
Row'd,
Redd up
clear
to be
Folks
Renzie,
Revel'd
Riggs,
Rin, run
Rifarts,
Routh,
Rife, ab-
ful.
Racket -
Rapt
Reefing
Rant, to
Ranting
Rash, gr
Rashy,
over w
Rashes,
Roos'd,
Rousted,
rusty.
Rew, to
Rowr, t
a great
Rouder,
Rock, a
Rever, R
Racks, R
Reck, Sm

THE GLOSSARY

R

R AIR, to roar.
 Rowing, Rowan,
 rolling.
 Row'd, roll'd, or wrapt.
 Redd up, to clean up, or
 clear up, also to tell,
 to be affraid, to part
 Folks quarrelling.
 Renzie, to rein.
 Revel'd, entangled.
 Riggs, Ridges.
 Rin, run.
 Rifarts, Radishes.
 Routh, Plenty.
 Rife, abundant, plenti-
 ful.
 Racket - Rent, Rack.
 Rept.
 Reefing, drying.
 Rant, to make merry.
 Ranting, rousing, jolly.
 Rash, green, or young.
 Rashy, rushy, or grown
 over with Rushes.
 Rashes, Rushes.
 Roos'd, prais'd.
 Rousted, grown stiff, or
 rusty.
 Rew, to relent, repent.
 Rowt, to low, or make
 a great Noise.
 Roudes, a hard Name.
 Roud, a Distaff.
 Rever, Rover, or Pyrats.
 Rucks, Ricks.
 Reck, Smokes.

Roove, confirm, or rivet.
 Rude, Cross.
 Runkled, wrinkled.
 Rungs, a Club, or Staff.
 Rule, or, Roole, in
 praise.

S

S AFT, Soft.
 Sall, shall.
 Saughs, Willow-trees.
 Sac, so.
 Sawt, Salt.
 Seim, Appearance.
 Sey, to essay, or try.
 Shanna, shall not.
 Shangy-mouth'd, or the
 vil-gabit, wry-mouth'd.
 Sham, Cowdung.
 Shoo, a Shoe.
 Shore, to threaten.
 Skink, Strong Broth.
 Snack, Smart.
 Sneift, to snarl.
 Sniffing, Snuff.
 Sodden, boil'd.
 Sonfy, fortunate Id. jol-
 ly.
 Sowens, a sort of Plum-
 mery.
 Soum, of Sheep, 20.
 Spelding, dry & Whit-
 ing, or Haddock.
 Stirk, a young Bullock.
 Stoup, a Prop. Id. a Pot
 for Drink.
 Strae, Straw.

THE GLOSSARY.

Streck, to stretch, or spread.
Strenze, to strain.
Swart, small Ale.
Sweer, unwilling, lazy.
Swither, in Doubt.
Seybous, young Onions.
Sae, so.
Spill, spoil.
Slid, smooth, slippery.
Syne, since, then.
Smoor, smother.
Smoor'd, smother'd.
Sma, small.
Snaw, Snow.
Sic, such.
Sican, such an one.
Sell, self.
Shaw, shew, also a woody Bank.
Shawn, shewn.
Stock, a Reed, or Pipe.
Spring, a Tune.
Spear, to ask.
Saebiens, since it is so.
Snooded, filleted, by'd up.
Skiffing, skipping.
Saul, Soul.
Sair, sore.
Sets, the Stripes, or Rows of Colours in Weaving.
Siller, Silver.
Springs, Stripes, or Rows.
Shave, a Slice.
Singand, singing.
Sirak, struck.
Shire, thin.
A Shire-lick, a sharp Fellow.
Scart, to scrape; also to scratch.
Skaith, Loss, Damage.
Seads, seals.
Sald, sold.
Seething, boiling.
Stend, to stalk hastily.
Stent, to tax; also to stint.
Scor'd, threaten'd.
Sled, Sledge.
Sung, sing'd.
Snuff! puff! also to take Snuff.
Slaw, slow.
Swat, sweat'd.
Glee, fly.
Skelfs, Shells.
Strapan, strapping, lusty.
Spaining, weaving.
Spac-men, Fortune-tellers.
Sawi, Prognostications.
Spac, to tell Fortunes.
Snood, a Filler, or Head-band.
Sark, Shirt.
Sayna, say not.
Stams, Stars.
Samen, the same.
Skain, a Share, to share.
Steght, stuff'd, or cram'd.
Sornan, mumping, or begging.

Serim
Serim
Sindle
Sleev
flor
Snaw
Swith
Shoon
Stang
Sward
Gray
Stanes
Stap, f
Sawn,
Sincely
Sakele
tute
Staw,
Skelpit
whipt
Steck,

T
Tenting
Thrawa
Tod, a
Thole,
Till, to
Tald, to
Tint, lo
Thriever
needle
Trow, t
know,
Tak, t

THE GLOSSARY.

- Scrimp, ill-provided.
 Scrimpit, stinted.
 Sindle, seldom.
 Slavering, driveling, or
 slobbering.
 Snaw-baws, jokes.
 Swith, soon, swiftly.
 Shoon, Shoes.
 Stang, slung.
 Sward, the Surface of the
 Grass.
 Stanes, Stones.
 Stap, stop.
 Sawn, sown.
 Sincelyne, ever since.
 Sakeless, forsaken, desti-
 tute of Friends.
 Staw, stole.
 Skelpit, to be slapt, or
 whipt on the Posteriors.
 Steek, to shut.

T
TAE, Toe,
 Taken, Token.
 Tenting, tending.
 Thrawart, cross, or evil.
 Tod, a Fox.
 Thole, endure, suffer.
 Till, to.
 Tald, told.
 Tint, lost.
 Thrievless, trifling, or
 needless.
 Trow, to be sure of, to
 know, to believe.
 Tak, take.
 Tane, taken, id. the one.
 Tap, the Top.
 Twa, two.
 Tent, to take Notice of,
 to watch, observe, or
 remark.
 Theyle, they shall.
 Towzle, to rumple.
 Trig, neat.
 Tyke, Dog.
 Trigg, spruce, clean.
 Tarrow, loaths.
 Tether, stake, Halters
 stake.
 Thas, these.
 Thirle, thrill.
 Tync, to lose.
 Tron, the Name of a
 particular Market-
 place.
 Thack, thatch.
 Taids, Toads.
 Than, then.
 Thrang, the Crowd, or
 Throng.
 Titty, Sister.
 Fitter, rather.
 Tals, a Cap.
 Thow, to thaw, or melt.
 Thowless, spiritless.
 The, thes.
 Tryst, Appointment, to
 appoint.
 Tocher, Tocher-good,
 one's Portion, or For-
 tune.
 Todlen, a rolling, short
 Step.

Teil, to tell, *Wallowin, faded,*
 To, too, *withed.*
 Tnilzie, a Broil; also Wallop, gallop,
 quarrel. *Wame, Wamb, Belly,*
 Towind, *Stapp'd, or* War, worse
 bang'd. *Wha, who*
 Thud, the Noise of a Wat, wot, or know.
 Strald, *Whinging, warning.*
 Twin, to part with. *Wist, knew.*

U

Unlikly, *superf* Wood, mal
 nable, unseemly, Wordy, worthy.
 improbable. *Wimpling, wimpling.*
 Unko, strangely, won. *Wak, Work.*
 derfully; also strange, Whistles, Eddies.
 wonderful. *Whilk, which.*
 Unsonly, unlucky, dia- *Wills, Portwinkles.*
 bolical. *Wean, Child.*
 Unscrapit, *gilly,* or Wear in, to be in
 what wants scraping. Whang, a large Cut, or
 Slice.
 V Whatreeks, what mat-
 ters it.

VIRLES, Rings. *Wylie, cunning.*
 Visty, to take a Wyson, the Gullet.
 View. *Woo, Wool; also to*
 court.

W

WArldly, worldly. *Will-fire, Wild-fire.*
 Winsome, en- *Wist, known.*
 gaging, delightful. *Walc, to abuse, the*
 Wathers, Weathers. *Choice.*
 Wad, would. *Witherins, to move*
 contraryways.
 Warlock, Wizard.
 Weil, well.

Wae, Was; also sorrow-
 ful.
 Wife, old Woman.
 Wyte, Blame.
 Wrang, Wrong.
 Westlin, western.
 Whins, Fuzze.
 Whafe, whose.
 Whisht! hush.
 Wimpled, intricate.
 Waws, Walls.
 Warst, worst.
 Wow! strange!
 Winna, will not.
 Wond, wound up, or
 wrapt round with any
 thing.
 Ware, to expend, lay out,
 to sift, to pump out a
 Secret.
 Withouten, without.
 Whatna-wats, no Body
 knows what.
 Win, or won, to d well.

Wrights, friends.
 Woodly, madly.
 Wawk, walk. Id.
 awake.
 Wawkrife, wakeful.
 Weind, thought.
 Weirs, Wars.
 Whilly-wha, a Cheat or
 Bits.

Y

Y Owl'd, bould.
 Yont, beyond.
 Yelping, used to express
 the Noise made by the
 Barking of a Puppy,
 or the crying of a Child.
 Yondith, Youth.
 Yad, a Mare.
 Yese, ye shall.
 Yern, to desire.
 Yestreen, Last Night.



